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## *Affairs at Washington* *By Joe Mitchell Chapple*

WITH a flourish of trumpets over the achievements of 1909, Uncle Sam turns over a spacious new leaf, and provides himself with a clean page on which to chronicle the events of 1910. With hearty farewells he ushers out the old year, and turns to welcome the young new year and give him kindly and joyous greetings.

New Year's Day has always been a great festival in Washington; then the whole community are radiant with good cheer and genial greetings, no matter how acute the diplomatic or political situation may appear. Day after day, year after year, the residents of Washington pore over books, for the major part of the population are employed on "government books." It is especially fitting that they should hail with delight the day that indicates the turning over of a "new leaf," which has a refreshing suggestion of the nation's capacity for casting aside the old and blurred and pressing forward toward the new and vigorous. To the Nation, as to the individual, there is cheer in the prospect of turning over a new leaf now and then, and covering up, if not obliterating, the smudginess of the thumbled records of the past.

In the new executive office the President begins the year 1910 and dispatches public business with geniality and deliberation. Those who are familiar with the old quarters wonder how they could have sufficed for the activities of the Roosevelt administration. Already hunger for a new sensation is

becoming apparent, and correspondents are scenting political intrigue regarding the nomination for President in the campaign two years hence. Some declare with a certain unctiousness, as though retailing a pleasing bit of news, that a great clash may occur when Theodore Roosevelt returns from Africa and looks after the policies which he pronounced necessary to the interests of the republic. Every phrase, almost every word that drops from the lips of the leaders of today is subjected to a dozen different renderings, for in the general opinion the interpretation counts for more than the actual words. Like the utterances of acute legal practitioners, official sayings may be construed to mean almost anything that the prejudiced listener wishes, though the intention of the speaker seems sufficiently plain to the ordinary hearer. The best and most accurate impressions are not always obtained from reported speeches, or documentary evidence, for the manner and inflection of a speaker may inject a foreign meaning into an innocent-looking phrase, while words that are as plain as day may be so misconstrued that they become dark with a mystery which never existed in the mind of the man who uttered them.

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THE short session of Congress is an official season illuminated with many brilliant social functions, crowning the "society events" of the year. Receptions and dinners must be punctiliously attended, and engagement

cards are of great importance in these days. No lawyer needs to be more exact in his regard for dates and hours than the devotees of fashion who tread the mazy whirl of society life in Washington at this season. The overture of all this gaiety is the New Year's reception at the White House. On this festal day the officers of the army and navy mingle together, attired in full dress uniform, and pay their respects to the President, who is commander-in-chief of the land and sea forces of the Republic. This is the one traditional social function at the White House that has continued uninterruptedly since the time of Washington. In those days the new Republic had a high regard for the observance of the New Year as a holiday full of promise, and suggestive of the young nation's high hopes of the future.

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**A** RETROSPECT of the events of 1909 reveals achievements that will illuminate with unwonted brilliancy the pages of national progress. The discovery of the North Pole is an event of epochal importance, notwithstanding the fact that it has incidentally created a lamentable controversy; the rapid advance of aerial navigation, and the swift progress toward perfection of the aeroplane, are thrilling developments adding a glory of almost superhuman achievement to the expansion and growth of business and the industrial prosperity of the nation.

Yet, amid all this progress, there is a sober note of warning that recalls the favorite lines of Lincoln, "Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?"

As the tide of wealth sets toward us, responsibility increases; investments must become larger in foreign lands; something must be done to retain and create greater markets; to build up foreign and domestic trade and utilize the enormous production of the country. This is why far-seeing men are so keen to note every "trade wind" that comes from the Orient, Europe or Africa.

Then there are great, yes, imperative, moral responsibilities; there are historical warnings which no thinking man can deride in the rise and downfall of other empires and republics; there is the danger of being too prosperous in the mass, too much at ease in the possession of great national resources; there is danger of stretching the national

virility and science on that couch of rose leaves that saps the strength of the athlete, dulls the brain of the statesman and the conscience of the financier and man of affairs.

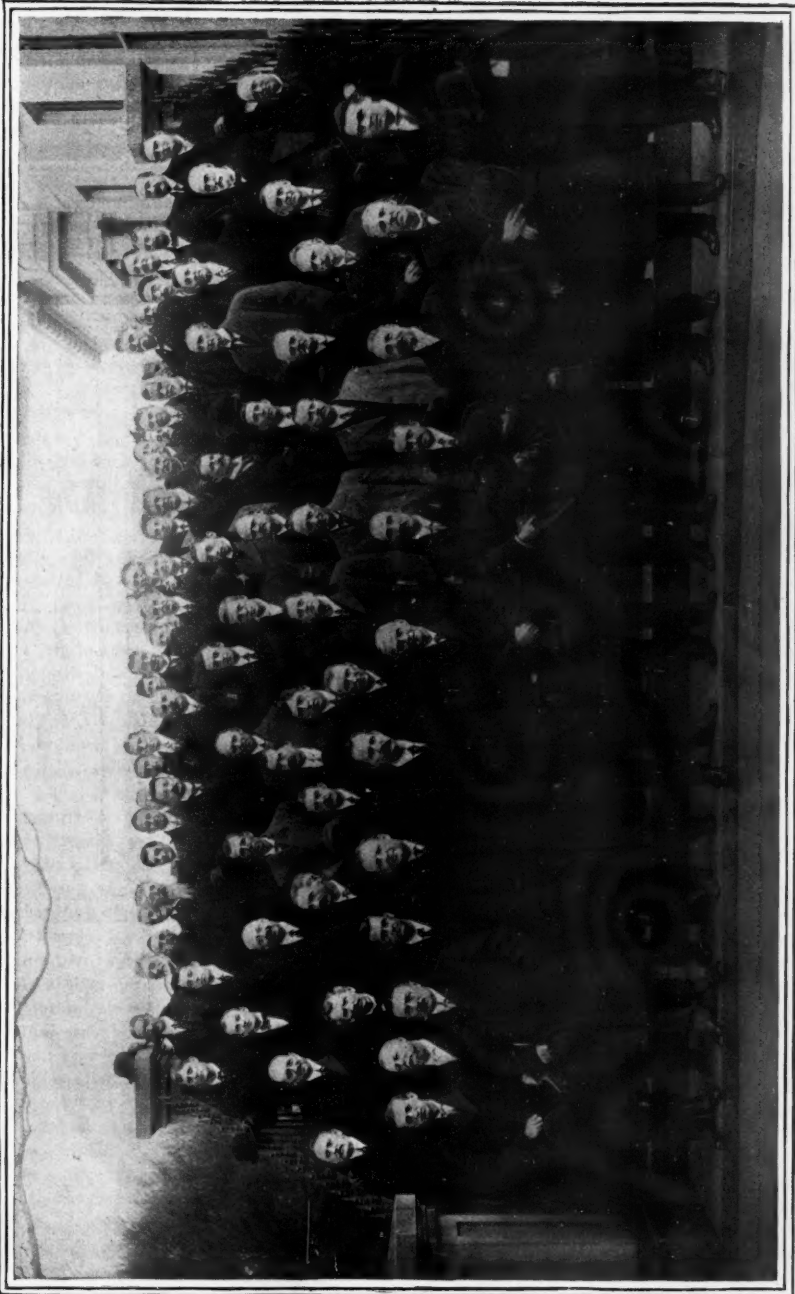
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**O**NE of the most interesting papers read before the American Medical Association was that of Dr. William McDonald on "Alcoholism." He said that the American nation, owing to their climate and modes of living, need stimulants less than any other civilized people, though he admitted they need something soothing to relieve the constant tension of the nerves. Dr. McDonald considered stimulants the worst possible thing for the American make-up, advocated abstinence from alcoholic drinks, and remarked that there is also a disastrous over-drinking of tea and coffee. He showed clearly that the alcoholic habit was productive of a large amount of insanity. The relationship between drunkenness and crime, he stated, could not be disputed. Investigations in France gave the largest proportion of insanity from drunkenness per capita; but an increase in alcoholism in the United States was pointed out, in contrast with a marked decrease in England, Ireland, Wales, Scotland, Australia and Buenos Ayres. Dr. McDonald's paper was looked upon as one of the strongest strictly temperance arguments presented for some time.

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**T**HE senior member (in years of service) of the American Republic Diplomatic Corps in Washington is Joaquin Bernardo Calvo, envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary from Costa Rica; he has seen long and honorable service, both as a public writer and in his diplomatic capacity. He founded the first daily paper in Costa Rica, and was at one time governor of the province of Cartago, whose chief city of the same name was the old capital of Costa Rica until destroyed by an earthquake many years ago. The city is on the mountain side, 1000 feet below San Jose, and is beautifully located in the midst of coffee and other sub-tropical plantations. Costa Rica is regarded as one of the most substantial and prosperous countries of Central America, with interests closely allied to the United States through the United Fruit Company and other industries.

It will be remembered that Mr. Calvo was

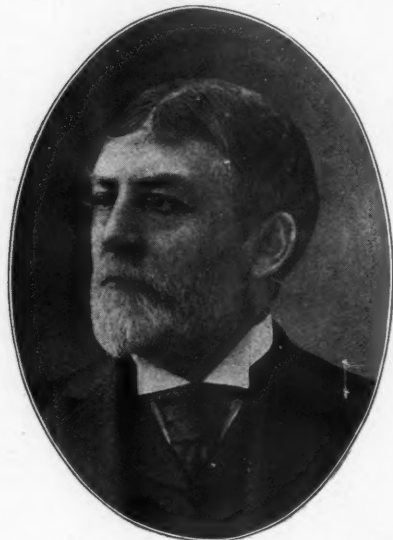


*Photo by National Press Association.*

**HERE ARE THE MEN WHO COUNT THE NINETY MILLIONS**

Census Supervisors from Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, District of Columbia, Virginia, Maryland, West Virginia, North Carolina, called to Washington by Director Durand to impress on them President Taft's desire for a non-political, accurate and economical census. They were received by President Taft, December 11th. This photograph taken just outside the President's office. Director Durand stands in the center of the front row.

secretary of the Costa Rican delegation to the first Pan-American Conference, a member of the committee on program of the second Pan-American Conference, held in Mexico, and a delegate of Costa Rica to the same conference. Mr. Calvo was secretary at the peace conference in San Jose in 1906, and has for many years taken a high rank in the diplomatic service of his country.



EUGENE HALE  
United States Senator from Maine

THE old and trusted friend of James G. Blaine and Thomas B. Reed, Senator Hale of Maine typifies the sterling qualities of the old school of statesmanship for which the Pine Tree State has ever been famous. Born in Turner, Maine, in 1836, Eugene Hale was admitted to the Bar and began to practice law when only twenty years of age. For nine successive years he was county attorney for Hancock County and made his maiden speech in the Maine Legislature in 1867. Nine years later he was a delegate to the famous Cincinnati convention, when from his celebrated nomination speech for Blaine, Robert G. Ingersoll christened him "the plumed knight." In 1860, Senator Hale was elected to the Forty-First Congress and served three terms; he declined an appointment as postmaster-general in the

cabinet of President Grant and refused the navy portfolio during the administration of President Hayes. The following year Mr. Hale succeeded Hannibal Hamlin in the senate and has been re-elected for four successive terms. Beloved at home for those sterling qualities which his home state admires in a statesman, his unflinching conscientiousness has won him honor among his confrères in Washington.

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Sailing to Bangor, up the historic Penobscot River, past the frowning ramparts of Bucksport, the traveler is reminded of old days, when Penobscot craft cruised over the world. There are memories, too, of the War of 1812, while the second growth of pine, fringing the banks, calls up visions of old lumbering days, when the forests of Maine were in their primeval grandeur. At Bangor these traditions are strong, but at Bar Harbor they have in some measure been overgrown by the newer associations of the summer colony of celebrities.

One of the most picturesque cities en route is Ellsworth. Through a sea of green foliage gleam the white houses and slender church steeples suggestive of the restfulness and beauty of the city. Close by, 8,000 horse power has been developed from the wealth of water, and not far away, in a beautiful grove, is the home of Senator Hale, which in many ways portrays the character of its owner. The Senator from Maine has a stern loyalty to law and order, and is truly patriotic; it is no surprise to find in his spacious library a picture of the "Signing of the Declaration of Independence," inscribed by the late Senator George F. Hoar with an allusion to the fact that Senator Hale was the only man in Washington, beside himself, who protested against the Paris Treaty and the taking over of the Philippines as being contrary to the spirit of the great declaration of 1776. On the walls are other pictures, chiefly photographs, which call up memories of stirring days in Washington. There, too, hangs a photograph of Robert T. Lincoln, when he was a member of the Garfield cabinet and served as minister to England; and likenesses of McKinley, Thomas Reed, James G. Blaine, Mark Hanna and many other men prominent in national history are hanging in conspicuous places.



Senator Hale has long been accounted one of the strong leaders of the Senate; the thorough mastery of the details of his department as chairman of the Naval Committee has often been remarked by representatives of foreign governments. He is no less thoroughly informed regarding his native commonwealth, and the entire geography of the Pine Tree State is clearly traced in his memory; he is familiar with the more important facts regarding every city and town in Maine, and never appears to tire of telling of the achievements of his neighbors.

While reserved and dignified, Senator Hale is always eager to get at the exact truth and just relationship of every proposition. He has not permitted his love of his native state, even, to interfere with his duty to the nation at large. His is a fine and high type of patriotism, and his own country is one of the few subjects that can move him from his usual calm. When his dark eyes flash in debate, it is safe to assume that something of national importance is under discussion. When he raises his hand with a forceful gesture to emphasize a question or the solution to some problem, there is always close attention in the Senate Chamber.

For many years Senator Hale was associated with Senator William B. Allison on the Appropriations Committee; the intimate relationship between the two prominent men was often remarked in Washington circles, where they were described as the Damon and Pythias of the Capital. One of the most touching and eloquent tributes to a deceased colleague was rendered by Senator Hale when he said:

"If we had only been as good and kind and considerate to Senator Allison as he was to us, we should better have shown our appreciation of the gracious beneficence of the man."

In the early autumn he was one of the speakers at the centennial celebration of the birthday of Hon. Hannibal Hamlin, who was Vice-President with Lincoln in his first term. The celebration was at Paris Hill on the site where Mr. Hamlin was born and passed his boyhood. He and James Sullivan Hale, the Senator's father, were fellow-students in Hebron Academy, and the great hill at Paris looks far away to Turner Village, where Senator Hale was born and led his boy's life. It must have been a proud moment

for him when he looked down upon the scenes of his boyhood and felt a natural delight in participating in a notable event recalling the historic past and his own country and village life before he left home to engage in the studies which launched him in the profession of law.



C. C. HANCH

Whose article, "The One-Price System," appears in this number of the National. (See page 378.)

VISITORS to the Capitol linger long in the rotunda, where the array of statues invites study and proves an unfailing source of patriotic pride. The latest statue to be placed in this Hall of Fame is that of John C. Calhoun, the noted son of South Carolina, and the first contribution of that state to Statuary Hall. The statue was designed by F. W. Ruckstuhl.

Calhoun was elected to Congress in 1811, just before the outbreak of the War of 1812; he was Secretary of War in the cabinet of James Monroe, and in 1843 was Secretary of State to President Taylor. Elected to the Senate in 1845, he continued a distinguished member of that body until March 3, 1850. It is gratifying to know that his memory is

to be kept green by means of a statue which is regarded as one of the masterpieces of a famous sculptor.

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THE most marvelous array of statistics presented for some time past was that offered by the Bureau of Railway News and Statistics. These figures are so stupendous that one can scarcely comprehend their real meaning as they stand in orderly rows, divided into groups of three by portly commas. Figures are mounting up so rapidly nowadays that the statisticians have to keep on hand an ample supply of ciphers.

In ten years, nearly seven billion people were carried by the railroads of the United States, and in a single year, 1908, one and one-half billion tons of freight were transported over the shining rails from one part of the country to another.

The weight of individual locomotives has increased 115 per cent., and the number 75 per cent., there being now almost 57,000 puffing over the United States. The increase in the capacity of freight cars has been approximately 120 per cent., making their present carrying capacity more than 71,000,000 tons.

Perhaps the statistics giving the number of railroad employes are the most impressive; nearly a million and a half people, an increase of sixty-seven per cent., are now on the payrolls of United States railroads, drawing a compensation of a billion dollars a year, an increase of 110 per cent. over ten years ago.

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THERE was some talk of the President calling an extra session of Congress for 1910 six weeks before the regular short session of December for the purpose of deciding upon the recommendations of the monetary commission, a movement which promises to be one of the great subjects of discussion during the next session. The time absorbed by the tariff bill has greatly interfered with the work of this commission.

The experts of America, Europe and Asia are preparing special reports relating to finance, all of which will be submitted to the commission. Every phase of finance, every aspect of the important questions of banking and currency will be carefully considered by expert authorities. Next to the tariff, the

question of most vital importance is the financial welfare of the people of this country, and it is believed that a solution of the monetary problem will be reached which will render panics and undue depression almost an impossibility.

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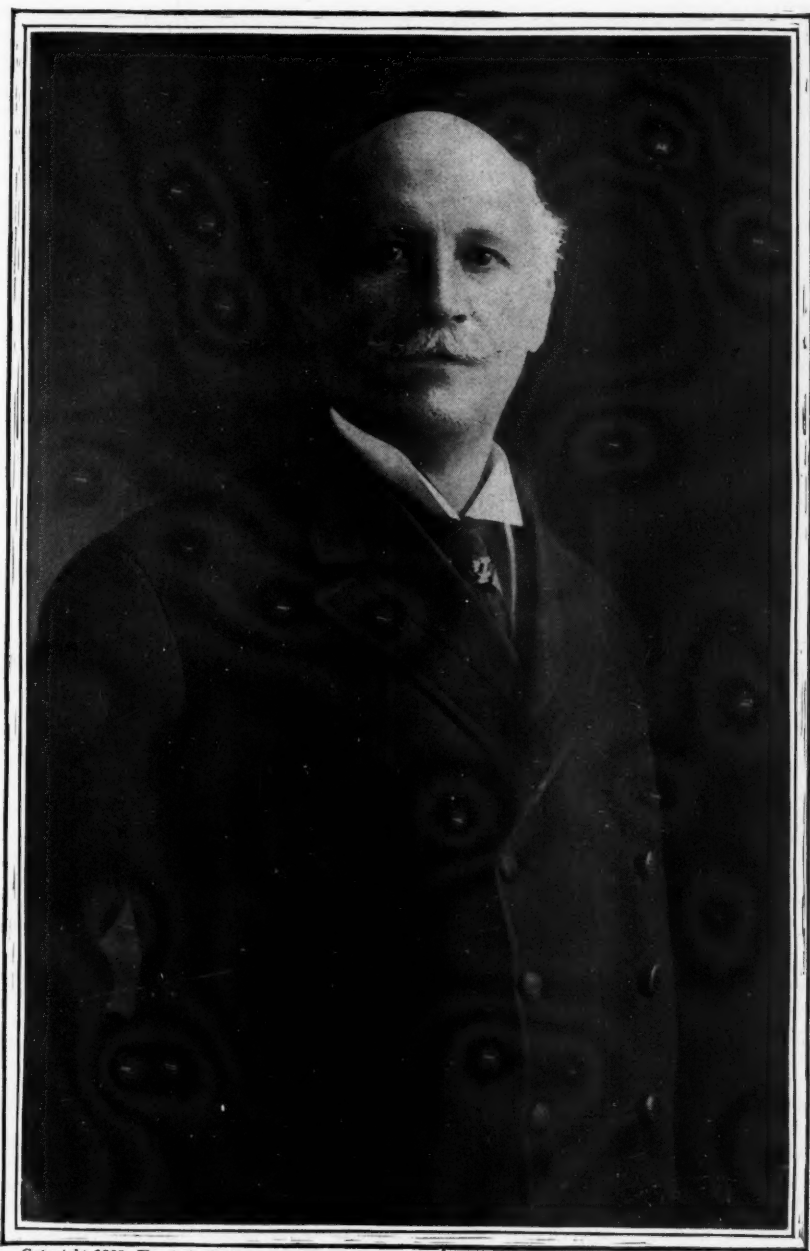
THE strategic value of the Panama Canal is estimated to be equivalent to a fleet of large battle ships. This is the conclusion of Dr. Cornish, given before the Royal Geographic Society in London. Taking the cost of the canal at \$500,000,000, which would only build forty first-class battle ships nowadays, the United States will have a good bargain, and be able to cover a total coast line without any material increase in her vessels.

The canal will double the sea efficiency of our fleet for half the sum of money that would otherwise be necessary to maintain communication between the Pacific and Atlantic coasts. At the same time the merchant marine of the United States will some day be developed, and justify the people in maintaining a naval armament that will be fully equal to that of other nations.

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IN the Treasury Department the "conscience fund" has grown steadily since 1811. It is made up of money received from conscience-stricken people all over the country. Almost every day some remittance arrives to be added to this fund. The letter containing it is seldom signed, unless sent by a priest or clergyman at the request of some penitent, "sorry for his ways." For this reason, very few acknowledgments of these moneys are made, though the amounts sometimes run into three and four figures. One remittance was \$8,000; the smallest sum received was a one-cent postage stamp.

A wealth of romance is hidden away in these curious letters. One woman sent in a hundred dollars as duty due on merchandise which she had successfully smuggled into the country, despite the vigilance of Uncle Sam's Custom House officials. There are people who have felt remorse in receiving letters whose shortage in postage had escaped the weighers in the postal service. Despite the many sources from which this money comes, the officials state that it is not likely to supply the treasury deficit at the present time.



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SENATOR ROBERT LOVE TAYLOR OF TENNESSEE

THE variation in the ideals of honesty is an old study. Oriental ideas of honesty are quite contrary to our own; dwellers in the East do not lack principle, but their viewpoint differs. Many good United States citizens will take "souvenirs" from an historic building, a famous resort or hotel table, while others are so scrupulous that they will not take so much as an ivy leaf, a rosebud or sheet of paper without permission from the owners. Every year, investigation and ex-



HENRY PRATHER FLETCHER  
Charge d'affaires at Pekin

posure create higher ideals of honesty, personal and national. The day is not far distant when business men will awaken to the fact that individual and corporate honesty should be measured by an equally high standard, if the nation is to become what every citizen hopes to see it.

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A THRILLING reminder of the Russo-Japanese War might be seen in the two cruisers in the Seattle Harbor, at the time of the Exposition. They are now named the "Aso" and the "Soye," but were formerly owned by Russia and were stationed at

Chemulpo before the formal declaration of war was known at that point. The Japanese fleet appeared one morning and demanded immediate surrender, which was denied; despite the superior strength of the enemy the two Russian cruisers steamed out and engaged in the first armed conflict of the war. The Russian commanders displayed great bravery, but there could be only one result: in less than an hour the decks of both Russian ships were strewn with dead and wounded, while above and below the water line the cruisers were riddled with holes. They sank, but were afterward raised, renovated, rechristened with the names they now bear, and made a part of the Japanese navy.

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AMONG the men prominently mentioned for minister to China was Henry Prather Fletcher, of Greencastle, Pennsylvania. He studied law with his uncle, Judge D. Watson Rowe, and was admitted to the bar in 1884. He was one of the young men who enlisted in the "Rough Riders" of Colonel Roosevelt and saw service at San Juan and El Cany. After the Spanish-American War he was appointed judge advocate at Manila, and later he entered the diplomatic corps at Havana. The following year found him acting as secretary of the Spanish Embassy at Lisbon, and in 1907 he was secretary of the Legislation, under Minister W. W. Rockhill, at Pekin. After that official had gone to his new appointment as ambassador to Russia, Mr. Fletcher made a splendid record as charge d'affaires, though working under trying conditions. More recently he distinguished himself as intermediary in the negotiations on behalf of the United States in regard to sharing for a great loan for an international railroad.

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UNDER President McKinley and President Roosevelt Mr. W. J. Calhoun of Chicago handled many delicate and intricate international problems. Those who have met him feel that President Taft made a good selection when the new minister to China was appointed. Mr. Calhoun was a neighbor of Speaker Cannon at Dansville, Illinois, and of recent years has won prominence as an attorney for large interests, in which he has shown extraordinary executive ability; the more complicated the case, the

better Mr. Calhoun seemed to be able to handle it to a successful conclusion. He is a man of force, one of those men who are bound to do things. His sandy mustache hides a mouth that expresses determination, and he does not precede his work with any more introductory ceremonies than necessary.

Mr. Calhoun has never been attracted by the limelight, though he has created a strong impression on those with whom he has come into personal contact. The situation in China, involving gigantic railroad development, has created many problems which it is felt a man of Mr. Calhoun's caliber and experience will be well able to handle. The appointment is accredited to Illinois, some wiseacres say, with the idea of placating the citizens of that state for the resignation of Mr. Crane. Though born in Pittsburg, Mr. Calhoun has lived the greater part of his life in the Middle West, and little has been said concerning the various missions to the Latin countries and to South America in which he figured so conspicuously. While he has never been in the Orient, and has not come into personal contact with the Orientals, a large number of persons well versed in the Chinese situation believe that the new minister will be fully equal to the complicated problems involved in Eastern questions at this time.

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THE filling of the diplomatic post of minister to China was a matter that attracted a great deal of attention, and a large number of candidates were mentioned as possible ministers. Among those who had an enthusiastic following was Guy Morrison Walker, of New York, a native son of Indiana, whose father was for thirty-three years a missionary in the Celestial Empire. Young Walker spent many years in the country and has a thorough knowledge of the intricate Chinese language. For this reason many persons considered him peculiarly fitted for this post.

Mr. Walker is a brilliant lawyer who has handled some of the most important litigation of our time, and also has a wide experience in banking and financial matters, having organized two trust companies and financed several large railroad undertakings. In handling some eight or ten railway reorganization propositions he acquired a training and experience that would have stood him in good

stead should he have been appointed as minister to China.

His defence of the Chinese, printed in *Leslie's Weekly* in June, 1900, was not equaled in the literature of that period. Mr. Walker was a close personal friend of Chow Tse Chi, then His Imperial Chinese Majesty's Consul General in New York, now a leading member of the Chinese Foreign Office in



GUY MORRISON WALKER

Pekin. He liked to hear Mr. Walker speak, and said:

"Mr. Walker's lecture was a splendid exposition of America's interest in China, the greatest undeveloped market of the world. The needs and possibilities of my country have never been so well set forth, while his eloquent plea for the preservation of China was most convincing."

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AN incident concerning one of Uncle Sam's government clerks is related in Washington. He developed tuberculosis and was given sick leave, and in view of his faithful service,



and the fact that he was the breadwinner of his family, his wife was permitted to fill his position while he was ill. She drew his salary, and performed his duties well, having been herself a government clerk before her marriage. Eventually her husband succumbed to the disease, and it was necessary for her to continue to support her children. She had been drawing the usual pay attached to her husband's position, and petitioned to be allowed to hold it. On account of her sex, the chiefs of the department were obliged to place her on a lower rung of the ladder, civil service regulations not permitting a woman to draw so high a salary, though the chief expressed regret that he was unable to keep her in the position she had so ably filled.

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WHEN the name of Colonel Henry Watterson is mentioned, there is a feeling in the heart of the newspaper men that this is the time for him to throw up his hat and hurrah for a genuine, old-time journalist. In his threescore and ten years he has lived through many a storm and is today a leading figure in newspaperdom. Few men are more widely known, or more truly loved, than this knight of the gray goose quill, who long ago won renown and wore his spurs as a worthy representative of an honored profession.

The Colonel's editorials are classics in their way, and he is noted for the richness of his vocabulary, which includes many a striking phrase that lodges forever in the memory. Few men are equipped with such unique metaphor and power in describing even an ordinary event, and he is not only among the most brilliant but is one of the most fearless and chivalrous members of his profession. When he writes he does not strew the floor with paragraphs discarded, nor does he marshal stately figures of speech, but goes direct to the warm hearts of his readers, with a sympathy that the people recognize as the very flower of journalism.

Colonel Watterson, just returned from an extended sojourn in Europe, was the guest of honor at a reception given by the National Press Club. The presence of the distinguished editor recalled the fact unknown to many of the newspaper workers of today that he was born in Washington, and had his early newspaper training in that

city, although the first five dollars he ever earned as a writer was paid him by Charles A. Dana, of the *New York Sun*, at the time of the *New York Tribune*. Colonel Watterson told the "boys" that he was a reporter in the press gallery at the Capitol during the stormy days of 1859-61, and related some of the stirring scenes he witnessed during that trying period.

Turning to more serious things, he deprecated the tendency of the newspapers toward sensationalism.

"The thing that most interests me just now," said he, "refers to our own profession, and ought to interest you young gentlemen. This is the relation of the newspaper—the personal relation I mean—to the public. Pretending to be the especial defenders of liberty, we are becoming the invaders of private right. No household seems any longer safe against intrusion. Our reporters are being turned into detectives. As surely as this be not checked we shall grow to be the objects of fear and hatred instead of trust and respect.

"Someone ought to organize an intelligent and definite movement toward the bettering of what has reached alarming proportions. The treatment bestowed upon a noble family in this city for nearly two years now has been brutal in the last degree. During my recent visit to West Park, Mr. Reid and I naturally talked a little shop, and I violate no confidence in saying that on this point we were in thorough accord.

"In Paris I talked with Mr. Bennett, who fully sympathized with what I said, to the effect that if reform is needed anywhere it is in the press. Mr. Melville E. Stone, who was with me in Paris, agreed to this so fully that he begged me to bring the matter before the next annual meeting of the Associated Press, and if I were not too modest, I will not say too old, to offer myself as a leader of movements, I would do it.

"I say this in your interest as well as the interest of the public and the profession, for I am sure that you are gentlemen and want to be considered so, whereas the work you are often set to do is the reverse of gentlemanly. It subjects you to aversion and contempt—brings you and a high and mighty calling into disrepute—by confusing the purpose and functions of the newspapers



*Moffett Studio.*

GENERAL FREDERICK GRANT

*See page 375*

with those of the police and the scavenger. I have been proud of that calling all my life, and when I go to my account I want to see a clean and honored flag flying from the masthead."

A recent issue of the London *Telegraph* gave an interesting account of a luncheon given at Dorchester House for the distinguished editor by the American Ambassador, Mr. Whitelaw Reid. Among the guests were the editors of the leading English magazines and London journals, including also Sir Conan Doyle, Sir Henry Lucy, Sir Charles Wyndham, and Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree. Dr. Osler came up from Oxford to be present. The health of the King and of the President of the United States was drunk standing. Mr. Watterson, in reply to the toast of his health, said:

"The Ambassador and myself are old and good friends who have passed our lives shooting blank cartridges at one another across imaginary lines of fire—battle lines in time of war and party lines in time of peace—to find toward the close that at bottom there was never any great matter between us, the good of the country and his duty, as each conceived it, the aim of both.

"I long ago forgave him Appomattox. I even forgave him Dorchester House and Wrest Park. He has risen to signal eminence and honor. Still dwelling in my humble cabin amid the wilds of Kentucky, I have followed each successive elevation with pride in our profession and joy in him, taking leave occasionally to deliver a broadside of not very terrifying verbal bullets to arouse and vitalize a proper respect for the freedom and candor and independence of the press.

"More than forty years ago I earned my living with my pen here in London. It was not much of a living, but we did not starve nor quite want for shelter and raiment, though sometimes our menu was hardly more elaborate than that detailed by the Arizona innkeeper, gun in hand, to the Eastern tenderfoot: 'There's nothing but terrapin and hash, and you'll take hash.'

"The English newspapers impressed me greatly, and I yet believe them unequaled in the elements of responsibility and cleanliness. I began my career a devotee of impersonal journalism. The broad columns, the absence of headlining, and the total un-

consciousness of fallibility had a charm for me. If circumstances over which, like the recusant showman, I had no control have diverted me from my preference for obscurity and my modest intention, no one can be held more at fault than the American Ambassador, who has never failed to exploit me equally for the evil I have done and the good I have contemplated. I thank him with all my heart for calling you to this hospitable board, and you for coming, the rather in his dignity than in my desert, and am rejoiced personally to meet and make the acquaintance of so many whose names and performances have long been known to me."

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RIDING in the vestibule of a Chicago street car, I thought of the many changes in the city since the time when Senator William Lorimer drove a pair of Missouri mules down State Street. In early years he worked in the stockyards and was even then recognized as a leader of men in matters political, always managing to carry his precinct or district and never failing to deliver what was promised. When "Billy" Lorimer was on a platform, political or otherwise, there was always something doing. His intuitive understanding of the wishes of the voters, and of general conditions, made him a political prophet who could always command attention. Senator Lorimer knows how to handle men of every type, and is acknowledged as an "all round good fellow," though he neither smokes nor drinks.

His first appearance in the political arena was as delegate to the National Republican Convention, at Minneapolis, when the fight was on between President Harrison and James G. Blaine for nomination. Lorimer was an enthusiastic Blaine man and became a target for the opposition. Powerful influences were working for Harrison, and there were many efforts to change Lorimer's opinions, but he remained loyal to his cause. On Blaine's defeat, his zealous adherent was advised to join the "Down and Out Club," but that was never Senator Lorimer's mode of procedure. Shortly after he was nominated for clerk of the Superior Court, and was defeated because of his support of "the plumed knight," James G. Blaine.

Less than four years after that defeat, calm and unafraid, he was elected to the

Fifty-fourth Congress and held his seat until the Fifty-seventh, when he was defeated by a man only twenty-six years old. Then Mr. Lorimer moved from his old district to the sixth, which promptly sent him back to Congress. After a protracted "deadlock," he was elected to the United States Senate by fifty-five Republican and fifty-three Democratic votes, and is now responding to the roll call in the Senate Chamber at the national Capitol.

Whether in the midst of his unbroken family circle of eight children, or speaking on a political platform, the charming personality of Senator Lorimer is always noticed, and it is often said that it has had much to do with his success as a political leader.

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MANY letters have come to us commending the article in the October NATIONAL on "The United States Naval Academy," in "The Story of a Great Nation." Young men who are looking forward to a career in the United States Navy are treasuring the sketch as a guide to mental and physical training for admission to the Naval Academy at Annapolis, the general character of the examination being given with all the clearness and exactness of a text book.

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LEADERSHIP has long been a predominant attribute of Pennsylvania statesmen, and no more perfect party organization exists than is found in the Quaker State, where the word "machine," although a somewhat opprobrious term elsewhere, is looked upon as eminently proper. Under the leadership of Senator Boies Penrose, Pennsylvania Republicans feel that they have all they can desire. The "machine," ably piloted by Senator Penrose, was constructed in the time of Mat Quay; there are no loose spokes in the paddle wheels, and not a screw is missing nor a bearing lacking oil.

In the committee rooms which are the headquarters of the Pennsylvania system, orders are now promulgated by long distance telephone, instead of by personal message as of yore. Colonel Wesley R. Andrews has long served as chief of staff and secretary to Senator Penrose. It is facetiously remarked in Washington that, "if you wish

to inspect the real thing in getting a political office, visit Senator Penrose."

A very tall man with an air of quiet force, the very manner of the Senator suggests the efficient leader. His jet black moustache imparts a military air, and it is small wonder that the Republican party in the "petroleum" state is content with its leader. While Senator Penrose seldom makes a speech, when he does open his lips he always says something that counts. After long hours in the Senate chamber, he retires to his own office and puts in a good deal of hard work keeping in touch with the vast amount of detail involved in politics.

\* \* \*

"IT was my pleasure to have known President Lincoln personally," said Alexander McDowell, clerk of the House. "I talked with him on several occasions, in Washington and at the front, and while I knew *him* well I do not flatter myself that he knew *me* well, for there was only one of him and there were forty millions of me. What struck me above all else was his simplicity and every-day common sense.

"He met all men as equals, not in a patronizing way, but in a way that said as plain as words, we are all of one blood, and brothers. He was a great man and he was the only one in all the land that did not know it.

"He always remembered his early struggles and poverty, and with a sympathy born of them was ever ready to give a helping hand to those compelled to travel the road that he had been compelled to travel in his youth and early manhood.

"He was a Christian—not a church member—and did by his actions what so many do by their professions only. His life was the golden rule in action. He loved and had faith in his fellow-man, and stood at all time ready to hold the ladder firm while they ascended and no jealous envy ever entered his mind, no matter how high the ascent.

"He was a Republican and a partisan, but above all, a patriot and a lover of his country. We need today partisan Republicans and partisan Democrats, men who believe in their party and the principles of their parties and not so many guerillas that feed between the lines, now on one side and then on the other.

"In his death the South lost a sincere, honest friend and the nation a patriot."



HON. BENJAMIN F. SHIVELY, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM INDIANA



SIX feet tall, possessed of no superfluous flesh, with a strong, handsome face, the bearing of Senator Shively has a military air. His hair, streaked with gray, has that slight roguish crinkle which ladies tell me indicates a cheerful disposition. A young woman, studying the uncovered heads of the legislators of her country, remarked: "Senator Shively's hair is just right—it is not a good sign when hair is *too* curly."

The Senator's wide experience has given him a refreshing breadth of view. He knows what it is to plough and sniff the odor of the freshly turned earth—an odor that is like nothing else in the world. At one time he thought of learning the carpentering trade, but hearing that Will Woodside and other chums were getting forty dollars a month for teaching school, it occurred to the future Senator that "training the young idea" might prove more pleasant than chipping wood. In this way he earned \$160 and learned the art of boarding himself.

His eighteenth year found him in the Northwest, binding wheat and ably maintaining his station in the harvest field. When he arrived to take up his new job, his attire consisted of a frock coat, white necktie and linen duster; he had rigged himself out in accordance with the wishes of his chum "Bill," who was an itinerant Methodist preacher. It was rather unusual to see harvest hands so attired and bickering over \$2.50 per day. There happened to be a mighty pretty girl in evidence when the dual application for work occurred, and the young men inquired of her as to the proper person to interview on the important topic. She directed them to the man who was "back of the stable cutting grass." They found him atop of a mowing machine, shouting his orders with a voice that rivalled a fog horn. Between a brace of swathes they gained his attention, but the good farmer looked askance and opined that "no honest man could wear such good clothes."

"Sir," said Bill, "binding wheat and garnering sheaves is now our particular business; we will match ourselves against any four men you can bring on your field."

The farmer looked at them with more attention. "It's a bargain," said he.

After the first day's fight with the big McCormick reaper, they may not have found the prospect of farm life so attractive.

The first business venture of Mr. Shively's career was in the newspaper line; he became sole proprietor of a paper called *The Era*, which entailed three years of stern sacrifice, but taught him to set type and handle the editorial and financial work required by his new possession.

The first move toward Congress was made in 1884, and, once more attired in frock coat and white necktie, the erstwhile harvest hand appeared in Washington, but this time his costume excited no remark. At the conclusion of his first brief term of congressional work, he began to study law at the University of Michigan. By working night and day he graduated in a year. Soon after he was again nominated for Congress and served three terms, after which he engaged in the practice of law at South Bend, Indiana. In Mr. Shively's case the usual procedure was reversed; unlike most Legislators, he went to Congress first and later studied law. When Roger Q. Mills was working on the famous Mills Bill, Senator Benjamin Shively was an active member of the House of Representatives. He has never relaxed his interest in education, and is now president of the trustees of Indiana University. In January, 1909, he became a member of the United States Senate, and his term of service will expire in 1915.

The Senator believes that tariff taxation and extravagant expenditure of public money will be the issues on which the next presidential campaign will be fought. He observed that the word "economy" seemed to be disappearing from use in regard to the management of national affairs, and called attention to the fact that in 1861 the cost of government, per capita, was two dollars, whereas it is now six dollars, not including the interest on war bonds or money paid for pensions. He believes that the policy of his party must be the reduction of tariff taxation and of abnormal national expenditure, and time will prove or disprove his theories.

\* \* \*

TALKING with quiet, matter-of-fact Mr. Wright, it hardly seems possible that he is the man who has revolutionized aerial navigation. The story of the inventive family rivals any romance ever written. The sturdy machinists of Dayton, experimenting and working night and day to carry out a fixed

purpose, are an object lesson of the value of perseverance. Undaunted by the labor and expense of those heart-breaking and apparently fruitless experiments on the east coast of North Carolina, and among the sand dunes of Florida, they retained an unwavering faith in the principle on which all their machinery was constructed; believing that the conquest of the air was at hand, and that machines fed by the fluid drawn from the bowels of Mother Earth, would solve the problem that had puzzled humanity for hundreds of years. Yes, those two big sheets of white, with the men and the machinery sandwiched between, look so simple that it really seems one might make an airship



"So you wish you had old Hanna's money?"

over night if only the engine were handy. The next few years will bring wonders in flying machine development. They will become not merely scientific problems or a social diversion for the ultra-rich, gratifying the feverish craving for something novel, but will fulfil the real object of all invention, making the aerial navigation an industrial asset in transportation. The comic sketches of the air filled with great moving objects, which now look so absurd, in a single generation may become a fact and bring in their train the solution of transportation for the constantly increasing population; to "get off the earth" and travel through the air will greatly aid in solving the problem of congested city streets.

\* \* \*

WHEN Senator Hanna was walking through his factory in Cleveland, some years ago, on the lookout for new ideas or

anything which would aid the progress of business, he overheard a little red-headed lad remark:

"Wish I had old Hanna's money and he was in the poorhouse."

The Senator returned to his office and rang to have the boy sent to him. The boy came to the office timidly, just a bit conscience-stricken, wondering if his remark had been overheard and ready for the penalty. As the lad twisted his hands and nervously stood on one foot before the gaze of those twinkling dark eyes fixed on him by the man at the desk, he felt the hand of Uncle Mark on his shoulder:

"So you wish you had old Hanna's money and he was in the poorhouse, eh? Suppose your wish should be granted, what would you do?"

"Why," stammered the lad, "the first thing I would do, sir, would be to get you out of the poorhouse."

The Senator laughed and sent the boy back to his work. Today he is one of the managers of a large factory, but he never tires of telling the story that held his first job.

\* \* \*

EVEN as hats, coats and neckties vary in fashion, so the various statues in the city of Washington seem to change position and prominence. Doubtless the citizens are actuated by the same impulse that induces the good lady, after house-cleaning is over, to remove the bric-a-brac in her house from one place to another. It is proposed to remove the statue of Andrew Jackson from Lafayette Square, which itself is to be renamed Washington Park. While Washington selected and named the city, he never actually lived at the national capital, and it is urged that his statue should stand near the White House and thus let the bronze Washington enjoy that which was denied the Washington in the flesh.

On the site of the Jackson monument, fronting the White House, the doughty old General used to walk in the early morning, before other people were out of bed. Here, leaning on his stout hickory staff, he listened to the songs of the birds, and perhaps sometimes wondered why he ever assumed the duties and cares of President of the United States, when there were so many home comforts awaiting him at the old Hermitage.

A recent addition to the famous Washington collection of statues is the majestic bronze monument to Alexander Robey Shepherd, who, during the Civil War, took up the work of reconstructing Washington and revolutionizing its relations to the whole government. He applied his powerful personality and all the resources of the old-time "boss" to remodeling and renovating his native city, desiring to place it in the proud position to which it is entitled by its unique relation to the Federal Union. The city of Washington is today the real monument to Governor Alexander Shepherd, though, by the irony of fate, the creator of "Washington the Beautiful" died far from home, in Mexico.

The unveiling of this monument, situated appropriately in front of the new District Building, was indeed a tribute to his great work in civil life. The ancient enemies of "Boss" Shepherd had forgotten all enmity, and at last recognized his broad perceptions and ambitions.

Under his direction, twenty million dollars was expended in carrying out the plans of L'Enfant, whom we recall as the French engineer who laid out the city of Washington, taking as a basis historic Versailles, introducing in his plans for the new city the broad vistas, wide avenues, ample squares and triangles which give abundant opportunity for the placing of future statuary.

The monument of Columbus will grace Union Station Plaza, and those of John Paul Jones and Commodore Barry, with memorials of Washington, Stevenson, Kosciusko and Pulaski are scheduled to be unveiled later. These and other statues will eventually make Washington the "City Beautiful" of the world. Congressman Samuel McCall, chairman of the House Library Committee, who has labored early and late for the increase of artistic sculptures and bronzes at Washington, is to be credited with much of the great progress already noted; and through his careful, judicious management it is believed that in time the dreams of L'Enfant will be amply realized.

\* \* \*

**A** KENTUCKY Senator told about an old pilot on the Mississippi, aged eighty-two, who was recounting an incident connected with the temperance question:

"Intemperance is ruining the nation," he

insisted. "The sad victims are on every side of us; I have seen many of them in my long career. Once we had a passenger on a steamboat where I was pilot; he was intoxicated and fell overboard. After he had been soaking at the bottom of the river for quite a while, we fished him out, and laid him, limp and sopping, on the deck; our efforts to revive him were unavailing, until at last somebody thought that whisky would be just the thing to restore animation. We opened the man's mouth and poured some down and it seemed to stay there all right, for a gurgling sound came from his lips. I put my ear close to hear what he might wish



"Roll-me-on-a-barrel."

to say—doubtless a last message for his loved ones at home.

"Roll-me-on-a-barrel," he wheezed hoarsely, "roll me on a barrel quick and get out some of this water—it will spoil the good Kentucky whisky."

\* \* \*

**T**HE Treasury Department requires the close attention of newspaper men connected with financial journals. Every noon the Department prints a statement of existing financial conditions, and every Thursday morning the Treasury decisions are made public. Daily bulletins from the several departments give out general information from every bureau, including reports from all officials who collect information regarding commerce and labor, details never before been given out by any government. The news-

papers are supplied with advance reports and the day of release indicated seldom violated.

The "Congressional Record," which appears every morning, contains verbatim reports of the debate and proceedings of the Senate and House. One hundred and eighty correspondents are admitted to the press gallery, and how these busy workers can survey the same ceaseless routine, yet every day prepare attractive sketches and articles from apparently dry-as-dust material, is one of the secrets of the craft.

The news-gatherer is steadily becoming more impartial as to the source from which he obtains information, but in recent years the Senate has been the great centre of legislative news, and most of that is ob-



Harvard Observatory

tained in the committee rooms or of the senators as they pass to and from the capitol to their lunch.

It has been cynically remarked that the debates in Congress are designed to cloak rather than proclaim information as to what is being done or planned, and because of this abundant discussion the press galleries are empty most of the time; proceedings no longer embody the real spirit of Congress as they did in the old days.

\* \* \*

**A**T the Harvard University Observatory a gigantic telescope floats in a tank of water. It is one of the largest in the world, the reflecting mirror being five feet wide. Mounted on a water-tight cylindrical steel float, the telescope swings in a concrete tank full of water, only slightly larger than the cylinder, which is designed to fit it closely and serve as a pivot for the telescope, instead

of having it mounted on a solid base. Machinery at each side holds and guides it. The water bears the weight, and the movements of the telescope are regulated by tiny electric motors; the gigantic mirror can be easily removed and resilvered, when it grows dim, although two tons are indicated when it is placed on the scales. Through this telescope stars of the sixteenth and eighteenth magnitude are revealed, and it seems to penetrate into the very abysses of the heavens. While the instrument is mounted in the open air, the image is reflected to an eye-piece, in an adjoining building, where the astronomer sits and makes calculations in which millions of miles are dealt with as indifferently as the simplest sums in ordinary book-keeping.

The first look through a great telescope is disappointing, but the novice soon sees that the flat appearance which the heavens present to the naked eye is replaced by a curious concavity; the moon and stars seem to be hung in space rather than spread out on a flat surface. For a moment one feels at the telescope like a child watching the swift-moving balls kept in the air by a juggler, and expecting to see one of those great, bright bodies fall. Then comes the thought—"What keeps them there, apparently suspended in space with absolutely nothing to hold them firm?" The explanation of the learned

astronomer causes the brain of the layman to whirl, and he sees himself, perhaps for the first time, as a child gathering pebbles on the great shores of the sea of knowledge, or as "an infant crying in the night; an infant crying for the light—and with no language but a cry."

\* \* \*

**A** TYPICAL son of the South who has won conspicuous success in politics as well as on the platform is Senator Robert Love Taylor. He was born in Carter County, in the mountains of East Tennessee, at the spot on the Watauga where John Sevier erected the first fort in the Southwest Territory, and where the intrepid little army of frontiersmen rendezvoused to descend upon the arrogant Ferguson at King's Mountain and annihilate him, winning the battle that turned the losing tide of the Revolution.

He came of a royal race of rhetoricians, his

father being a Princetonian and an orator of matchless powers. His maternal uncle, Landon C. Haynes, was a Confederate Senator and was one of the old-time great orators. Senator Taylor himself has achieved a distinction as a finished speaker and painter of words that classes him among the foremost men of the times.

He was first elected governor of Tennessee in 1887 and again in 1889, and then after a lapse, again in 1895,—a distinction accorded no other Governor, except John Sevier in the beginning. In his first race he was opposed by his brother, Hon. Alfred A. Taylor, in a spectacular campaign that had Tennessee ablaze with enthusiasm from the mountains to the Great River. There were six brothers, half Democrats and half Republicans, and they all inherited the same rich forensic accomplishments. In the race between the brothers, their distinguished father was tendered the nomination by the Prohibitionists, but declined.

Senator Taylor was elected to Congress in 1878, when only twenty-eight years of age, from the First District of Tennessee, overcoming a Republican normal majority of 5,600. His father had represented that district before him as a Whig, and his brother Alf afterward represented it as a Republican. He was elected to the United States Senate in a primary election in 1907. Senator Taylor is fifty-eight years of age, handsome—with a rich, deep voice and a musical drawl—a raconteur, with an inexhaustible fund of story and sentiment, who could have made his fortune in the public rostrum.

\* \* \*

THE new Spanish ambassador, Marquis de Villalobar, scion of a distinguished family, has had a grand career in Europe. He impresses one as the ideal diplomat when he says:

"It is the desire of my sovereign, the King of Spain, and also that of the Spanish people, that the friendly relations existing between the United States and Spain be still more strengthened and that both countries be brought into still closer bonds of friendship with each other."

Though this sounds like the usual official utterance, there is something in the way in which it is spoken that bespeaks sincerity. The marquis, whose full title is His Excellency

Senor Don Rodrigo de Saavedra y Vinent, Marquis de Villalobar, was in Washington fourteen years ago as an attache to the Spanish Legation and expresses himself as glad to return again to the capital. Slightly over the medium height, with light eyes, a small moustache, chestnut hair and light complexion, the new minister carries himself nobly, is a brilliant conversationalist, and an accomplished linguist. While it hardly seems possible that a Spanish gentleman should resemble Ex-President Roosevelt, many of his friends declare there is a likeness in facial expression.

Marquis de Villalobar was born in Madrid, where he began his diplomatic career. In 1890 he came to Washington, soon becoming a society favorite and winning popularity with the diplomatic corps. He accompanied the Duke of Veragua, his uncle, a lineal descendant of Columbus, when he visited the Chicago World's Fair in 1893. The Marquis traces his ancestry directly back to the stalwart cavaliers who led his country's victorious armies in expelling the Moors from Spain. His grandfather was the famous Duke of Rivas, well known in Europe as a politician, a poet and a diplomat.

The new Spanish minister is a Chamberlain to King Alfonso of Spain and belongs to the Royal Maestranze of Cavalry of Saragassa, one of Spain's most ancient chivalric institutions. He possesses the Grand Cross of Isabella of Spain, the Crosses of Legion of Honor of France, Leopold of Belgium, The Christ and Villaviciosa of Portugal and many other Spanish orders and medals.

The Marquis was presented the Cross of Knight Commander of the Victorian Order by King Edward of England, his intimate friend, and, in fact, has been closely connected with the social features of royal betrothal and marriage which brought Princess Victoria to the Spanish throne. Though the Spanish ambassador has had much to do with several weddings in high life, he has not ventured his own craft upon the matrimonial sea and remains a bachelor.

\* \* \*

A REMARKABLE painting, a representation of the Christ, exhibited at the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition, was purchased by Dr. W. L. Wright of Washington, who has sent it about the country for exhi-



bition at religious and other gatherings. The canvas has peculiarities for which neither chemists nor clerics can account.

Viewed in the full light of day, it is a splendid religious picture of the usual type, but after nightfall or when the room is darkened, the clouds in the background of the painting emit a vivid glow, which throws out the figure of the Christ, and shines around the head like a halo. The artist did not himself discover this singular feature of his work until he had almost completed it. At the suggestion of a friend, a Biblical lecturer, he had begun the work, but for sometime felt dissatisfied, and at last put the painting aside. One day a new idea of the subject came to him and he at once resumed his painting, and sought to convey his thought to the canvas; he felt that this time he was succeeding. One evening, he entered the room and observed a peculiar light, which emanated from the picture on his easel. Before him was the shadowy form of the Christ, just as he had painted it, but it stood out against a background like a magnificent aureole, such as the artist had neither painted nor thought of.

He decided that it would be sacrilegious for a human hand to make any addition, and the painting has been left incomplete. Chemists have sought to analyze, theologians have discussed, but the mysterious illumination of the picture has never been satisfactorily explained.

\* \* \*

ONE of the veteran congressmen is Nehemiah D. Sperry of Connecticut. Tall and erect, with the stately air and manner of a gentleman of the old school, he occupies a seat in the front row of the House, and, though eighty-one years of age, keeps in close touch with the entire work of the session. Seven times has he been elected from a congressional district that was normally Democratic, yet he is in no sense of the word "a political boss"; on the contrary, he is a kindly, genial soul who possesses the rare gift of retaining friendship. A brick-mason by trade, he has a thorough hold upon the workmen of his district. As a contractor it was Mr. Sperry's delight to procure work and do favors for those in need of aid, and when Tom, Dick and Harry were out of employment they always knew "where to go for a

job"—which fact they have evidently not forgotten. He has retained both their respect and love by his adherence to the good old New England ideals of integrity. Many celebrated buildings, notably some of Yale University, were erected under his direction.

Congressman Sperry was at one time a school teacher and for years postmaster of New Haven. Entering the political arena at the age of twenty-six, with all the energy of the farm lad, he soon became a natural leader of men in his own class, and has held this position for more than a half-century; it is said that his initials, "N. D.," are quoted as standing for "Never Defeated."

Mr. Sperry's recollections of the Philadelphia Convention of 1856 are intensely interesting. It was there he met two delegates who were later vice-presidents—Henry Wilson and Schuyler Colfax. He was one of the charter members, so to speak, of the Republican party, and participated, as a delegate from Connecticut, at the convention which nominated John C. Fremont. A delegate at the convention which renominated Abraham Lincoln, he was one of the foremost supporters of the overburdened President during the darkest days of the war, indignantly denying all slanderous charges made against his beloved chief. President Lincoln appointed him postmaster of New Haven in 1861, which office he held for over twenty-eight years.

Mr. Sperry's entire fortune was pledged for the "Little Monitor" Company, when that "cheese-box on a shingle" was built by John Erickson, to challenge the indomitable "Merrimac" in the great naval duel at Hampton Roads. The inventor and his backers were required by the Navy Department to furnish a \$200,000 bond before they were permitted to begin work, and the securing of this contract has always been a source of just pride to the Congressman.

Few committee rooms on the House terrace are more delightful than that occupied by Mr. Sperry. When the House is in session he is always "present," as alert and active as the youngest legislator on the roll.

\* \* \*

THERE are no more interesting records in the Post Office Department than those written when Joseph Little Bristow was fourth assistant postmaster general. His was

the onerous task of ferreting out frauds and irregularities in that department, and for a long time he was regarded as the Post Office "sleuth" or detective.

Born in Kentucky in the opening year of the Civil War, Mr. Bristow has again, at the age of forty-seven, taken his seat in the Senate as representative from "Bleeding Kansas." He graduated at Baker University, Baldwin, Kansas, in 1886, but returned to old Kentucky for his bride; his first public office was clerk of the district courts at Douglas County, Kansas. In 1890 he was an editor at Salina, Kansas, and later served as private secretary to Governor Morrill. He was secretary of the Republican State Central Committee of Kansas from July, 1894, to 1898, and in April, 1897, he was appointed fourth assistant postmaster general by President McKinley and served until January, 1905, which meant eight years of strenuous administration. Mr. Bristow had charge of the investigation of the Cuban postal frauds and of the reorganization of the Cuban postal service in 1900.

In 1905 he again took up the thread of newspaper work at Salina, Kansas, immediately after he had finished his work as special Panama Railroad commissioner, to which position he was appointed upon retiring from the post office department in 1905. In his campaign for senator he had the hearty co-operation of William Allen White of Emporia, and it was a red-hot fight, the battle being conducted largely by public meetings in towns and villages of the state. Senator Bristow is a hard worker and will probably take warning from his predecessor, whom he defeated, and will keep in very close touch with the people of his state. He promises to give Kansas the conscientious and energetic service which has always characterized his public career.

\* \* \*

ONE sunny, crisp morning, I came across a dear old scientist seated on a bench in the park, with sheets of paper in one hand and pencil in the other. He was figuring away as though his life depended upon it. Long ago he had been tossed upon the "shelf" and left there, ticketed "crank." Sometimes I like to talk with cranks, for they always have ideas of their own. I sat down beside him and listened to his dreams and

prophecies of the future for the United States.

He proved by figures that if the growth of the nation continues at the present rate, there is a prospect that, in another hundred years, this country may control all the wealth of the world. By means of a simple-looking table, with scientific and mathematical precision, he proved that, if every man, woman and child in the United States would save ten cents a day, in a hundred years their descendants would own all the wealth of the world, figured at compound interest. The yellow leaves fell unheeded on his paper as



"Both ends will stop for you."

he talked of his pet hobby, though with the pathetic consciousness that he would never see his dream realized. His long silver hair and beard shone in the sunlight as, busy with his pencil, he figured out his problem with all the care of long years of mathematical training, and with a skill that would have been worth thousands to some more practical political economists.

\* \* \*

A REGULATION had come into force that all persons wishing to alight from a car must be near the door before it stopped at the place signalled for—otherwise they would be carried on to the next stop.

So many questions were asked that a new conductor became somewhat confused, a

state of mind which was not modified when a fussy old lady, with a cat in her arms, rose up in the middle of the car and called the conductor. The young man went to her, followed by his instructor.

"I want to stop four streets on," she said, "and the company is so particular I want to know first which door I am to go out—which is the right end of the car?"

"It's—it's *all* right, madam," he hastened to assure her, "both ends will stop for you."

\* \* \*

FOR years past congressmen have insisted that an hour or two spent in the House chamber produces sleepiness impossible to shake off. It is proposed to make the atmosphere less soporific by providing a system of ventilation that will keep fresh air always circulating. The acoustic properties of the House of Representatives are bad; the way to remedy this matter is to provide a semi-circular hall, similar to, but smaller than, the present hall, with the long dimension running east and west and the short running north and south. It is proposed to do away with the present style of desks, so that it will be possible to bring members closer together and make it easier to follow a debate, and hear a speaker who has not a loud voice.

Instead of the large and pretentious desk covered with books and papers, the new plan would substitute a writing ledge in front of each row of seats, on which members could make notations, and do away with the drawers, office-desk and swivel chair which invite "mine ease" and thus keep members "on the job" while in session.

\* \* \*

WHEN an old story is found circulating in a new coat in the cloak room, with a suggestion of having been "made over," it is called by the wags "a varnished yarn."

Such a story, glistening with modern shellac, is told of a secretary of the treasury who some years ago was importuned by a young lady on behalf of a congressman to whom she acted as secretary. The gentleman was absent, and some important business had come up concerning one of his best constituents. The secretary had very gallantly explained to his visitor that he could not possibly comply with her request, and had arisen to his feet as a gentle hint that time was flying.

The young lady persistently urged her point, and threw her whole soul into an eloquent appeal, but the secretary remained undaunted. Then she made a final effort, and turned upon him the irresistible battery of her handsome black eyes; the secretary was impelled to look at her, and unfortunately hesitated in his sentence.

"I don't see how I could possibly do what you ask," he was saying firmly, when the eye-artillery turned upon him, "but those eyes of yours—"

He never finished the sentence; she arose from her seat, and as she swept from the room said: "The eyes (ayes) have it. I thank you, sir. The victory is with the affirmative. Good-day."

\* \* \*

ONE of the distinctions which Senator Burkett claims for the great state of Nebraska is that more popcorn is raised there than in any other equal area in the world. It is "popcorn that pops," and the young people round the fire on a winter night don't have to worry over half a popperful of hard, black atoms, with a little foam of popped kernels on top.

The development of the popcorn industry was the climax of a long series of experiments by the farmers of Nebraska, who made a scientific study of propagating only the best seed that could be obtained, and Mr. Burkett claims that Waterloo, Nebraska, is the greatest seed-distributing point in the world.

The senator is planning the details of his re-election campaign, in which he is likely to be confronted by a no less notable opponent than William J. Bryan himself.

Much of the effective and arduous work in shaping the tariff bill was done during the closing days, and it was then that Senator Burkett began to make his fight for a reduction of tariff on barbed wire, an article of vital interest to his agricultural constituents. His action in this matter indicated that the senator had made a comprehensive study of the bill from beginning to end, and those who get the significance of that meaning will appreciate the magnitude of his task.

Another important amendment that Senator Burkett secured was an exemption of fraternal beneficiary societies, labor organizations and building and loan associations from the provisions of the corporation tax.

# MEMORIES OF GENERAL GRANT

By MAJOR-GENERAL F. D. GRANT

HAVING the good fortune to be with my father much of the time during the Civil War, I had the opportunity of seeing many of the noble, distinguished men who loyally served their country during that great struggle, now so happily ended; thus I had the honor of seeing and meeting our revered and martyred President, Abraham Lincoln. I have distinct recollections of the first two meetings between him and my father, General U. S. Grant, and these two occasions seem to me most momentous and memorable in the history of our nation, as these meetings marked the beginning of the end of the great struggle for the existence of our nation.

The principal and determined efforts of President Lincoln's administration were directed to the preservation of the Union, which, naturally, could not be accomplished without the success of the Union armies in the field. Up to the spring of 1864 the progress of the Civil War had not been entirely satisfactory to the people of the North, and little success had been accomplished except in the victories at Donelson, Vicksburg and Chattanooga.

After the campaign of Chattanooga, the President and the people of the United States turned impulsively to General Grant, as the leader of the Union armies, and a bill was introduced in Congress, reviving for him the grade of lieutenant-general, which grade had died with Washington (though Scott had held it by brevet). The enthusiastic members of the House of Representatives received the bill with applause. They made no concealment of their wishes and recommended "Grant" by name for the appointment of lieutenant-general. The bill passed the House by a two-thirds majority, and the Senate with only six dissenting votes.

President Lincoln seemed impatient to put Grant in this high grade, and said he desired to do so to relieve himself from the responsibilities of managing the military forces. He sent the nomination to the Senate, and General Grant, who was at

Nashville, received an order from the Secretary of War to report in person at Washington. In compliance with this order, he left Chattanooga on March 5 for Washington, taking with him some members of his staff. My father allowed me to accompany him as I had been with him during the Vicksburg campaign and at Donelson. He reached Washington in the afternoon of March 7, and went directly to the Willard Hotel. After making our toilets we went to the hotel dining room; there I remember seeing at the table next ours some persons who seemed curious, and who began to whisper to each other. After several moments, one of the gentlemen present attracted attention by striking on the table with his knife, and when silence was secured, he arose and announced to the assembled diners, "I have the honor to inform you that General Grant is present in this room."

A shout arose "Grant! Grant! Grant!" and the people sprang to their feet with excitement, and three cheers were proposed, which were given with wild enthusiasm. My father arose and bowed, and the crowd began to surge around him; dining became impossible, and an informal reception was held for perhaps three-quarters of an hour, but, as there seemed to be no end to the assembling crowd, my father retired to his apartments. This scene is most vividly impressed upon my memory.

Senator Simon Cameron of Pennsylvania, ex-Secretary of War, soon called at the Willard Hotel for General Grant, and accompanied him, with his staff, to the White House, where President and Mrs. Lincoln were holding a reception. As my father entered the drawing room door the other visitors fell back in silence, and President Lincoln received him most cordially, taking both his hands, and saying, "I am most delighted to see you, General." I shall never forget this first meeting of Lincoln and Grant. There stood the Executive of this great nation, welcoming the commander of

its armies. I see them now before me—Lincoln, tall, thin and impressive, with deeply lined face, and strong, sad eyes. Looking small beside the President was Grant, compact, of medium size, with his broad, square head, compressed lips and decisive and resolute manner. In the hands of these two men was the destiny of our country. They were co-operating for the preservation of our great nation, and for the liberty of man. They talked together for a few moments, and then General Grant passed into the East Room with the crowd, which surrounded and cheered him wildly; all present were eager to press his hand. The guests forced him to stand upon a sofa, insisting that he could be better seen. I remember that my father, of whom they wished to make a hero, blushed most modestly at these enthusiastic attentions. Soon a messenger reached General Grant, calling him back to the side of Mrs. Lincoln, with whom he made a tour of the reception rooms, followed by the President, whose noble, rugged face beamed with pleasure and gratification.

When an opportunity for private conversation was secured, President Lincoln said to my father: "I am to formally present your commission to you tomorrow morning at ten o'clock, and knowing, General, your dread of speaking, I have written and will read what I have to say; it will only be four or five sentences. I would like you to say something in reply, which will soothe the feeling of jealousy among the officers, and be encouraging to the nation." The General heartily coincided with this great and noble peace-maker, working for union and peace.

When the reception was over at the White House, my father returned to the Willard Hotel, where a crowd was again assembled to greet him, and remained with him until a late hour of the night. After the crowd had dispersed, General Grant sat down and wrote what he intended to say the following day, when receiving his commission promoting him to the Lieutenant-Generality and the command of the Union Armies.

A few minutes before ten o'clock the next morning he proceeded to the White House, permitting me to accompany him; he and his staff were ushered into the President's office, which I remember was the room immediately above what is known now as the Green Room of the Executive Mansion.

There the President and his Cabinet were assembled, and after a short and informal greeting, all standing, the President faced General Grant, and from a sheet of paper read the following:

"General Grant: The Nation's appreciation of what you have done, and its reliance upon you for what remains to be done, in the existing great struggle, are now presented with this commission, constituting you lieutenant-general in the Army of the United States. With this high honor devolves upon you also a corresponding responsibility. As the country herein trusts you, so, under God, it will sustain you. I scarcely need to add that with what I here speak goes my hearty concurrence."

General Grant, taking from his pocket a sheet of paper containing the words that he had written the night before, read quietly and modestly:

"Mr. President, I accept the commission with gratitude for the high honor conferred. With the aid of the noble armies that have fought in so many fields of our common country, it will be my earnest endeavor not to disappoint your expectations. I feel the full weight of the responsibilities now devolving upon me, and I know that if they are met, it will be due to those armies, and, above all, to the favor of that Providence which leads both nations and men."

President Lincoln seemed to be profoundly happy and General Grant deeply gratified, and the two patriots shook hands, confirming the compact that was to finish our terrible Civil War and give us a nation without master and without a slave.

President Lincoln seemed to have absolute confidence in General Grant, and my father always spoke of the President with the deepest admiration and affection. This affection and loyal confidence were maintained between them until their lives ended.

As a treasure in my home, I preserve a large bronze medallion, a beautiful work of art, which was designed by a distinguished artist at the request of the loyal citizens of Philadelphia, upon the happy termination of our great Civil War. Upon it are three faces in relief, with the superscription: "Washington the Father, Lincoln the Savior and Grant the Preserver," emblematic of a great and patriotic trinity.

When the liberal terms granted at Ap



pomattox to the vanquished Southern Army were read by that army's great commander, and when he noted that the side-arms, horses and private property of officers and men of the army of Northern Virginia could be retained by them when they returned to their homes, General Lee said to General Grant: "These terms will have a most happy effect upon my army and upon the South."

Thus was begun at Appomattox and continued in subsequent surrenders that sentiment of harmony now happily prevailing in our country between the North and South—a sentiment cherished by General Grant, and shown later also during the administration of President Johnson and the reconstruction period, when General Grant stood firmly for his promises to the South, as he did throughout his own two administrations as President, and up to the last hours of his life, as outlined in his message, written only a few days before his death at Mt. McGregor, in finishing his memoirs:

"I feel that we are on the eve of a new era, when there is to be great harmony between the Federal and Confederate. I cannot stay to be a living witness to the correctness of this prophecy, but I feel it within me that it is to be so. The universally kind feeling expressed for me, at a time when it was supposed that each day would prove my last, seemed to me the beginning of the answer to—'Let us have peace.'

"I am not egotist enough to suppose all this significance should be given because I

was the object of it. But the war between the states was a very bloody and a very costly war. One side or the other had to yield principles they deemed dearer than life, before it could be brought to an end. I commanded the whole of the mighty host engaged on the victorious side. I was, no matter whether deservedly so or not, a representative of that side of the controversy. It is a significant and gratifying fact that Confederates should have joined heartily in this spontaneous move. I hope this good feeling inaugurated may continue to the end."

My father always felt that to the old soldiers of the Union the people of the United States owed gratitude for the present happy, prosperous and peaceful condition of our now United Commonwealths, and he cherished for all his comrades in arms the deepest affection. With my name, this affection is my proud heritage. I remember with utmost interest my life when with my father and his comrades during the Civil War, and I recall with deepest affection the men whom I met in the army. Much of my time was spent among the private soldiers, who were never too tired or worn out to comfort and pet the boy of thirteen—the son of the "Old Man." Young as I was, I saw so much of the hardships, the self-denials, the sufferings and labors of both privates and officers, that my proudest moments are when I am associating with the old warriors—the veteran comrades of my father.

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## THE BRIGHT SIDE

FROM THE BOOK "HEART THROBS"

There is many a rest in the road of life,  
If we only would stop to take it,  
And many a tone from the better land,  
If the querulous heart would wake it!  
To the sunny soul that is full of hope,  
And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth,  
The grass is green and the flowers are bright,  
Though the wintry storm prevaileth.

# THE "ONE-PRICE SYSTEM"

By C. C. HANCH

THERE has grown out of the evolution in business a policy known in the mercantile world today as the "One-Price System." Modifications of this policy are variously known by such expressions as "Fixed Re-Sale Prices," "Established Prices," "Uniform Prices," etc. Correctly used, the expression "One-Price System" means one price to all, or an equal wage for the same service. It does not mean the same price for the same thing all the time. The "One Price System" is of comparatively recent origin, and, as yet, is not on a very firm foundation, but it has undoubtedly come to stay, and will be more generally adopted, as people become educated to the benefits derived therefrom.

I wish to refer particularly to the "One-Price System," as it relates to commodities, or things manufactured or bought and sold. The true basis of any such price should be the cost of purchase or production, plus a reasonable margin of profit. In ancient barter and exchange this basis received no consideration. The motive, originally, of the vendor, was to give as little as possible, and obtain as much for what he gave as he could induce the purchaser to part with. Misrepresentation as to both quantity and quality of the goods was common. The purchaser, on the other hand, went into a deal in olden times with the intention of getting the greatest quantity for just as little in exchange as he could persuade the vendor to take. Misrepresentation was the rule as to the value of the medium of exchange, and counterfeiting of the same was of frequent occurrence. This condition of trade continued for centuries, and I presume that some of the more recently known relics of the old system were found in the lightning-rod business and the sewing-machine business, as these lines of business were conducted by itinerant agents. There was no thought or intention upon the part of such men to ever treat two people alike; in other words, to have one price. The "One-Price System" was

unknown to them, and was also unknown in most stores previous to that time. That condition of affairs has been practically eliminated in reputable stores. In nine cases out of ten, today, any two people can go into a store and buy the same article, at different times during the day, and pay the same price for it. This is a tendency toward ideal conditions, and there is no doubt that before many years similar conditions will prevail in most manufacturing lines, as well as in merchandising.

One of the greatest barriers to the general adoption of the "One-Price System" is unintelligent competition. This is based principally upon two things; namely, lack of knowledge as to what competitors are doing, and lack of knowledge of the cost of doing business in merchandising, or of the cost of production in manufacturing. Unintelligent competition being one of the greatest obstacles in the way of the "One-Price System," it follows that the elimination of the causes of such competition is desirable in order to bring about the universal adoption of the "One-Price Policy." Misinformation as to what competitors are doing can be reduced to a minimum by the encouragement of associations and co-operation among merchants and manufacturers in any given line of business. Meetings among business people inspire confidence in each other, enable them to interchange experiences relative to the cost of commodities or production, and to compare notes with reference to credits and the misrepresentations of unscrupulous buyers.

As before stated, the "One-Price System" should be based upon cost, plus a reasonable percentage of profit. The public should be educated to recognize the justice of this formula, and the unscrupulous buyer, who makes misrepresentations in order to beat down the price to the point of cost, or less than cost, should be frowned down and looked upon in the same light as the person who takes something that does not belong to him. Only through intelligent co operation

among competitors can the relics of ancient abuses in trade be eradicated. The public is entitled to a "square deal"—no more and no less—and the same is true of the merchant and the manufacturer. There should be no temptation, through the medium of association or co-operation, to charge unreasonable or excessive profits, and there should be a disposition shown to take the public into the confidence of the commercial interests more than has been done in the past. Unwarranted profits, or profits on fictitious investment, should not be permitted. In time, suitable laws will be enacted to safeguard the interest of the public in this respect; at the same time, legitimate co-operation should be encouraged, and the drastic anti-compact laws amended, so as to not make criminals in law out of people who are not violating any real rights of the people. Unintelligent competition is the cause of more failures, bankruptcies and closed shops than any other known reason. The public derives no permanent benefit from the violent fluctuation in prices resulting from failures, and the loss and suffering of employees thrown out of work by reason of such failures are far greater than any possible benefits from maintaining a condition of unintelligent and unbridled competition. *Until there is a general adoption of the "One-Price System," there can be no reasonable stability to employment or indefinitely continued industrial prosperity.*

Under conditions existing in the dark ages it may have been true that competition was "the life of trade," but under modern and progressive methods such competition as before described is certainly *the death of business*. It must not be assumed that the "One-Price System" means the destruction of true competition. Competition does not consist of cutting the life-blood out of trade. Anyone can give away goods, which is substantially the same thing as selling at cost or less than cost. True salesmanship consists of going in upon an equality of price and terms, and landing the order by convincing the purchaser that a certain line of goods is best.

In extending the "One-Price System," it is not necessary that one price shall be fixed on every line of goods used for a similar purpose. There are differences in values. For instance: There are articles which are

made light and cheap for some purposes, but there can be one price for the cheap, light articles, and there can be one price for those articles which are as good as they can be made. The first stepping-stone in the evolution bringing about the "One-Price System" and the establishment of re-sale prices is the adoption of uniform list prices on all articles which are sold by discount from list. This is a matter of great importance, and in many lines of business is entirely feasible. The adoption of uniform list prices does not mean the adoption of uniform net selling prices. As before stated, there are differences in values, and these differences can be taken care of by the variation in selling discounts. On the other hand, uniform list prices are a convenience both to the seller and the buyer. They facilitate comparisons and enable competitors to know more intelligently what each is doing. The tendency of uniform list prices is also toward uniformity of construction and values of articles so listed—in other words, a standard. This tendency is generally recognized as being desirable. The intelligent and equitable maintenance of re-sale prices will be greatly facilitated by the adoption of uniform list prices. "Fixed Re-Sale Prices" is the term used to describe the condition where a manufacturer, in selling to the distributor, names the price at which the article shall be retailed. So long as an article is worth the price asked for it, and does not yield an unreasonable profit to the manufacturer, it certainly should be more satisfactory to the public to know that there is no discrimination in selling to different buyers.

Let us trace this "One-Price System" tendency into another line. The Interstate Commerce Commission was primarily established to prevent railroads from making compact or uniform rates between competitive points. Public clamor demanded that the railroads be prohibited from agreeing upon compact rates. Under the evolution of Interstate Commerce, the powers of the Interstate Commerce Commission have been extended, and it is now recognized that it is only through the medium of maintaining one-price rates that the railroads can be safe from going into bankruptcy. It is now further recognized that it is a crime for one road to cut the rate in competing with another road, and give one shipper the advantage

over another shipper, while on the other hand it is recognized as being perfectly legitimate for the railroads to publish uniform rates between competitive points. If the rates charged are shown to be reasonable, that is all the public is entitled to, and the public has no right to take any exception to the mere fact that two or more roads agree upon a uniform rate.

The same tendency as regards cut prices has occurred with public-service corporations in municipalities, and there is a disposition to control and regulate the price of gas, electric current, water, etc., and to decide what will allow a fair revenue upon the investment and protect the investors as well as the consuming public. I submit that it does not require a very long stretch of the imagination to apply the same conditions to merchandising and manufacturing. I prophesy that we will all live to see the time—and none of us will be many years older—when in manufacturing and merchandising it will be recognized as being a greater wrong to cut prices of goods to cost or less than cost than it will be to agree with your competitor to maintain a price which yields a fair profit and does not hurt the buyer.

All practices which are in their nature discriminations or subject to abuse should be discouraged. In this connection, I wish to refer to the time-honored custom of allowing discounts for cash. The cash discount is a handicap of the "One-Price System." It is giving to one the advantage over another. It is not far removed from the rebate given by the railroad to one shipper in preference to another. Just as an example: Suppose that a railroad gave a cash discount on freight paid by one shipper, because of his large shipments or prompt payments. This comparison is not at all overdrawn. The cash discount is an abused practice everywhere. Various methods have been tried to eliminate the friction between buyer and seller resulting from the abuse of the cash discount system, and the only remedy that I can see is to eliminate the cash discount. Conditions which brought about the cash discount system have changed. There does not remain in existence today a single one of the reasons that originally created the cash discount system. The cash discount is a relic of the days when credit transactions were hazardous and subject to frequently unavoid-

able delays, owing to antique methods of transportation and communication.

I have stated that lack of knowledge of the cost of production is one of the two principal things causing unintelligent competition. I do not know of any subject upon which there is more misleading information being circulated at the present time. This is being done by alleged cost accountants, system devisers and business doctors all over the United States, and hardly two of them advocate anything like the same methods. Arriving at the cost of production is a simple matter, if it is disentangled from red tape and "system gone to seed." Only three things enter into the cost of production of a manufactured article; namely, material, labor and expense. This is the whole problem, and no more and no less can be made out of it. I think the unsatisfactory experiences of many manufacturers in trying to determine the actual cost of their product can be attributed to efforts to unduly segregate and classify the three simple elements of cost.

Attempts at segregation and classification result in complication, and cause the general result to be misleading and inaccurate. Cost of material can be arrived at with a reasonable degree of accuracy, and cost of productive labor can be correctly determined and balanced. The proper distribution of total expense is the only thing remaining to be done. It has been my experience that the best method of arriving at the cost of production is to take the most constant factor as the basis of distributing the burden, Labor being the only element easily susceptible to balance and proof, and being the most constant factor, productive labor should be used as the basis for distributing the burden. There has been an attempt upon the part of a good many persons to draw an absolute line between the cost of their product at the door between the office and factory and the selling cost. Many manufacturers have fallen into this idea. I think there never was a more fallacious theory than this one. I believe that in nine out of ten lines of business, if the matter is traced back to its foundation, it can be shown that the theory is absolutely wrong. Take any line of business in the beginning; it requires a plant, workmen, foremen, officers and a manager. If there is an article to be placed on the market, it requires advance solicitation or

advertising, so that at the very instant that the product is ready for the market, every bit of the cost is in it, including so-called shop cost, administrative and sales cost. It is all there, and it is a false and misleading theory to maintain that sales and administrative cost are not in the product at the time the factory organization delivers it to the office organization.

In referring to the basis of a "One-Price System," I have indicated that profit on fictitious investment is improper and an injustice to the buyer. This leads directly to the question of watered stocks. Watering of stocks is essentially an obstacle in the path of one-price evolution. There can be no stability or uniformity to the cost of an article or service, so long as there is material irregularity in the issuance of stocks and securities in proportion to the actual capital invested in business. It is hard to touch on the effect of watered stocks upon the "One-Price System," without, at the same time, referring to some of the collateral evils of this practice, which in the absence of a better name, I have called "The Original Commercial Sin."

Since the beginning of recorded history, it has been regarded as immoral to attempt to get something for nothing. This is true, whether the attempt be in the form of petty larceny, burglary, highway robbery or the more subtle forms of stealing, such as selling "gold bricks" and other articles of alleged value, which are worth nothing, or at least less than is purported on their face.

I believe that to the evil of watering stocks can be very largely traced most kinds of graft, both public and private, also the great financial upheavals and the prolonging of the resultant business depressions. The practice of issuing securities and stocks, with only partial or no value back of them, has been so common in this country as to callous public sentiment to the extent that many otherwise reputable people see no wrong in engaging in the issue and sale of stocks of this kind. The worst feature of the public indifference is the common belief that there is no legal remedy. In my opinion, the wrongs growing out of the watering of stocks are infinitely more far-reaching than the evils of intemperance. In view of recent developments, can any sane person doubt that a legal remedy for watered stocks could be

found if public sentiment was once aroused on this subject, as it is now aroused on the liquor question? As a matter of fact, remedies have been found in other countries, and what has been done there, can be done here. All that is required is a public awakening and realization of the people's losses and wrongs, following in the wake of this corporate piracy.

Let us consider some phases of the results of watering stocks. I said this evil was the cause of panics and prolonged business depressions. What, in reality, are panics? As the name implies, they are manifestations of fear. The fear is that particular form of dread of the loss of property in the shape of basic currency or its equivalent. Panics may be either acute or chronic. In either case, the foundation cause is inflation, and the common source of inflation is watered stock. The inflation may be either private or public. Public inflation is the act of state or government in issuing money without a redemption medium of comparatively fixed value or unquestioned credit back of it. Public inflation by a government corresponds exactly with inflation of private corporations by watering stock. Chronic panics usually occur in cases of public inflation and result in gradual withdrawal, both of credit and the valuable forms of money. Acute panics are generally the result of private inflation and result in the withdrawal of money from banking institutions through fear as to the safety of deposits and reserves being jeopardized by investments in watered securities or loans, based on or secured by watered collateral. The general result, in both cases, is business depression and commercial uncertainty.

Graft can, likewise, be traced to the same source. Many men, who would scorn to take a bribe in money, will freely accept a block of watered stock as a gift or as compensation for some alleged favor or service. They will then unload on the public without the slightest qualms of conscience.

As another example: Suppose some public-service corporation is seeking a franchise. Its stock is loaded down to the guards with "water, wind and blue sky." In order to pay interest on its securities, it must charge an unreasonable price for its service. The only way to obtain the franchise permitting the unreasonable charge is to bribe council-



men, aldermen, legislators and public officials. Well-known newspapers have been subsidized by such corporations in order to further their ends. Employees and others take advantage of the watered corporation, which does not dare to make a public defense, and graft is thus compounded, all at the expense of consumer or public. The most deplorable feature of all is that when watered stock has once been unloaded upon the innocent purchaser, it becomes a vested right, and is thereafter a perpetual tax upon the people, who use the product or service of the corporation. It would be a wrong to do anything that would suddenly reduce the apparent value of such stock, as this would work a hardship on many people who have innocently invested their savings in the same.

There is, however, no reason under the sun why we should go on forever permitting new corporations to issue watered stock or old corporations to increase their watered issue. We should draw a line beyond which no watered stock can ever pass in the future, and allow the natural laws of evolution and intelligent competition to gradually squeeze out the water in former issues. The competition of new corporations, capitalized according to actual investment, with prices based upon a reasonable return on proper capitalization will, in time, bring the inflation and paper wealth of watered concerns down to a legitimate basis. Prices will seek a true level and the prospective blessings of the "One-Price System" will eventually be a reality.

## NON OMNIS MORIAR!

By HENRY YOUNG OSTRANDER, M.D.

MY soul sings on! My spirit's life endures  
Beyond the sleep and grieving of love's grave and tears;  
My mind's sane thought its ego's self secures  
Against the cynic sophistry that sneers:  
"All human hope is vain, and faith's false phantom lures!"

Ah, would to God! if only now we could  
Still more immortal truth and beauty see;  
But I do know—what here in us was good  
Shall there live on, far better yet to be!

And though down death's dark valley all must tread—  
For some, it may be, after years of pain—  
Believe me—do not call them dead;  
Remember—they will rise again!

So then, dear heart, hold fast thy faith and trust,  
And let love sing life's sweetest song—not sigh;  
When earth reclaims her own in "dust to dust"—  
Ah, no, *not all shall die!*

# BRIGADIER-GENERAL SHARPE

By EMMET HAMILTON

FREDERICK THE GREAT declared that the art of conquering is lost without the art of subsisting. The importance of the latter to an army is such that the foremost captains of modern times have given the most unremitting attention to it. Wellington, one of the great and undefeated generals of history, devoted unceasing care and attention to his commissariat, exceeding in this respect Napoleon, Sherman, Lee, Von Moltke, Roberts, and other masters of the art of war. It is a military axiom that "a general can do nothing with troops he cannot feed"; and a celebrated authority has remarked that "to neglect the care of food supplies is to expose one's self to being defeated without fighting."

The effectiveness and mobility of troops practically depend upon the manner in which the soldier is nourished. In short, his health and fighting strength depend upon his food and its preparation. The position of Commissary General—to which General Sharpe has recently been again detailed—is, therefore, of vast importance in the supreme and final test of war, which may spell success or disaster to a nation. He has devoted to the subject years of study and observation, and these, combined with actual experience both in times of peace and war, have found expression in authorship, and the highest form of practical administration.

General Sharpe is descended from one of the oldest Dutch families in New York, dating back to early colonial days. The family settled at Kingston, the original capital of New York State, and still reside there, where the subject of this sketch was born fifty-one years ago. He is the son of General George H. Sharpe, a distinguished soldier of the Civil War, and a political leader in New York a quarter of a century ago.

When eighteen years of age, he entered the Military Academy. The appointment came unsolicited and without even a knowledge by either son or father that it was contemplated.

President Grant intended the selection as a compliment to the son and a delicate expression of regard for the father—an old comrade of the Civil War, between whom and himself a long and intimate friendship had existed, which continued unbroken to the end. He began his army career as a second lieutenant in the Fourth United States Infantry, which, singularly enough, was General Grant's old regiment. After a year in active service spent in the West, he resigned from the army, but in the succeeding year was appointed a captain in the Subsistence Department by President Arthur, another old-time friend of his father.

His first book—"The Art of Subsisting Armies in War"—appeared while stationed at St. Louis; and was followed by an essay on "The Art of Subsisting Armies in the Field as Exemplified during the Civil War," which won the first prize offered in the contest of the Journal of the Military Service Institution of the United States. In succession appeared a translation from the French of Ch. Aubry—"The Supply of the Armies of Frederick the Great and Napoleon"; and jointly with Captain H. F. Kendall, U. S. Army, a translation of "Notes on the Supply of an Army during Active Operations," by O. Espanet. In 1905 appeared the most pretentious work of all—"The Provisioning of the Modern Army in the Field," and recently a critical paper on "Subsisting our Field Army in case of War with a First Class Power."

Surprising as the statement may seem, it is nevertheless true that no systematic treatises on the provisioning of armies in the field have been produced in America except those which owe their authorship to General Sharpe. There is not even an American work except his which includes a summarization of the varied and extensive literature concerning it. The subject is a strangely neglected one, considering how vital it is in military education and efficiency. General

Sharpe possesses a fine professional library, including many rare and valuable works about the subsistence of armies and other military subjects, which he intends to donate to the office on final retirement from active service.

In the year 1895 he reached his majority, and at the outbreak of the Spanish War was promoted to be a lieutenant-colonel and deputy commissary general. He was early



BRIGADIER-GENERAL HENRY GRANVILLE SHARPE

in the field during that struggle, and went as chief commissary of the army which invaded Porto Rico. Not long after returning from there, he served a tour of duty in the commissary general's office. On reorganization of the army in 1901 he was made a colonel and assistant commissary general, and in the

following year went to the Philippines as chief commissary of the division, adding to his military reputation in that distant field. In the fall of 1905, upon the promotion of Commissary General Weston to be a major-general, he succeeded him as chief of the Subsistence Department, carrying with the succession the confidence and friendship of that distinguished soldier. Two years ago he made an extended tour abroad to study the supply systems of the British and Continental armies, where every facility was afforded and every courtesy shown him by the officials of the various countries visited.

Among some of the features adopted during his administration as commissary general is a new ration which has given satisfaction throughout the Army. Experiments are still being conducted to improve its quality and the method of supply, and this notwithstanding the fact that the food of the American soldier surpasses in quantity, quality and preparation that of any other in the world, and is fully equal and in fact superior to the food of persons in other walks of life most nearly corresponding to that of the soldier. The army training schools for bakers and cooks have been widened in scope and increased in number. Few things have contributed more to the improvement of the soldier's ration, comfort, and contentment than these schools, and consequently the army as a whole has benefited, for upon the individual unit—the soldier—depends the ultimate force of the aggregate—the army. A Baker's Manual has been published for issue to the army, and the Manual for Army Cooks has been revised and brought up to date. Upon his recommendation there was transferred two years ago to the Subsistence Department, as properly belonging to its functions, the field cooking apparatus of the army. A new type of field oven for baking bread and a new field cooking outfit have been designed; and a fireless cooker has been perfected by which warm food can be supplied in bivouac, on the march, or on the firing line. After exhaustive trial there was recently adopted a specially arranged kitchen car for large bodies of troops traveling by rail, a detachment mess car when smaller bodies thus travel, and a portable gas cooker for use when the two former arrangements are not available. These devices have revo-

lutionized the old system of providing for subsistence of troops traveling, and are a satisfactory solution of what has been for years a most troublesome problem. The business methods of the department have been revised and thoroughly modernized.

In a recent contribution touching the importance of the supply departments, he made the following comment:

"The importance of the work of supply departments of an army, particularly in time of war, has been generally recognized by all great soldiers, and adequate acknowledgments made by them for the work rendered in that connection. But the public at large seem to regard war from the glamour of the victories gained as the result of the campaign, and other feats of arms which are so constantly and vividly described by the participants therein. The importance of the work of supplying an army is frequently overlooked. The work of supplying the daily requirements of a city of from one hundred thousand to four hundred thousand inhabitants, with all the lines of supply in full operation, is not comparable to the work of supplying an equal number of combatants in the field, the location of whose bivouacs change daily, to the complete disorganization of any permanency in lines of supply, and the fact that these lines of supply are the most important objectives of the contending force; and yet, unless this work of supply is thoroughly and efficiently performed, only defeats and disaster can be recorded. When the army is on the march, the supply departments are strained to their utmost capacity to provide for the wants of the men, and any time it halts to recuperate its strength, the same unabating care and attention must continue to provide for these ever-constant wants."

General Sharpe is keenly interested in the national guard of the country, and is one of

the warmest friends of that organization among the officers of the regular army. A large standing army, common to the countries of the old world, is opposed to the genius of American institutions and the sentiment of the nation, so that the militia must be depended upon in a supreme struggle, which may involve national existence, and should be encouraged and trained for such a conflict, even though it should not come. Never an advocate of a great standing army for the republic, he rather shares the opinion of an eminent military authority, who contends that so long as a nation yields men abundantly for military service our institutions are safe, for a warlike spirit which alone creates, civilizes, and defends a country is essential to national perpetuity. This does not mean an overwhelming army, menacing liberty and peace, but the people should foster in the public mind the memory of brilliant achievements. Warlike nations are not necessarily military nations. On the contrary, the more warlike the spirit, the less necessary it is to have a vast standing army, because the able-bodied men are willing to fight on national demand.

He belongs to a class at the Military Academy that has given to the army Quartermaster-General Aleshire, one of the most vigorous administrators since the Civil War, and Colonel George Goethals, Chief of Panama Canal Construction, who ranks with De Lesseps and James B. Eads. General Sharpe has covered every field of activity in the Subsistence Department, and has a record for progressive and effective administration which easily compares with that of the ablest of predecessors. He is ardently devoted to the military art, and is esteemed in military and civil circles for his professional attainments and attractive personal qualities.



# THE MAN WITH TWO COUNTRIES

By ARTHUR HAWKES

I HAVE been wrestling with a mother-in-law—analogically.

I will not defend her. I will glory in her. For the man with two countries is a man with two mothers, in possessing whom there is more than double riches. A man's second mother means a wife, somewhere in his story. Whoso findeth a wife findeth a good thing. And mothers-in-law are generally as good as mothers-in-nature.

Scarcely any analogy is perfect. When a man emigrates, his change, though it has many of the attributes of marriage, is not on all fours with entrance upon the Holy Estate. The land of his adoption may be as a good mother-in-law, or a bad mother-in-law to him. He may not recognize in it that most potential of all human relationships. For Emigration makes more problems than it settles, even unto the third and fourth generations. Nearly half a million Americans have emigrated to Canada, and tens of thousands of them have taken the oath of allegiance to King Edward. What are you going to think about it? What are you going to do about it? Will you assume a fighting attitude against the future?

I have met some Americans who kick against the migration of the children of Uncle Sam to the Saskatchewan Valley. "It's all very well," they say, "for congested countries, like England, to lose some of their citizens. But the United States wants to get good people, not to get rid of them. If the United States were as congested as England is, emigration to Canada would be all right. But as things are, no, sir."

This attitude is natural, even if it is not of profound origin. It presupposes that the interests of the United States are bounded by the physical frontiers of the United States. When you figure it out you see that it belongs to the same brand of patriotism as the abrogation of the American-Canadian Reciprocity Treaty of 1854, which destroyed whatever chance there ever was of Old Glory waving over all the North American continent—the kind of patriotism which abides in a well,

instead of on a mountain-top. Your views may come from a well of patriotism undefiled, and you may forget that a well is rather circumscribed, and is self-contained. When you hear excellent people talking as if they want their country—of which, as a rule, they have seen very little—to be self-contained, it is worth while remembering that nations are only individuals in the mass, and that the only place for a self-contained man is a casket.

Before I expound what I believe to be the true significance of the emigration of Americans to Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, let me try to lodge three facts in the back of your mind, for sweet charity's sake:

(1) The United States has received more emigrants from, and annihilated more allegiance to, other countries, than all the nations of all time.

(2) Nearly three million Canadians have emigrated to, and multiplied in the United States, and, in so doing, have made but little trade for Canada.

(3) Less than one-half of one per cent. of the population of the United States has moved into Canada during the last ten years, a period in which the foreign trade of the United States has been increased by Canada far more than by any other country in the world.

Think of these things for a little; and then, if you will, examine with me the situation created by the American in Canada.

The American has done a very great deal for Canada. Canada has done a great deal for the American. There are three Americans in Western Canada who think that they and their compatriots have made the country. They remind me of an amateur economist who once assured me that millionaires have made America, and who thought my question did not merit an answer when I asked, "Who made the millionaires?" The United States is a great country and the United States people are a great people—in my



humble judgment the most wonderful in the world. But they are not quite so great as they think they are. Canada is a great country, and the Canadians are a great people—greater than they think they are.

Every time I travel in Western Canada with Americans from the Mississippi Valley, I return to Toronto with a greater faith in Western Canada than I ever had before. This is especially the case when I have been traveling with agricultural editors. But that is not solely because of the genius of the peripatetic American, remarkable though it is.

The Mississippi Valley, including the Missouri Valley, is, I think, as a whole, the wealthiest great area on the world's surface. The Almighty made it so; but He led the people who have inherited this vast and opulent region through great tribulation before they were permitted to flourish abundantly. You remember the Kansans who, coming east across the Missouri, emblazoned upon their wagons, "In Kansas we trusted; in Kansas we busted." The apparent wonder-working of the American in Western Canada is merely the result of his beginning, up there, where he left off after many years' experience of the prairies of the Middle Western and Northwestern States.

It is not necessary to dwell for long upon the physical prosperity that is being enjoyed by Americans who have moved into the Canadian Prairie Provinces. They would not stay there if they were not doing well. Though bread and butter are great social and political acclimatizers the fundamental contentment of the American in Canada is the product of something more than growing thirty bushels of wheat to the acre, and seeing his land multiply in value. For your American abroad is nothing if not intensely patriotic. He carries a watch in one vest pocket and Old Glory in the other. Whenever an opportunity arises he sings, "My Country, 'tis of Thee," and if an opportunity does not soon arise, he quickly makes one. I have joined scores of times in singing the first verse of that sonorous hymn to the tune which some of my friends believe has been appropriated by England for what they supposed was a parody on the junior national anthem. There must be something extraordinary in the political atmosphere which reconciles the emigrant from below forty-nine

to life in a foreign country. For the American does not live by bread alone.

The truth is, of course, that when Americans come to Western Canada they don't find it a foreign country at all. In soil, climate, transportation, agricultural machinery, currency, social observances, churches—in everything except the outward political forms, the differences which they thought would be tremendous are only trivial. In most cases they are in favor of the adopted land.

Why is this? I remember hearing a wise preacher in an English town ask: "Why will your horse snort with fear if you bring a wolf into his presence, when he has not seen a wolf for a thousand years?" Inversely, the idea behind that query may be applied to the agreeable atmosphere which Americans find in Western Canada. They have not seen Britain for two or three hundred years, but when they come within the radius of modern Britannic institutions they unconsciously, as it were, recognize something homelike about them—which is, perhaps, the reason why they are often so delightfully frank about what they see. They left a blessed mother behind them—they find a blessed mother-in-law in the place to which they have come.

There have been many celebrations of the Fourth of July in Western Canada. We view the Stars and Stripes fluttering in summer resort breezes, and other places, with perfect equanimity. We have more respect for the tenderness of American feeling than to wish to flaunt the Canadian flag, or conspicuously to celebrate Dominion Day in the United States.

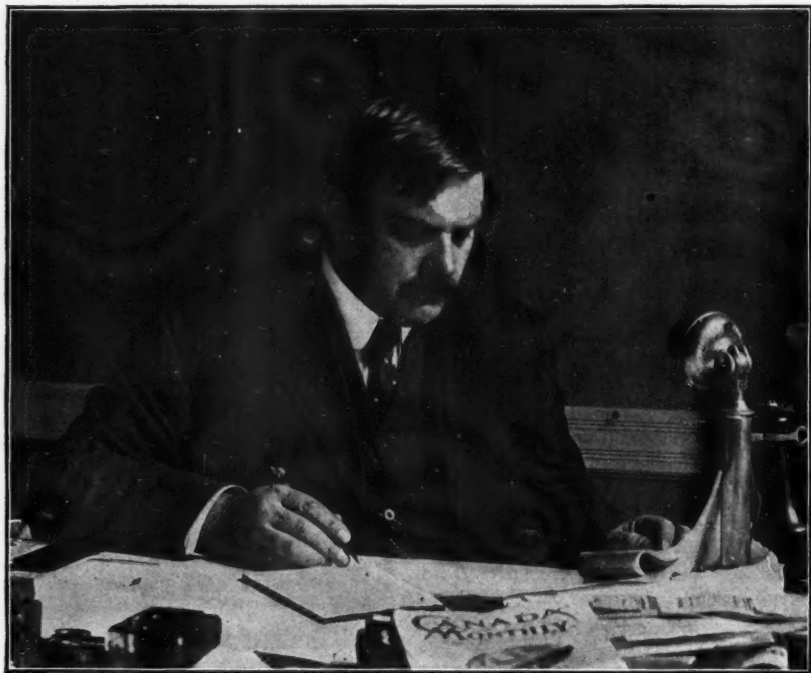
It is curious to notice in the West that men and women who began their life in Canada by offering the most fervent homage to the symbol of their native country, have become less demonstrative as Fourth of July follows Fourth of July. They had been accustomed to hearing and reading the Declaration of Independence, with its terrible recitation of the offenses of George the Third. Some of them grew up with the idea that England was and is the home of oppression, still smarting under the loss of the thirteen colonies. They imagined that, as they had been taught once a year to resurrect the unhappy ghost of George the Third, the English people must

dwelt in perpetual presence of the same unpleasant entity.

I shall never forget the sincere hesitation—as if he were about to tread on a corn—of a Grand Rapids schoolmaster who asked me whether England still cherished ill feeling against the United States because of the result of the War of Independence. If the schoolmaster remembers the incident, he probably

the Declaration of Independence actively at work where he did not suspect its presence. The association of a Parliamentary Election in Saskatchewan with the Declaration of Independence is not, at first, obvious. When the association is suggested to him, he is apt to think that the Declaration begot the Parliamentary Election. The opposite is the case.

The immortal Declaration, of which the



ARTHUR HAWKES

Superintendent of Publicity, Canadian Northern Railway System.

recollects the insuppressible amusement his inquiry created in me.

Only a month ago a party of United States journalists on the way to Canada were discussing the prospects of their trip. Something was said about the elections.

"Elections!" said one of them. "They don't have elections in Canada, do they?"

"Sure they do," he was told.

"Why," said he, "I thought all their officials were appointed from England."

Now, the English horse knows the wolf, even though he has not smelt him for fifty generations. The American in Canada finds

American is as proud as if he wrote it himself, and which every ward politician can rehearse without notice, is really of English origin. New England, whence its chief direct inspiration came, was peopled by the descendants of grim protesters against exactly that kind of tyranny which George the Third, stiff-necked ass that he was, thought to perpetuate. Masterfulness, like every other great quality, has its disadvantages; one of which is that it seldom knows where to stop; and another of which is that, defeated in one field, it will try to impose itself on a more distant field.

George the Third tried a game with the thirteen colonies which he would not have ventured with Devonshire and Cornwall. Not having crossed the ocean, he did not realize the quality of those who had, and whose descendants were also their true spiritual and political successors. It is not in the nature of kingship to make sacrifices for principle and moral sentiment. Long before his day there had evolved in England a race of people who hated oppression as they hated Satan, and who, with comparatively small knowledge, but with a great faith in human right, laid broad and deep the foundation of whatever is good in democratic government today. They taught kings that even Divine Right might have a crick in its neck. Though the devil of Divine Right, which brought Charles the First to the block, and sent James, his son, cowering from Whitehall to France, will never be utterly destroyed in an imperfect world, it has forever ceased from being a governing factor in British politics, in the old or new lands of the Empire.

But just as sometimes a father, who has carried with great honor a burden of poverty and responsibility in his youth, will refuse to understand that his children have grown up, and will deny to them the opportunity to prove their possession of the paternal quality, so a country like England may fail to realize that her children beyond the seas should have, and ultimately will have, all the responsibilities which she claims for herself. You must, therefore, judge the temper and achievement of a nation, not by a fragment of its career, but by the proofs of its upward or downward trend. Find some quality which has persisted in fighting against odds; which, when it has seemed to be extinguished, has reappeared like one risen from the dead; and which has, from time to time, embodied itself in men of heroic deed and still more heroic mind—find that in the history of a nation, and you have almost surely discovered the explanation of a glory that must endure, and that will make of its imperfections so many lights of a nobler fame. Thank God, the perfect man has ceased to exist, even in biographies. The perfect nation has ceased to exist, even in histories of the United States.

England has never been perfect. Her march from barbarian darkness to twentieth-century democracy has been marked by a

thousand falls. But she *has* marched; more surely, and with greater advantage to peoples beyond her tiny border, than her ancient contemporaries have done. Unravel, as carelessly as you like, the variegated skein of her story, and you will find a silver cord in the midst of it—a record of an ambition for liberty that only slumbered that it might refresh itself for mightier steps ahead.

The Public Good has always had to fight against principalities and powers, and always will have to fight. Kings are not the only arbitrary engines of popular suppression. The pioneers of liberty have always been prone to imagine that the crest they saw ahead of them was the last mountain-top of freedom. But it has only been an introducing spot to a more formidable height. Often enough the soldier of liberty tries to convince himself that the other peak isn't there. While he is debating, lo and behold, it becomes more formidable. Do you think the municipal evils, the legislative injustices, the corporation monstrosities, which distress apostolic magazines and public-spirited newspapers, would have been possible if the patriotic publicists of former decades could have understood the interminableness of their fight, or could have estimated the inventive power of the forces against which they were arrayed?

That there is no final victory, and only a painful advance, is magnificently proved by the appearance of the same basic contentions, almost the same phrases, in the instruments which, Ebenezer-like, mark the English-speaking advance from despotism to democracy. It is nearly seven hundred years since King John, at Runnymede, signed Magna Charta. But Magna Charta contained no new-discovered evangel of progress. It merely gathered into a concise, unmistakable text, the reforms of past reigns, which a perfidious villain had set at naught, and which he finally recognized on peril of losing his crown.

Concerning the machinery of politics, John was made to say, "No scutage or aid shall be imposed in our realm save by the Common Council of the realm." To prevent jiggery-pokery by the King, in whom was vested the power of summoning the Council, he covenanted to give forty days' notice of the assembly to its members. Of the administration of justice, the other prec-

ious bulwark of national honor, John affirmed: "No freeman shall be seized or imprisoned, or dispossessed, or outlawed, or in any way brought to ruin; we will not go against any man nor send against him, save by legal judgment of his peers or by the law of the land. To no man will we sell, or deny, or delay, right or justice."

On this foundation everything that is dear to the English-speaking man has been reared, safeguarded, glorified. There came a day when the fiction of the Divine Right of kings, by the amazing irony which sometimes lightens the strict sobriety of history, returned to London by way of Scotland. For a long time it seemed as though the body politic would complacently take the devil unto itself. But the heroic strain was not extinct, and there arose protesters against the first James, and the first Charles. Civil war came, and Charles was executed.

Long before the sword was drawn the Petition of Right had been assented to by Charles. It was his persistent refusal to abide by his own solemn acceptance of the Commons' propositions that finally slew him. Once more the fundamental laws were enumerated, and the violations of them by the King and his father set forth; and Charles undertook "that no man hereafter be compelled to make or yield any gift, loan, benevolence, tax, or such like charge, without common consent by Act of Parliament."

Charles also assented to the request "that the commissions for proceeding by martial law may be revoked and annulled, and that hereafter no commissions of like nature may issue forth to any person or persons whatsoever to be executed as aforesaid, lest by color of them any of your Majesty's subjects be destroyed and put to death, contrary to the laws and franchises of the land."

All the Stuarts were incurable. Like the Bourbons, they learned nothing and forgot nothing. Though the Commonwealth went down, it had taught lessons in the sacred duty of government which will last as long as men can read and write. The second Charles and his brother saw in its fall nothing but an unlimited license to exceed their father's tyranny, to belie his domestic virtues. Cromwell had raised England to the first rank among civilized powers.

Under Charles and James, England flew into the depths of moral corruption and po-

litical degradation, with the speed of an exploded aeroplane.

The old violences were resumed until William of Orange was called to supersede his father-in-law, who from fear—his conscience had never shown any eruptive capacity—abdicated and fled, and Revolution triumphed.

But Revolution took heed for itself, and before the Dutchman reached London the Declaration of Right was adopted, as the rule of conduct for Kings. Its voice was the voice of Magna Charta and the Petition of Right. It enumerated the falsities of the second Stuarts, and asserted once more the ancient rights and liberties of England—of self-government. James had, without the consent of Parliament, levied taxes. The Declaration affirmed that this was a deadly offence against the nation—as much as picking his pocket is an offence against an artisan. James had treated the judges as though they were his lackeys. The Declaration claimed as the undoubted inheritance of Englishmen a pure and merciful administration of justice, according to the spirit of the laws.

The Declaration, when the revolution was completed, became a Bill, which put every British monarch on his good behavior. The right of the people, through their representatives, to depose him, was established once for all. His salary must needs be voted yearly—the English people had had enough of granting revenues for life. They adopted a golden rule for the monarchy which nothing will be suffered to destroy.

How was it, then, that the Revolution which saved England from the despotism of monarchy, and saved the monarchy from itself, did not prevent the American Revolution?

It was because the stiff-necked, English-born German who sat upon the throne did not realize that an Englishman across the ocean was just as good as, if not better than, the man who stayed at home; and that an infant community, like an infant individual, grows into an adult with all the natural rights and emotions of an adult. The slowness to understand changed conditions was not peculiar to George the Third and his ministers. The notion of superiority has not been confined to Englishmen, living or dead. I could find ten thousand men who work in the head offices of big business houses—in New York, Boston or Chicago—who imagine that be-

cause they work in the head office they are a peg above the fellows who are on the frontier of the business, creating the trade on which the house and all its employes live. They are little Georges, without their predecessor's excuse.

Let us take the War of Independence for granted. Let me say, without affectation, that I glory in the resistance to George the Third even as I glory in the magnificent courage, the sublime patriotism of Pym and Hampden and Eliot. What, indeed, are the notes that were struck on Liberty Bell but the reverberations of the strokes of Magna Charta, the Petition of Right and the Declaration of Right?

There could not be laid at the door of George the Third crimes like those of which the younger Stuarts were guilty, because the fight for freedom had thrown down many of the idols of tyranny, and utterly broken them. The vitality of the great protest which not only secured independence for the thirteen colonies, but insured the blessed asset of thorough-going autonomy to all the over-sea dominions of the British Empire, was essentially the vitality of its splendid predecessors.

What are the "certain unalienable rights" to secure which "governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is right of the people to alter or abolish it, and to institute new government, laying its foundations on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness," but the noble eloquence of Pym, speaking in the accent of Jefferson? What is the complaint against George,—"He has obstructed the administration of justice, by refusing his assent to laws for establishing judiciary powers," and "has made judges dependent on his will alone for the tenure of their offices"—but a mild repetition of the accusations against Charles the Second? Indeed, the more you examine the Declaration of Independence, the more you think of the men, who, in less favored times, and under the very shadow of the throne itself, dared to stand up against a tyranny that was uttered in person by the King, and backed by all the resources of a venerable, rich, and all-powerful government.

"I shall call that my country where I may

most glorify God, and enjoy the presence of my dearest friends," wrote the younger Winthrop, when the deceptions of Charles turned the minds of many to the newly chartered colony of Massachusetts, and the Great Emigration began—an emigration of singularly high quality. It was courageous of them to endure the hardships of New England rather than the conflicts of their native land. It was equally courageous of men of substance to remain fighting against the cruel, sickening odds at home. When the grand remonstrance of 1641 passed the House of Commons, Cromwell said, "Had it been rejected I would have sold tomorrow all I possess and left England forever." It would be invidious to profess who chose the better part—those who sailed away, or those who remained. For those who stayed, fratricidal strife came quickly. For those who left, it was delayed nearly a hundred and fifty years, and the Declaration of Independence became their conquering creed. Blood was shed before jar-sundered altars, but in the same cause.

The irony of the Declaration lies, of course, in its assertion that all men are created equal, an assertion which must have produced a grim smile from its writer; and which, in the long run, produced a civil war more appalling in its tragedies than that which brought Charles the First to the block, and purged, as far as that could be, the enslaving of the colored men of Africa, for which England herself was primarily responsible.

I mention the Civil War of the United States for the purpose of pointing out that, when it seemed as though the wealth and culture of the Atlantic seaboard would supply the crucial leadership of the abolition movement, the Great Emancipator came from the weather-free cabin of a Kentucky farmer, and passed the formative years of his manhood in the woods and on the frontier of civilization. When the Hour produced the Man, it produced him in a new country; and the exalted of the earth smiled as he passed by. When Oliver Cromwell, the farmer from St. Ives, appeared first in the House of Commons, his dress excited the derision of the nobility and gentry, and his speech was held in no esteem. But Oliver was the greatest of them all. Lincoln was lampooned and disdained because he was an elemental man. And, verily, he was greater than them all.

Cromwell and Lincoln came from the soil.



I shall look for the next compelling statesman to arise from the same blessed level. For the soil is the source of all our strength.

The stupendous justification of the Declaration of Independence which was wrought in Lincoln's day more than offsets such failures to observe its spirit as may be discovered by those who search for them. The lesson of Petitions and Declarations was not wasted on England. The British Empire remains the most marvellous congeries of self-governing states ever delivered from the womb of time. With all its blemishes, the English-speaking race is still the chiefest creditor of posterity.

To solve the problems that have grown up with the lengthening years is a tremendous task for the older communities to undertake. As though on purpose to reduce that burden, a blessed compensation in national construction and reconstruction seems to have been devised by a benevolent Providence. Great communities are starting with clean slates on which they may write the best things that can be derived from their parents; while their parents may be heartened by seeing the free, independent, almost untrammelled communities which they have brought into being, working out their own salvation.

It was sought in New England to reproduce Old England, with certain hitherto unattainable conditions which the Parent Government refused to permit. But the North American continent is more than New England and Old England put together. Among other beneficences it has furnished a commercial-social-political situation, in which the advantages of new and old have a better chance to be combined into a more delectable commonwealth than has hitherto been builded. The opportunity has been vouchsafed to us by the migration of four hundred thousand people from the United States to Western Canada.

A pound of evidence is worth a ton of theory; and I cannot do better than give a summary of a talk I had with a farmer who boarded a train on the Regina-Prince Albert branch of the Canadian Northern Railway. He got on at Dundurn, about four miles from where he has been farming since the late summer of 1902, and told his story to half a dozen of us in the smoke room. His name was N. E. Baumunk. He went to Saskatchewan from Brazil, Indiana, where he was foreman in a coal mine. His father is still farming the old homestead. He landed at

Dundurn with a capital of about three thousand dollars, took a homestead of one hundred and sixty acres, and bought half a section at five dollars an acre. In 1903 he raised six hundred and eighty-two bushels of flax, eighty-two bushels of wheat, and three hundred and three bushels of oats, and broke one hundred acres for the 1904 crops, which yielded him two thousand three hundred and seventy bushels of wheat, one thousand three hundred bushels of oats, and seven hundred bushels of flax. In 1908, he had a thousand acres of land, stock, implements, and farm buildings, all paid for (and for which he had been offered fifty thousand dollars), and sold eleven thousand and fifty bushels of wheat, at an average price of eighty-nine cents, which, after all expenses were paid, netted him twenty per cent. on the valuation of fifty dollars an acre for the land.

He told me the Department of Agriculture of Saskatchewan supplied him free of charge, as it will every other farmer, as many seedling trees as he wanted, and sent an expert to tell him exactly how to plant them to get the most benefit from them. The telephone department of the government provides poles and sets them up for any company of farmers which will provide the wiring, instruments, and run the concern. Two sections in every township are set aside for school purposes, so that the farmers' children need not grow up without an education.

When it was suggested that he had forsaken the country of his birth, Mr. Baumunk laughed an indignant laugh. He couldn't see, he said, that there was very much "for-saking" in exchanging a situation that brought him seventy-five dollars a month for a thousand acres of land that brought him seven times as much. Besides, he had only followed the example of his father, who had come from Germany to Indiana, and was naturalized: He, himself, hadn't anything against Indiana, which was a great state, occupied by fine people; but he was just as much at home at Dundurn as he was at Brazil, although he had scarcely expected to be when he came up from the south. On one of his periodical visits to his old home when he told the people he had become naturalized, they asked how he liked paying taxes to the King of England, and they could scarcely believe him when he told them he paid no taxes to the King of England, and

was no more conscious of Edward the Seventh's existence in a burdensome way than they were. Indeed, Canadians were more independent than Americans, as far as he could see; and he was mighty glad to be a Canadian.

In October I was in the Saskatchewan Valley again; traveling with me was an important representative from the Foreign Office of London, who was very much interested in the movement of American citizens to western Canada. I took him to see Mr. Baumunk, whom we found threshing wheat with the separator spout running into a box car at a siding called Indi after the Hoosier state. We also saw others who had changed their political allegiance without suffering any loss of affection for their first mother. Their story was essentially the same, and the gentleman from the Foreign Office received some ideas about development in the British Empire that were somewhat new to him.

Mr. Baumunk of Dundurn, then, is not singular as a fine type of the American-Canadian. I don't think he learned very much about the overthrow of the Stuarts in the public schools of Indiana. But he is a living example of the happy issue that has come out of the affliction against which Cromwell fought, and over which Washington triumphed. In Indiana he inherited the victories of Washington. In Saskatchewan he has reaped the freedom which Dunbar, and Naseby, and Worcester most certainly assured. He loves not Indiana less because he loves Saskatchewan more.

There is something enviable about the man with two countries. He is re-discovering the Three Great Instruments. What will he do with them? There is no veil of the future that one would like as much to pierce as this veil. It is not a dark veil. Already I think I can see a great light suffusing it.

## GOVERNMENT FINANCIAL PROBLEMS

By B. F. McMILLAN

EXPERIENCE has demonstrated that a government cannot, without great cost, finance itself. England tried it and was always in trouble, paying enormous rates, until John Foster, a canny Scotchman, organized the Bank of England, and for privileges granted, took charge of the government finances. It seems that the United States government not only undertakes to finance itself, but also to finance the people. It seems to me that the duty of a government is to police the people, and in return for that protection, it is the duty of the people to finance the government.

I believe in a bank of issue, to be operated without profit, whose duty shall be to issue certificates upon gold coin and bullion of standard fineness, in denominations that can be used as currency. The management of this bank to consist of twenty-one governors, of which ten shall be appointed by the govern-

ment and ten by the national banks, and these twenty governors would have the privilege of choosing their chairman from the faculty of one of our colleges. It seems unwise to give to any man or body of men absolute power, and for this reason I would have a board of governors chosen from the banks, the government and the college, forming a board composed of statesmen, financiers and theorists, and evenly distributing the balance of power among these three classes of men.

The duty of such a bank would be to issue certificates to the value of the gold coin or bullion deposited with it, having no right of suspension, this right being left to a board comprising the president, his cabinet and the controller of the currency. There is a twofold reason for giving the right of suspension to this board. First: to enable the administration to keep a close check upon the bank. Second: if there should be any danger of

trouble with other nations, the president and his cabinet would be the first to know it, and by suspending could protect the gold resources of the country, and keep it out of the hands of unscrupulous speculators. A suspension ordered by such a board would not cause uneasiness, because the public would think it was done for the purpose of auditing. There could, therefore, be no sudden disturbance or panic. The Board of Suspension should cause the suspension of specie payment at least twice in every year, long enough to check up all business.

The government should engrave and print the certificates, to be delivered to the bank of issue without cost, charging the bank with the certificates so delivered, for the purpose of being able to check up the bank.

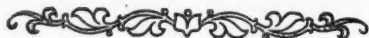
The Board of Suspension should also have power to modify the Order of Suspension in favor of the government, so that the government could obtain gold for certificates, if needed. Every bank, national or state, doing an interstate business, should be obliged to carry as their reserve the certificates of the bank of issue only. They could carry gold coin or bullion as an asset, as they now do their building or banking house. This would force the gold into the bank of issue, as every bank would be obliged to carry certificates for reserve. The bank of issue should have power of an option to redeem these certificates in coin or bullion as the governors might see fit.

An export tax should be put on bullion, and the government should coin and refine the bullion at the United States mints for the bank only. This export tax on bullion would protect the gold reserve. The bank having the option to pay in bullion if they saw fit, would leave the governors free to judge whether the gold was intended to pay legitimate obligations in foreign countries, or whether it was to be exported for speculation, or to create a scarcity of currency, which would compel the banks to issue more cheap money and force gold to foreign countries. It would be necessary, and the duty of the

bank governors, always to pay in coin when they saw that it was necessary to meet just obligations, but the choice should be left wholly to their best judgment.

The bank of issue should have the exclusive right to convert bullion into coin as they deemed fit, and also the right to melt coin into bullion. I believe that emergency currency should be issued by the clearing house associations, and should be issued upon seventy-five per cent. of good commercial paper, running not over four months and also twenty-five per cent. of the certificates of the bank of issue. The necessity for obtaining a large amount of these certificates for reserve and the twenty-five per cent. of the emergency currency would safeguard against the over-issuing of cheap money. The interest on the paper, while held by the bank of circulation or clearing house, should go to the clearing house to meet the running expenses, and also to pay the expense of the bank of issue. The balance should go to the government.

We have at present in gold coin and gold certificates, the amount of one billion, three hundred million dollars, which is scattered in all parts of the country. In case of war, under present conditions, this entire amount goes into hiding and immediately we are thrown upon a credit currency. The system here outlined would place the entire gold supply of the country in the hands of the government, which supply would doubtless constantly increase—a government with a gold supply of two to three billion dollars would be a formidable opponent for any nation to attack. The Bank of England, in order to protect her circulation, raises the interest rate, thus disturbing the commerce of the country. An export tax has no such effect on commerce, and I firmly believe that a bank organized along the lines here set forth would be as powerful a protection to our government as an immense navy, although I am among those who believe in building war ships.



# AN "ADOPTED" FARM

By FLYNN WAYNE

AN hour's trainride distance from Boston lies Breezy Meadows, the abandoned farm which Kate Sanborn, the noted authoress, "adopted" some years ago and made her home. For centuries past the neighboring countryside has been the dwelling-place of just such sturdy New England yeomen as were the founders of a clean, simple, fearless democratic rule. With its cool and shady lawns, and a brook that can "run smooth music from the roughest stone" passing close to the piazza, the historic old colonial house by the roadside has a charm peculiarly its own. Ancient elms, magnificent and stately, "lay their dark arms about the field" in a sociable, inviting way; under their shade genial literary souls are wont to rally in the summertime, or perhaps on some noted anniversary, unless it be in winter, when the gatherings take place in the quaint old rooms of the house.

These are memorable seasons—veritable "red-letter days" on life's calendar. Who that was present can ever forget that Thanksgiving party at which Edna Dean Proctor, Mrs. Barbara Galpin, Hezekiah Butterworth, Peter MacQueen, Sam Walter Foss, Joe Cone, Joe Lincoln and many other literary lights were present, all attuned to the cheery spirit of the gifted hostess. They sat around an ample expanse of dining table to commemorate the New England feast day, and call up the Old New England spirit as they enjoyed the famed pumpkin and mince pies, the turkey with its multitudinous "fixings" and cranberry jelly, and best of all, "the feast of reason and the flow of soul" to which each guest contributed some quota, until even the appetizing viands were forgotten.

When a day of real rest is desired, the friends of Miss Sanborn find at her dear old homestead delightful entertainment and comfort. Sitting around the blazing logs in the old-fashioned fireplace in wintertime, one is suddenly transported to a time when hurry and worry were comparatively un-

known; Miss Sanborn has wisely preserved the old-world air of her home, and it is equipped just as when it was built; here are the hanging cranes and the andirons that were hammered out by the sturdy, honest village blacksmith before the days of brass lacquer and French veneer, when things were made to last. The heavy poker and tongs, the brass-mounted bellows and the musket and powder horn call up visions of Revolutionary days. There, too, are rows of "old dishes" dear to the heart of the modern housewife, and in every nook and corner one comes upon books that betray the tastes of the hostess and her friends. Behind the doors are books; passing up the quaint old stairway one sees books galore; at every crook and turn, wherever a shelf can be suspended, are books. On the stairway is a distaff with the accompanying flax; farther on is an old wool spinning wheel, banded and all ready for use.

The house has been added to from time to time, and each room suggests that thought and care which went to every addition to the original old homestead. The low ceilings and old-fashioned finish and furnishings breathe an atmosphere of peace, and one returns from a visit there as refreshed as though a month's vacation had been indulged in.

The quaint little veranda and the dainty little gable entrance, with harvest festival and Christmas decorations, are full of suggestions of modern comfort and memories of "teacup times of hood and hoop and when the patch was worn." The windows afford a view of rolling, upland pastures, "where couched at ease the white kine glimmer"—one thinks in poetry at Miss Sanborn's home. Here, too, the famous chicken farm flourished, and here are now kept the pets, and the double quartette of dogs, which seem to have earned a diploma for good behavior.

Miss Sanborn believes in plenty of sunshine, and her house is not shadowed by

trees, but, like her writings, is cheery, with plenty of air and light. There are lovely old-fashioned roses whose perfume steals out on the summer air; such garden shrubs as saintly New England mothers loved long ago grow all around the house; every foot of the ground breathes that atmosphere of hospitality that is felt even before one seizes the great brass knocker and receives the hearty welcome of the genial mistress of this unique home.

Near the house is a pine grove where there are seats for those who desire a cosy

there are all manner of cosy nooks. Kate Sanborn is an excellent housekeeper, as well as a first-class farmer and a talented writer. In every way she does honor to her colonial forbears.

Miss Sanborn is the daughter of Edwin D. Sanborn, a professor in Dartmouth College; her mother was the daughter of Ezekiel Webster, brother of Daniel, of whom the "Great Expounder of the Constitution" said:

"Ezekiel was witty, quick at repartee, his conversation full of illustrative anecdote



KATE SANBORN IN A REAL FARM SCENE AT BREEZY MEADOWS

retreat for meditation—platonic or laconic. There is, in fact, a place on the farm for every mood known to mortal mind—whether it be the merry group that gathers about a fire of crackling logs to recount thrilling ghost stories, give brief word sketches replete with wit and humor, or indulge in the highest flights of transcendentalism; or the guest who feels a little pensive—sad, one could not be in Miss Sanborn's home—and seeks the rich tones of the Steinway to express his mood. For those who wish to read, there are books on every possible subject, and for those who love creature-comforts,

. . . In manly beauty he is inferior to no person that I ever saw."

Ezekiel Webster has been described as "a model man and a model lawyer." In many respects Miss Sanborn reflects the temperament of her distinguished grandfather. Her early training was as helpful as her ancestry. When very young, she acquired the habit of committing to memory choice selections of prose and poetry; she was encouraged by her parents to describe something in writing as often as possible. At the tea table, quotations and anecdotes were always in order, and thought flew quick



and fast at those genial family gatherings. This explains why there is not a dull moment when Kate Sanborn is about the house. Few authors of today are so widely versed in literature. She might be described as an expert literary lapidary, who knows the full value of every word and just how it should be cut to bring out its brightest rays. She knows the true "inwardness" of words, and just what expressions to use in bringing out the finest shades of feeling. At the early age of eleven Miss Sanborn

literature at Smith College, and her marvelous grasp of the best works of all time is reflected in the library of books which her busy pen has given to the world; her calendars are especially notable and have an optimism all their own. She was editor of the bric-a-brac department of *Scribner's Magazine* when Dr. J. G. Holland was editor of that periodical, and had charge of the "club room" of the *Galaxy*, her jovial ways being as apparent in her editorial work as in her home talk.



THE DOGS HAVE HAPPY DAYS AT BREEZY MEADOWS

earned three dollars for a story in a child's paper. While a teacher of elocution at the Packer Institution of Brooklyn, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher complimented her on her work, because it involved the whole science of every art—expression.

As a lecturer Miss Sanborn has been widely known throughout the country, and her famous lectures in New York City on such subjects as "Bachelor Authors," "Punch as a Reformer," "Literary Gossips," "Spinster Authors of England," and other themes, are well remembered. She taught English

Miss Sanborn's constructive genius is equally at home in fence-making, road-building, landscape-gardening, creating Japanese ponds and coaxing Japanese lilies to grow in them, or in training Japanese servants in American ways. Additions to the house, a log cabin, stone lodge and wigwam are likewise the result of her skill. She enjoys hunting up curios that seem to abound on her farm, and her especial pride is in the old mill stones with which the grist was ground that fed the sturdy farmers of long ago, while Indians skulked

about, looking out for "pot shots." There are also the old Spanish coins, found in a cucumber bed. Occasional troubles come even at Breezy Meadows, as when the rats take the chickens or a fox kidnaps a hen, but when Miss Sanborn's eye lights upon a bit of sunny wall, where the wild columbine lifts its dainty head, vexations are forgotten.

In her "adopted" farm, now 165 acres in extent, she still feels that she has not sufficient room to entertain all the friends who would like to visit her, so she is now restoring the old farmhouse on the adjoining farm that she may care for her "overflow" stream of visitors. The cheery Irish coachman will be busier than ever driving visitors about, and Miss Sanborn will have additional scope for her exquisite taste in accentuating rather than transforming the beauties of nature. She believes in helping rather than in hindering the work of good Mother Earth.

Last year she raised over seventy tons of first-class hay, rye for bedding in the stable, for braiding, for decorations for stalls, and selling a few tons to friends; she had enough good apples from her two orchards for herself and to sell, also strawberries and small fruits, and gave away delicious grapes by the bushel; there was raised here all the corn for her own and her foreman's horses and cows, and mushrooms were grown in the cellars which found a ready market in Boston, there being enough besides to treat her many guests. Last spring she started to raise squabs for market.

She goes over the entire farm at least once each day, giving her orders and suggestions to every man on the place. When she said lately she was going away for a visit, her foreman exclaimed: "Gosh! we need you here!"

Her coachman, with genuine Irish humor,

often remarks with a cute smile as he makes his salute: "You're boss!"

She offers money prizes for the destruction of all animal and insect pests, from flies and hornets to skunks, rats, woodchucks and foxes. Artesian wells, latest devices as to cesspools and drainage, large refrigerators built in and kept scrupulously clean, show a mind ready for the new ways. Ventilators keep the air pure and fresh in pantries, kitchen and bathrooms, and the servants'

quarters are as comfortable as her own.

Poison ivy (the only vine allowed on the aboriginal farm) is entirely eradicated at Breezy Meadows, all insect-harboring "scrubbery" is cut away, the brooks are filled with forget-me-nots, which are packed in crates to send to invalids or friends obliged to remain in the city part of the hot weather.

Interested in everything and passionately fond of life, she seems, as a man said of her, "free from grooves and without any trying habits or hackneyed phrases." Last month she was unanimously elected president of a "Nonsense Club" in a



MISS KATE SANBORN

Western city, and was made vice-president of "The Little Land League," among whose officers you see the names of Pierpont Morgan, Hamlin Garland, W. Lloyd Garrison, Bolton Hall, Booker T. Washington and the president, P. Tecumseh Sherman.

Those who have enjoyed the half-day's ride about the Breezy Meadows farm predict that it will long be noted: first, as being the home of a gifted American authoress; secondly, because famous buildings may be constructed with some of the beautiful pink granite which crops up here and there all over the farm; it would certainly seem a fitting mode of perpetuating, through many generations, the memory of Breezy Meadows and its charming and accomplished mistress.



**D**R. LITTLEBY'S practice, like his hair, was sparse. It took quite as much scheming to cover his necessities with his receipts as to frost his pate with his remaining locks. Economy, therefore, was the doctor's watchword. Yet on a certain midsummer morning on which a certain shirt, hereafter to be described, passed over the counter of Hatte & Jones, Men's Furnishings, into the realm of romance, Dr. Horatio Littleby was thinking of paying two dollars for a shirt.

The clerk, so far from working off some of his old patterns upon the easy-looking doctor, was now hustling out his newest stock, fearful of losing a sale. Bobbing up and down a ladder, he flung a box, snatched from the top tier, upon the counter and threw off the cover. Irresolution whisked from Dr. Littleby's mild blue eyes, which waxed admiring.

"I knew *that* would fetch you!" chuckled the clerk.

Dr. Littleby nodded assent. Little as he concerned himself about the niceties of dress,

he instinctively appreciated the beautiful wherever he saw it—in a sonata as well as in a sonnet; in a pretty hand as well as in a pretty face; in a dainty shoe as well as in a bow for the hair. And in this shirt he recognized the beautiful.

It was white, with double black perpendicular lines every two inches except at the pleats, where the two inches, being folded under the lines, were four. It was Grecian in simplicity of design; Roman in nobility of execution, and Puritan in the precision of its pleats. Indeed, there was something Shakespearian about that shirt; and, as the clerk said, there were two pairs of cuffs.

That Mrs. Littleby would chide him for spending two dollars for a shirt, he felt certain; and equally certain was he that after she had scolded him for his extravagance, she would join her admiration to his. Meeting her as he entered the house, he opened his parcel on the hall table.

"I had to pay two dollars," he announced; when seeing her hazel eyes hardening behind her glasses, he confusedly assumed the defensive. "Well, none of the dollar and a half shirts looked as though they'd wear. And you scolded me so about the last dollar and a half shirts I bought. You know, dear, the price of cotton——"

"I know," sighed his wife. "I suppose you can't get the quality you used to for a dollar and a half."

"Look at the shirt, Martha," cried the doctor, growing chipper.

She unenthusiastically crossed over to the

table and glanced at the new shirt. Whereupon the corners of her mouth turned down instead of up. From the snowy fluff of her pompadour to the dimple in her still piquant chin, the doctor read disapproval.

"Why! don't you like it?" he gasped.

"It's pleated!" condemned Mrs. Littleby in the tones in which she said of a man "He drinks!"

"Why, I thought that you liked pleats. Your new—"

"You dear, impractical doctor," she laughed, pityingly patting him on the shoulder. "Will you never learn? It costs fifteen cents to have a pleated shirt done up—fifty per cent. more than a plain one. My dear, with your present practice you can't afford to wear that shirt. You'll have to take it back."

The doctor, flushing at recollection of the chase he had led the clerk in selecting that shirt, retorted, gruffly for him, "You can take it back, if you want to—I won't."

"I will," said Mrs. Littleby shortly.

But she didn't. For a month Dr. Littleby avoided the shirt; but one day of necessity he put it on. His wife made no comment, save to observe that it looked real stylish with his Christmas tie. But the day on which it came home from the laundry, she brought in a slip to show him.

"*'Soft Bosomed Shirts, 10c. Pleated Shirts, 15c,'*" she quoted; then assailed him arithmetically: "Every time you wear that shirt you spend five cents needlessly. You will wear that shirt at least twenty times a year; and as it is good madras, it will last you at least two years. Forty times five cents is two dollars. That is to say you spend extra for laundering those pleats the price of the shirt. So that in the end that shirt will cost you four dollars."

The doctor did not defend himself. But he did some arithmetic of his own. He might have figured that, since the pleated shirt in the end would cost him four dollars, it would be as cheap to throw it away and buy a new one without pleats. His mathematics arrived at this conclusion by a different course. Every time that shirt was laundered his wife would remind him of his extravagance. Accepting her figures for the number of launderings it would undergo, he would be subjected to forty upbraidings which could be avoided for the nominal sum of five cents per upbraiding. He did not hesitate. Re-

solving, as Sinbad did of the Old Man of the Mountain, that the shirt should never get on his back again, he sneaked it off one morning to his office in Shadywood's one brick block, which housed the suburb's entire commercial and professional interests, save the livery stable and the barber shop.

His intention had been to give the shirt to the janitor, but Dr. Molar, the dentist, whose office adjoined his, happening to come in, he offered it to the young man. The latter, certain that it was of a pattern that he would not wear, was for refusing without looking at it. But Dr. Littleby insisted upon showing it to him.

"It's a little too up-to-date for me," he declared, not caring to bare his real motive. "But it's just the thing for you."

At sight of the shirt the young dentist's suspicion quickly changed to admiration, and his refusal into appreciative thanks. That evening he brought it home in triumph, for it was similar to a shirt for which he had been longing, but could not afford to buy. His little wife, too, shared his exaltation, albeit there was a hint of disapproval in her exclamation: "It's pleated, dearest!" But the husband did not notice. That very evening he donned the new shirt and took her off to a downtown park, where he swelled around, the pink of modish masculinity.

Those acquainted with the extent, or, to speak more accurately, with the limits of Dr. Molar's practice wondered how he and his wife managed to put up such a brave appearance. One way was by Mrs. Molar's "doing up" the doctor's shirts. Wherefore, instead of sending the gift shirt off to be subjected to the hurly-burly of the laundry with its shrewd alkalies, she put it to sleep in a basin of mild suds, and on the next day soused it about, and rinsed and starched it and wrapped it tight in a towel. On the afternoon of the third day she ironed it, saving it until the last that she might give it especial pains. When she had finished she sat down to rest by the open window, where her husband found her drooping, while from a nearby chair the new shirt grinned like a stage villain at the heroine's distress.

"It's too much for you, darling," chided the doctor. "I've told you right along you oughtn't to do it."

"It was those dreadful pleats and—oh dear! I burnt my fingers!"



*"It's pleated," condemned Mrs. Littleby*



Then Dr. Molar, who dearly loved his little wife, took her in his lap, and drew her cheek close to his and kissed her red fingers.

"I'll never let you wash another thing, love," he declared. "We save some other way."

"But your new shirt, dearest," she sighed. "You know they charge fifteen cents to launder pleated shirts."

"Throw it away!" growled her husband, scowling at the shirt, which placidly grinned back at him.

"No," laughed Mrs. Molar, sparkling brown eyes upon him. "I'll give it to mother. They're going to have a rummage sale at her church and—"

Among the lynx-eyed bargain-hunters at the rummage sale held in a downtown store building by the ladies of the Asphalt Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church was a certain Mrs. Pennydink, whose husband was head bookkeeper for Allwool & Cotton, wholesale dry goods, and champagne buyer for a line of chorus girls. Of this side line Mrs. Pennydink, though she knew her husband "worked nights," as yet had no inkling. Allwool & Cotton, however, had suspicions, and the very Monday afternoon on which Mrs. Pennydink bought the shirt which Mrs. Molar's mother had contributed to the sale, Mr. Allwool, calling the head bookkeeper into his office, had reprimanded him for frivolity and extravagance.

Supper time, therefore, found Mr. Pennydink, who was a little man with feeble moustache and great blue eyes, in a sombre and economical mood. He was highly appreciative of his supper; of Mrs. Pennydink's new way of puffing her hair; and when she exhibited the rummage shirt, he waxed enthusiastic.

So pleased was he with the shirt, as a shirt, as well as a specimen of wifely sagacity, that he put it on the next morning and strutted forth to business aglow with good resolutions.

Alas, both for his resolutions and himself! A discrepancy in his ledger took him the first thing into Mr. Allwool's office. The head of the firm, who in his youth had been a truck driver, paid little heed to his own person. He said that he dressed "plainly"; others said "shabbily."

Howbeit Sunday was clean-shirt day with Mr. Allwool; and the sight of his bookkeeper appearing in a different shirt on Tuesday

morning, especially in a pleated shirt of great first cost and higher cost of maintenance, irritated him. He again chided Mr. Pennydink for his extravagance, citing the new shirt. Pennydink retorted. One sharp word led to another; and before either were aware whither the altercation was leading, Mr. Pennydink voiced an uncomplimentary opinion of Mr. Allwool, and Mr. Allwool discharged Mr. Pennydink.

The latter reached home in despair. Not only had the loss of his position stopped short his income, but it would prevent the paying of certain accounts of which Mrs. Pennydink knew, and of which he wanted her to know, nothing. In vain she offered wifely consolations. Dropping into a chair near the open window, he wrenched off his tie and collar and flung them on the floor. Then leaning over the back of the chair, he moaned into his arm. In dribblets Mrs. Pennydink learned that it was the new shirt that aroused Mr. Allwool's ire.

"But did you tell him that it came from a rummage sale and only cost forty-seven cents?" she demanded.

"Forty-seven cents!" roared Mr. Pennydink, who, straightening up, dipped his chin and let his gaze seep down the double black lines. Then, gripped with sudden exasperation, he tore it unbuttoned and yanked it off his back.

"For mercy's sake!" shrieked Mrs. Pennydink.

With fury unabated, Mr. Pennydink crumpled it into a ball, sprang to his feet and flung it out of the window. Despite himself he chuckled, for the shirt fluttered down upon the derby of a passerby, draping his head and shoulders. Snatching it off, the victim, a thin little man in ministerial black, looked up. Espying Mr. Pennydink at the window, he called to him. Mr. Pennydink banged shut the window.

For some sixty seconds the new possessor stood holding the shirt at arm's length, staring. The summer breeze slipping into its folds, flaunted its beauties in the sunshine. He glanced quizzically up at the second story window of the cream brick apartment house, then dropped his eyes to the shirt.

"I supposed, of course, that God would send me a clean shirt," he murmured reverently, for in truth he was a minister. "But what a fine shirt it is—what a fine shirt!"

Without further ado he rolled it into the smallest possible compass and slipped it into his side pocket and continued on his way, which was no farther than the next corner where he boarded a Shadywood car. It happened that Mrs. Dr. Littleby was on that very car; in fact he tipped his hat to her. But, being merely a bowing acquaintance, he passed on to another seat. And pray how was the Rev. Andrew Gronseth, the pastor of Shadywood Baptist Church, to know that the Heaven-showered shirt had once been Dr. Littleby's? And how pray was Mrs. Dr. Littleby to know that what bulged the Baptist minister's side pocket was a shirt which she imagined at this very minute to be lying in the doctor's middle bureau drawer.

Like many ministerial washings there was a great display of children's garments on the Baptist parsonage's clothesline. Not to go into details the Rev. Gronseth had seven. However, there was room on the very outside line to dangle one more shirt.

Soon after dinner, when his wife came into his study (by night their bedroom) to tell him that the shirt would be dry in time to be ironed so that he would have it to wear at the groceryman's funeral, which luckily did not take place until half-past three, the good man's face grew radiant.

"There's an illustration of the power of prayer, my dear," he cried enthusiastically. "Ever since I gave the dollar which you gave me for a new shirt to the sick milkman, all the time that you've been worrying, I've been praying—praying for a new shirt. And now one twice as fine as that dollar would have bought Heaven has showered upon me, even as once it showered manna!"

Alas! even as the Rev. Andrew Gronseth thus voiced his gratitude, grimy fingers were removing the clothespins from the tail of the Heaven-showered shirt. The thief, a whiskery fellow with nose as red and shining as a cranberry, wadded the shirt under a shabby coat and stalked away. He was a tramp, who five minutes before had volubly thanked the minister's wife for apple pie and coffee; and it would only have been just that the proximity of the stolen shirt to the philanthropic pie should have set his stomach aching. But such poetic justice failed to overtake him.

When he was well out of the neighborhood, he slacked his pace to a whistling gait and

lazier along to a bit of woodland where he flung himself beside the brook and lit a pipe. As the afternoon waned, he yawned, rose, rubbed a bit of soap over his bristles and shaved by a pocket mirror stuck in a slit stick.

"I ain't such a bad looker, eh!" he chuckled, unfolding the stolen shirt. It fluttered limp and dull in the breeze. The tramp's brows contracted disapprovingly. "It ought to be ironed. It *shall* be ironed!"

He rolled the shirt up carefully and hied him down the road. At the very first house where he knocked—a tiny cottage with a sheltering maple and a canary bird singing in a cage dangling in the open doorway—a tidy young woman smiled upon his request. Leading him around the house into a kitchen savory with stewing blackberries, she set two irons on the stove and had him lay the swathed board upon the table.

"It's pleated!" she exclaimed when he unrolled the shirt. "Why, you can't iron pleats." He had simply asked for the loan of a hot iron. Then her face grew troubled. "You didn't steal this shirt, did you?"

"It was give to me, ma'am," declared the tramp glibly. "That's why the lady give it to me, she said. Because the pleats was mean to iron. It's the truth I told you, ma'am. I washed it in the crick; but you see it don't look good. And if you'll only let me smooth it out a little, so it'll look good in front, maybe I can get a job and send home some money to my little girl. Her name is Lizzie—"

"I'll iron it for you, myself!" cried the young woman; and not only did she do so, but, besides, she gave him one of her husband's collars and a red bow tie a little frayed where the knot came; and sent him out to the woodhouse, whence ten minutes later he emerged, outwardly at least a changed man. Profusely thanking his benefactress, from whose kitchen he had incidentally stolen a pair of scissors and a chunk of cheese, he set out up the street—briskly as long as he thought she could see him.

His first impulse was to return to the brook and dawdle until it was late enough to plague housewives for a supper handout. But such was the energizing influence of the clean shirt and the red necktie that of a sudden a piquant impulse moved him to seek some puttering job that would net him

a little tobacco money. In pursuance of this he entered the yard of a promising looking white house with a square tower and, knocking at the back door, offered to cut the lawn.

Now it happened that Mrs. Gible, the lady of this house, had a kitchen caller, and this caller was none other than Mrs. Dr. Littleby, who had run over to telephone. Coming home from downtown, she had found that the laundryman had carelessly left the laundry, with half the paper torn off of it, on the front porch; and when she came to put away the doctor's shirts and collars, the new, two-dollar, pleated one was missing. In vain she ransacked the bureau. Though she had no distinct recollection of sending it to the laundry, she concluded, since it was not to be found, that the laundry must have it. Wherefore she bustled over to Mrs. Gible's in the next block to ask them to look it up at once.

You may readily imagine her emotion, when, looking over her neighbor's shoulder, she espied the missing shirt upon the person of a red-necked vagabond. With her usual presence of mind she forestalled Mrs. Gible's negative with a peremptory order to get the mower from the barn and begin to cut on the north side of the house. When he obeyed, she told her astounded friend of her discovery and telephoned for the constable.

Though the tramp, to be sure, suspected nothing of this, he persistently regretted having shaken hands with the lawn mower, which, working hard, consequently demanded hard work on his part. Howbeit, resolving to make the best of a bad deal, he pushed along with that leisureliness of movement popularly imputed to millionaires, but which in truth only tramps can afford. As he stopped to rest for the sixteenth time in fifteen minutes, he became aware of a great shadow, comparable to that of a barn, threatening to eclipse him. Turning about, he discovered advancing an exaggeration, or, if you prefer, an exaltation of the second dimension in the form of a constable.

The tramp sprang forward, but tripping on the mower, sprawled. The constable, stooping, clutched and yanked him to his feet. 'Twas said of this worthy officer that once when he dropped on a rogue he made a silhouette of him; but it is more reasonable to suppose that it was a bas-relief. Howbeit, the tramp did not put the question to

the test, owing doubtless to the tenseness of the other's clutch.

In the justice's office, a small room at the back of his barber shop, Mrs. Dr. Littleby and Mrs. Gible were waiting. After five minutes' delay, owing to a customer being in the chair, "Judge" Cutting bustled in, rolled open his desk, pulled to the fore the state statutes and the city ordinances and the notarial seal, and blinked severely through steel rims at the ladies.

"In the name of the state of New York, County of Knickerbocker, Ess, Ess, so help you God, state your case, Mrs. Doc. Littleby," said he, munching his words like cut plug.

Mrs. Littleby reddened, but, her eye chancing to fall on the doctor's shirt, steeled herself. Briefly she accused the tramp of stealing the shirt he now wore from her laundry, which the delivery man had carelessly left upon the front porch.

"And what," growled the justice, frowning at the accused, "have you to say for yourself?"

The tramp threw a verbal bombshell. He admitted that he had stolen the shirt, but declared that he had taken it off the Baptist minister's clothesline. In answer to a telephoned inquiry the Rev. Andrew Gronseth confirmed the statement, and fifteen minutes later, when in compliance with "Judge" Cutting's request he appeared, unhesitatingly identified the shirt as his property.

"But, my dear sir," gasped Mrs. Littleby, very red, "that is my doctor's shirt! Our laundry mark is inside the collar band: 'L 7.'"

"There is an 'L 7,' as you say," mused the minister, "and the label of Hatte & Jones, Haberdashers—"

"My husband bought it there six weeks ago Monday."

"The shirt came to me in a peculiar manner," said the Rev. Andrew Gronseth, blushing. "As I was passing a downtown apartment house this morning, a man flung it out of a second-story window. When I called to him he slammed the window, so I rolled the shirt up and brought it home in my pocket, and today being our washday—"

"Seeing is believing," interrupted Judge Cutting, looking significantly at the constable. "Limb of the law, do your duty."

At this the constable led his prisoner out into the barber shop, whence he led him back the next moment, shrouded in a hair-cutting

robe and carrying tie and collar in his hand. The constable tossed the shirt in litigation to the justice, who, scrutinizing the collar band meditatively, toyed with the handle of the notorial seal. With sudden decision he wheeled half around.

"The evidence is all in," he affirmed weightily. "You, ma'am," nodding toward Mrs. Littleby, "and you, Mr. Preacher," nodding toward the Rev. Gronseth, "have conclusively identified this shirt to be yours. This case is without precedent in the annals of the State of New York, Ess, Ess," slapping the sheepbound statutes, "and without precedent in the city ordinances," slapping the black cloth cover of the other book, "which as you know prevail in Shadywood. For precedent I must go back to the days of Solomon. Constable Starr, slip out and git my big scissors."

"Well I dee-clare!" gasped Mrs. Gible.

"No!" protested the minister. Then turning to Mrs. Littleby: "When my wife told me that the new shirt which Heaven had showered upon me had been stolen, I said to her: 'The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away!' Madam, I resign any claim I may have to that shirt in your favor. I suggest, however, that we unite in giving it to this poor man."

"H'm-m," returned Mrs. Littleby, who revolted at the idea of letting go the shirt which she had taken so much trouble to recover; but feeling the eyes of all critically

regarding her, gave in. "Let him keep it, then," she said coldly, and to the justice: "I trust, sir, that you will take steps to rid our neighborhood of this unsavory character."

"Thank you, ma'am! Thank you, sir!" cried the tramp, reaching out for the shirt, but the justice waved him back.

"The costs ain't been paid yit," he said severely. "The State of New York, County of Knickerbocker, Ess, Ess, has got to be reimbursed to the extent of one dollar and twenty-five cents."

Mrs. Dr. Littleby and Mrs. Gible swept majestically out of the hall of justice. The minister nervously ransacked his pockets. The tramp glumly fondled his one nickel.

"Well," growled the justice, slamming together the state statutes and the city ordinances preparatory to closing his desk to go out and shave a newly arrived customer. "There ain't but one thing for me to do. The State of New York, County of Knickerbocker, Ess, Ess, confiscates this shirt for costs. Prisoner, you are dismissed with warning. Git."

Thus was justice done, and Mrs. Dr. Littleby and the Rev. Andrew Gronseth departed figuratively and the tramp literally shirtless. Wherefore, it followed that on the next Sunday "Judge" Cutting appeared in the pleated shirt, which Dr. Horatio Littleby had so discreetly selected for himself, and verily Solomon in all his glory had never a justice shirted like this J. P.

## SWAN SONG

THE circling comet clasps the flaming sun;  
The gray moth takes the candle for its bride;  
And there at last is turning of the tide;  
And every river to the sea must run.  
Sometime at last the longest year is done;  
The caravan that moves a cloud by day,  
A star by night, must halt upon its way,  
The towers of Mecca or of Bagdad won.

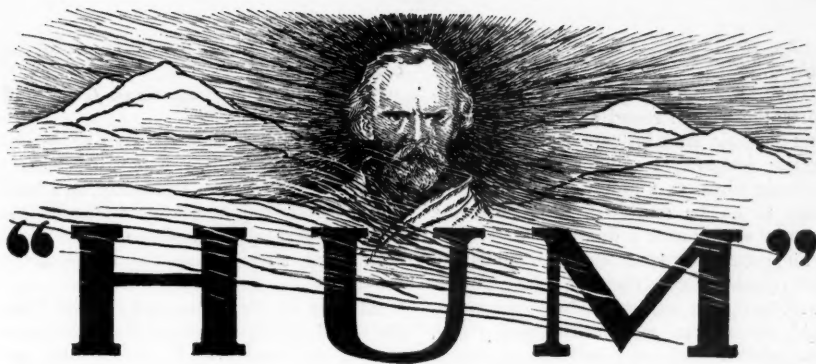
So I, that in the wilderness so long,  
A voice of sorrow that could only mock  
And wake the echoes with the sound of wrong;  
O Love, no more to startle or to shock,  
I turn with thee from the wild Capes of Song  
To Silence, as the shadow of a rock!

—Edward Wilbur Mason.



"Yonder," he pointed





A SERIAL

By FRANK HATFIELD

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CHAPTER VI

SOON after leaving this spot, Hum called my attention to a line of bright vegetation that stretched across the plain as far as we could see. "It is the border of a river," he said.

"Can it be the Bahlba?" I gasped.

He looked at me, as if wondering at my question.

"I think so," he replied quietly.

We reached its bank as the midday sun and a strong breeze were converting it into a golden serpent that glided across the green expanse. The carriers and Moto at once plunged into the cool depths. While we watched their aquatic sports from the banks, we reviewed our journey. Hum expressed the opinion that, "like the Israelites, we had been led by the divine hand."

"In that case," said Tom, "we must in time bring up somewhere 'round Loango. But those people couldn't run a straight course, anyway. They were too—"

He paused—recalling Hum's infirmity, I thought.

"Too what?" Hum asked.

"Oh, too—too—Hello!" He sprang up, and pulled aside an overhanging bough. "What's that way up the river?"

"That," said Hum, scanning the object narrowly, "is a canoe with two men. Moto, come here. Take this white cap, crawl out on that fallen tree, and when we fire the guns, wave it and shout."

The strange noise and the sight of the boy caused the men to turn and approach us, very timidly, however. Hum watched their movements closely. Suddenly he threw up his arms, then laid his hand on his head. One of the men responded.

"They are Masgninas," he cried joyously.

"We have found them."

They came ashore and had a long confab with Hum and Moto.

"Good news!" announced Hum. "The Masgninas live with the Baruti, a large and prosperous tribe about half a day's journey up the river. Let us hasten the noon meal and be off. We can reach there by night-fall; if not, we have the new moon."

The incidents of the morning had revived my men's spirits. Hilarity once more prevailed. Moto sat with his people, his face beaming.

"That coon is giving us a big send-off," said Tom; "he is painting us with original colors, and dashing in amazing high lights."

\* \* \*

The welcoming crowd which met us at the Baruti confirmed Tom's opinion. The boatmen had preceded us with news of our coming. Men, women and children, in festival attire, thronged about us, and when Hum and Moto spoke to them in their own tongue, they gave vent to their enthusiasm and vied with one another in efforts to serve us.

"By Jove!" cried Tom. "They're good-looking."

They were. The men shapely and stalwart; the women round and graceful, with long fine hair, dark brilliant eyes, and nearly regular features. I quite agreed with my comrade when, as a group of laughing girls came to us, he remarked, "they're like a summer shower after a drought."

Singing as they went, our escort led us to a spot opposite their settlement, where numerous boats were waiting. Then—the moonlight, the rowers' weird, rhythmical chant, the dark maidens' responses from the eastern shore, as we crossed the wild African river, etched an indelible picture on my memory.

Passing through an ornamental gate in the stockade, we came to their village—a large collection of artistic lodges, built of various colored woods, surrounding a capacious, quadrangular building more pretentious in design and finish.

My comrade and I were given a lodge by ourselves; soon after, four mischievous girls served us an excellent supper of fish, fowls, rice cakes, native fruits and good milk.

"Well, Tom Selby, which are you enjoying the most, the croquettes or the coquettes?"

"They are correlated, Hat; however, fee the waitresses; then for a pipe and those soft couches. They look deucedly inviting."

The dusky nymphs said something soft and musical, as they took my bright coins.

How long the large jars of water would have remained unused had not Hum aroused us is doubtful.

"Who are the Baruti?" I asked, as I looked at this evidence of thoughtful hospitality.

"They are Africans," he said, "with an admixture of Moorish blood. This accounts for their good looks. They believe in a supreme being who, they think, dwells in the sun. They have no king nor chief, but are governed by a High Priest and Council. They are a pastoral, peaceable, cleanly tribe; and are quite skilled in the manufacture of fabrics, mostly for their own use, as they have but few outside associations. I doubt if they ever saw a white man's face before. This remnant of the Masgninas, after their dispersion, found these people, by whom they were adopted."

"Strange that, so far as I know, no mention of them has been made by other travelers."

"I do not think so, Mr. Hatfield. The

route we chose would not be taken by the ordinary explorer."

"Well, I like them," exclaimed Tom, "and I like what's coming."

A bevy of bonny brunettes were approaching with our breakfast.

Later, he liked them still better, as seated on the greensward he did fine work with his crayons, and distributed trinkets, bright scarfs and amber beads to an admiring crowd.

At noon we were honored by a visit from the High Priest—a venerable, benign-appearing man—who, as I answered his numerous questions, seemed much interested in my account of our country and people. He gave us hearty welcome and invited us to tarry "two moons."

"We are glad to have our white brothers, from over the sea, with us," he said. "We know the object of their 'great walk.' We shall try to aid them. Will our white brothers worship with us at sunset?"

I assured him it would please us to do so; thanked him for his courtesy, and dwelt with some emphasis on the character of his people and their government. Jocular Thomas made a side remark. I caught only the closing word "taffy."

Fortunately, we came here during the "festival of the new moon." Among other quaint ceremonies was a native dance—"the Meriba"—held in the central building. The way different colored bark, bright draperies, dyed plumes and gay mats were utilized for decorations was remarkable. But the dance!—it is difficult to describe it. The wicks, floating on oil in red clay cups, being lighted, the smooth, olive-tinted floor cleared, twelve young men, clad in light blue tunics and yellow sandals, with drums, flageolets and cymbals, entered and marched once round the room; then separated in lines to receive the "Daughters of the Sun," twelve maidens; each clothed in a white garment reaching to her knees and confined at the waist by a richly embroidered girle that held in place the golden tassels of a scarlet scarf. Their hair was dressed in braids and coils where glittered Tom's souvenirs. Large amber beads on wrists and ankles further testified to his generosity, and with red moccasins or small shapely feet, contributed to an effect unique and attractive.

Passing down the waiting lines, the "Daughters of the Sun" grouped in threes. Then—an ever changing mass of laughing girls; advancing, receding, circling, pirouetting—mingling of dusky arms and lithe bodies in graceful, appealing postures. Periodically, a quick double stamp, as their palms met sharply—withal the rhythmic tumult of the drums, the monotonous wail of the reeds, flashing eyes, red lips, pearly teeth, and features alternating between mad delight and languorous joy.

The bewildering maze resolved into lines as the music suddenly ceased.

"Intermission!" whispered my comrade. "Now for the hat."

Instead, two boys brought in a vessel of burning fragrant wood. Once more the dark daughters rehearsed the poetry of motion and color until the ringing cymbals made them pause—then glide into a "two-step," progressively rapid, intense, intoxicating.

The rhythmical music, heavy perfume, waning lights and flitting color, with the round-limbed, gemmed-eyed dancers rioting in their mad, elfish movement, produced an effect fascinating and enthralling until the music slowly died away; then all, with uplifted arms, joined in some invocation.

Tom broke the tension. "I wouldn't mind staying here," he said.

We now became the magnetic center. The merry throng gathered close, plying us with questions so rapidly as to transcend the ability of our translators.

Tom?—Ah! I saw him and a vivacious beauty getting on famously without an interpreter.

\* \* \*

We regretted to leave these kind people, but Hum seemed anxious to move on. "We have no time to lose," he repeatedly insisted. Though I could not understand his haste, I acted by his decision.

The Loango men having refused to go beyond the Bahlba, their places had been filled by the Masginnas.

For successive days we traversed an apparently interminable forest. The monotonous scenery and lack of adventure were depressing to all except Hum. He walked as one whose eye rests on a light. An abundance of game kept the larder well supplied, but I was surprised at the absence of those

"lords of the jungle" whose supposed valor has engaged the attention of some writers. We never met them by day; seldom heard them at night. In truth, they are cowardly sneaks when confronted by superior foes. Their warfare is that of the ambuscade. They give the glowing fire a wide berth; but the safety of those near it depends upon the vitality of the flame.

By our campfire, Hum discoursed on things strange and recondite. It was a new manifestation of his wonderful mentality. He reminded me of the chrysalis when the flower-tinted pinions first unfold. The misshapened man, the humble artisan, the unostentatious, faithful comrade, was gradually donning the robe of the philosopher and the seer. I did not then understand the meaning of this change, but his words were revivifying.

"Mr. Hatfield, your hope and faith are dying," he said to me one evening. "Have courage; cast aside this mantle of gloom. Within five days these dismal shades will be succeeded by rolling hills and dancing waters. The dawn is approaching, the celestial heights are not far away."

I looked at him. Whence came his prophetic utterances? I marveled that this plain man could inspire me more than the talented Mrs. Durand. Something irritated my breast. It was the diamond charm. Did it chide me for lack of faith?

On the afternoon of the twenty-fifth day the jungle thinned enough to admit the sunlight. Each ray was iridescent with hope. Working through a mass of coarse, reedy vegetation at the bottom, we were halted by a sparkling river. A smile of trust illuminated Hum's face. He waved his hand to me.

"Is it possible?" I asked.

"Yes, the gates are opening," he said.

An hour later, I saw Tom gazing at a large rock a rod or so from the shore. He pointed to repeated disturbance on the surface of the water.

"Why, fish are breaking!" I cried. "Large ones! Moto, bring me the black rods and the metal box. Quick, boy!"

The gaudy floats glistened an instant, then the tips bent sharply as we landed two flashing "bayards." Thirty beauties soon lay on the grass.

"Tom, my arm aches. We have enough."

"Yes, enough to feed a multitude."

I raised my hand, deprecatingly.

"Oh, that's all right. No irreverence intended."

While I repacked the tackle, my comrade danced back and forth before the "bayards" with the enthusiasm of a boy fresh from his first piscatorial conquest.

"Doing a 'Meriba,' Thomas?"

"Oh, no; only running up and down the scales."

"Shade of Hood!"

"The occasion warrants it, old man."

As I noted the elation of our men at their fish supper, and afterwards watched their sports in the river, I thought how trivialities change the currents in human minds. I, too, felt restful as, stretched on the sward, I sent smoke rings into space. But my peace came from my strange companion's words—"the gates are opening."

"We must bear a point to the south," Hum asserted after crossing the river.

"A point to the south," I repeated. "Why?"

"Thence runs our course," he said, without further remark.

"I can't see the point," said Selby dolefully.

For weeks we held this course through a region well watered, but sparsely inhabited. The few natives we met were, as a rule, friendly. To them our strange, armed caravan was a perplexing problem. Exceptionally, we encountered roving hostile bands, but at a brisk discharge of our guns they scattered as quickly as did the herds of giraffes and zebras we often met.

Again, a river crossed our path—swift, foaming rapids descending to a fall some distance below. Here, through the carelessness of our men, a real calamity befell us. We lost our boat.

"Thank God! The coil of rope was not aboard," said Hum, surveying the fragments below the precipice. "A heavy loss, but small, comparatively, had we lost our rope. We must get down to quiet water and build a raft."

"Easy to say," declared Tom irritably; "but a stiff piece of work, all the same. I'd rather have the boat than all the beastly rope it could carry."

"I doubt if you realize what you are saying, Mr. Selby," asserted Hum gravely.

Troublesome work it was, but the Hungarian overcame, and we camped at the base of some cliffs on the other shore. The wind

had changed to the southeast. It brought a warm, penetrating mist, which, Moto reported the men said, was the "breath of demons," who were coming to kill us for crossing the country.

"All rot!" exclaimed Tom. "They're tired out. No wonder. I'm about petered myself, floundering through this desert in search of an ignis fatuus. The men are homesick for the Baruti. That's what's the matter. They have my sympathy. However, it's queer."

"Where is Hum?" I asked.

"I don't know."

As the twilight deepened, the full moon illuminated the sea of mist. We seemed wrapped in a silver veil. A reed-voiced bird persistently called its mate. Turning to trace its note, I saw the Hungarian standing on a sheer ledge, his arms folded, apparently absorbed in thought. At my second call, he turned and beckoned to me. I climbed to his side. "Are you trying to solve this mystery?" I asked.

He looked at me wistfully.

"Mr. Hatfield," he asked, not heeding my question, "do you believe in the soul as something distinct and apart from the body?" His voice, hitherto slightly harsh, was clear and resonant.

"Why, yes, I suppose so—I presume I have the theological belief of my ancestors. You refer to something that exists, after the body dies, in some good or bad place?"

"Well—yes; I allude to that immortal principle which, during its manifestations, is surrounded by a veil as tangible, apparently, as that which now envelops us, yet equally illusive. A slight veering of the wind or rise in the temperature, and the fog is no more. An imperceptible change in the mental vibration, and the body, as we now know it, disappears."

The moon had climbed higher, intensifying the silver palk. As the Slav stood in this lambent light, he appeared transfigured. All his physical imperfections were replaced by grace and beauty. I tried to dispel the illusion, but it would not fade.

"Go on!" I implored. "Tell me more—tell me all!"

He laid his hand on my arm confidently. His voice had a strange quality:

"The soul is the entire perfect man—the all. The outer, fleshy garment is an illusion.

It has no real existence. The soul, the real man, may, at times, cognize things beyond the ordinary ken."

"Can you do this?" I asked.

"Yes—at times."

"Then, why not penetrate this marvel?"

"It is revealed—look!"

As through a suddenly unveiled window, I saw billows of rose light surging on the eastern horizon.

\* \* \*

In the morning the fog was denser, but occasional counter currents of air afforded us an outlook. From the top of the cliffs a plain, covered with rank tropical vegetation, stretched to the southeast. To get through this tangle required two days of exhausting toil. Our axes were in constant use; and it was only by Hum's influence that our weary men were kept to their work. Half way through, Tom threw himself on a pile of brush. "Hum," he moaned, "where are you going? It can't be hotter in hell than it is here. Give us a rest."

"We have no time to lose, Mr. Selby."

"Time to lose—time? Ha, what's an hour or, as for that, a year, in this howling wilderness?"

"Possibly of great value," Hum said gently. "Don't discourage the men. It is all I can do to control them. I need your aid."

"You are right!" exclaimed Selby, reaching for his ax, "and you shall have it. I am ashamed of myself."

We emerged from the brake to be confronted by something more appalling. Before us lay a vast morass, a horrible "dank tarn." We searched, in vain, for some feasible way to cross the fen.

"By Jove! Frank Hatfield," cried Tom, "we have reached the end."

Tacitly, I agreed with my comrade.

"Hum," I implored, "in the name of Heaven what shall we do?"

"We must cross the swamp. To go round it would take too long."

"Cross it? Why, man, it's impossible! Besides, our men will never face it. We have no choice but to round it. Of what value is our time?"

"We must cross it," he repeated. "We can do it. Our men will face it."

I looked at him suspiciously. Was I listening to a maniac?

"What's that?" cried Tom. "Cross that slough? As well attempt the gulf between Heaven and—the other place. It means death to us all."

Hum looked at us reproachfully.

"Oh, ye of little faith," he said, "it means, not death, but life—more abundant life."

Then he talked rapidly to the men in the Masgna tongue. They hastily gathered stones and built a monument. This finished, a brief rest, with some food, then Hum ordered an advance.

We entered the morass cautiously. It was, at every step, a fearful struggle against conflicting odds. Embarrassed by submerged logs, tangled roots, network of creeping vines, tall wiregrass, pools of dark water—frequently waist and shoulder deep—and dangerous beds of mire and quicksand into which we sank to our knees, for four hours we struggled on through clouds of venomous insects and miasmatic vapors.

Nor were these the only dangers that lurked in this swale of death. An occasional splash, or a sinuous line beneath the surface, suggested hideous possibilities—frightful to think or dream of.

Worn out, nearly blind, and bleeding—we at last stood on firm ground. We shouted for joy.

Before us lay a rolling country rising to a distant horizon. Pressing forward with newborn hope, we at last passed through a narrow belt of timber and halted abruptly at the edge of a steep declivity, studded with petrified vegetation, that reached to an immense lake of seething water from which clouds of vapor rose continually. The mystery at the cliffs was explained.

Hum's face surpassed recognition as he directed Tom, Moto, and me to "press close to him."

"Yonder!" he pointed.

Above, and as if resting on the curling cloud wreaths, rose, for thousands of feet, a mountain of porphyry. Its slopes, covered with crystals of red, green and white feldspar, reflected the sunlight in a dazzling flood of glory.

#### CHAPTER VII

One of our most memorable evenings was passed at this spot. The environment wove a spell about us.



Something suggested that we were at the boundary of another world. What mystery lay hidden in that sea of billowy whiteness, that gem-bedecked mountain?

As the twilight deepened the natives drew close to us. Now and then, Hum spoke to them in low, musical tones. The evening meal was scarcely touched. Our minds drifted beyond the things of sense. Even when we sought rest, tired as we were, our eyelids refused to close. However, we fell asleep at last, lulled by a wild African chant sung by the carriers—"to drive away bad spirits," Moto said.

I was aroused by Hum's voice: "Mr. Hatfield, you must not miss this wonderful sight!" he exclaimed.

"What is it?" I asked, half rising.

Without reply, he grasped my shoulders and turned me to the east. I sprang to my feet and called Tom. We appeared to be floating in a silver sea incessantly rippling in the moonlight. Far away, the wondrous mountain reared its lofty head crowned with battlements and bastions, pinnacles and turrets, glowing with unearthly splendor.

We looked at the man who, oft times hampered by our distrust and fear, had unerringly guided us, through perils and hardships, to this enchanted ground.

At sunrise I saw him standing on an elevation gazing at the mountain top—at the golden crown resting on a crimson crest.

As I drew near, he said cheerily: "Our Masgninas will not go beyond here. They are filled with superstitious fears, and they are eager to return. They will not pass another night here."

"Is it the mountain, Hum?"

"No, they have not seen the mountain."

"Not—seen—it?"

"Mr. Hatfield, it has not been revealed to them."

Too mystified to ask his meaning, I said, "How will they cross the morass?"

"They will go round it until they reach the cairn, then pick up our trail. A long, but not difficult journey."

I recalled how my comrade and I, half dazed, had watched the gathering of the stones—and wondered why.

"Well—so be it," I said, resigned to the inevitable. "Equip them liberally. Reserve only such things as, in your opinion, we may need. Give them the gold and a Godspeed."

My companion was sitting at the edge of the cliff dejectedly gazing into the abyss. The extreme quiet was depressing. No sign of life, no sound, save a low, monotonous rumble in the water. An indescribable sense of isolation and desolation brooded by the supersensible.

"My God, Frank!" he cried, springing up, "do you realize, even faintly, our position? Deserted and alone in this gorgeous but terrorizing place!"

"Yes, my boy, I do. I am fighting the oppression that comes with the thought. I am glad to see Hum and Moto coming. The men have gone."

"Now," said Hum quietly but authoritatively, "we must get to work. Moto, select the best axes and uncoil the rope. We must cut timber and get it down to the water. Hard work—but we can do it."

"For what?" asked Tom.

"To cross to the mountain, Mr. Selby."

"On that caldron? Good Lord, Hum! It would be like crossing the Styx."

A strange, far-away expression came in the old wanderer's eyes.

"Yes," he assented, "the analogy will be striking."

"A bundle of sticks!" exclaimed Tom, "the logs and the tarred rope!"

"Good!" approved Hum. "That has the old ring."

By noon the next day we had the frame of a raft well together. Moto, up to this time a busy helper, yielded to a boyish impulse and threw chips on the water. He called to me excitedly:

"Master — master — come here! Boats won't sail!"

True, enough; they sank as soon as launched. I called Tom and Hum, collected more bark, and repeated the boy's experiment.

Here was a condition extremely interesting scientifically, but perplexing and disheartening. If chips would not float, how about our raft? If we could not reach the mountain, what then? Retreat was impossible; no succor to be expected; nothing before us but a brief period of anguish and unutterable longing forerunning death. We, too, might become petrifications; while the gorgeous mountain stood as a monument to our temerity.

Consternation and despair seized us. Even

Moto appealed to me pitifully: "Master, what do?"

"God help us, boy, I don't know."

My comrade and I sat on our unfinished raft—hopeless, helpless. Hum and Moto were at the water's edge. Tom suddenly grasped my arm as he pointed to the mountain. It seemed to be dissolving in mid air: "*Sic transit!*" he exclaimed.

Intuitively, I cried out to Hum. He ran to us, and then—strangely—the sublime picture reformed. I told him what had happened.

"Mr. Hatfield, you and Mr. Selby were losing hope and faith," he said. "Come with me. Some change has occurred since we commenced our work; the temperature has fallen; the singular physical condition has altered in a way I do not understand. We must watch it carefully."

He threw bark and chips on the water, one by one, as we watched him in eager silence.

"At first they sank at once," he said, "but now they stay awhile on the surface."

"Throw in that chunk," I said nervously, indicating a heavy piece.

"Hold! Let me get my watch. Shout when it disappears. Ready—let go!"

A splash, and a cry. The interval was fifty seconds.

Diverted by this proceeding, the veil of apprehension lifted slightly. We gathered more material and repeated the experiments. The time between contact and disappearance increased to two minutes.

"Let us finish the raft at once," Hum ordered. "By tomorrow morning it will float."

His words so stimulated us that, before sunset, he pronounced the craft "taut and trim." Meanwhile, the period a slab would float had increased to five minutes.

"We shall leave here tomorrow," Hum asserted. "Let me counsel attention to our bodily needs; calmness of mind and a firm trust. We need all our strength to meet what is before us. We will build a fire; not for warmth, but for cheer, and as typical of hope."

Whether worn with anxiety, or calmed by Hum's words, we slept soundly until aroused by Moto's shouts. We ran to the boy who danced wildly as he pointed to the raft. It was floating. Hum made an exclamation of delight, and Tom burst into the old song: "Merrily, merrily goes the bark."

The lake had risen. Hum glanced at this phenomenon. "We have no time to lose," he cried, "we must make a hasty meal and be off."

Soon after dawn, we left a shore we should never revisit. The raft behaved well, and beneath our strokes rapidly left the mainland. As the distance increased, Tom's spirits rose.

"Ho, for the briny deep!" he cheerily cried.

"Briny deep, my chum? Aren't you a trifle off?"

"Well, dear boy, I don't know whether it's salt or sulphur; but all the same, I'm as dry as a toper. Moto, pass the water jug."

Hours passed before we reached the dark-red rock. As far as we could see, it was precipitous—smooth as though polished by a lapidary. Neither beast nor bird could cling to its shining surface. Not a point was visible where we could land. We rested on our oars and gazed anxiously at the fascinating but inhospitable shore. Just beyond was a headland, where the mountain receded into a deep bay. Entering this, we discovered a long, low grotto, apparently the entrance to a cavern. Hum suggested we explore the place. Somehow, I felt it to be inexpedient, but did not oppose. As we passed the entrance, we could, when standing, touch the roof with a paddle. We were on a stream about four rods wide, extending indefinitely.

The paddling being easy, we passed swiftly inward. Finally I raised my oar. "Is it not better to return?" I asked.

"After passing yonder bend," said Hum. "We must see what is there."

Rounding the curve, we entered a basin some two hundred feet in diameter, irregular in outline, with rough rock walls, converging as they ascended. The formation resembled a huge funnel, inverted. It extended upward, an enormous hole, until lost in obscurity.

While we were making these observations, Tom suddenly said:

"Frank, do you know it's growing darker here?"

"I think not. Why should it?"

"Well, it is! See for yourself!"

It was true! Hum evidently noticed it, too, and with clearer concept of its import than Tom's; for he called my attention to a

point of rock in front of us: "Either it is sinking or we are rising," he said.

I watched the object for a moment, then realized the hideous fact that the water was rising; that the entrance to the cavern was a water-gate which, in a few moments, would be closed.

"Hum, we are in a death trap! We are lost!" I cried. "We have faced perils that would try the bravest, to be drowned in this dismal vault."

"We have made some mistake," he said, his lips quivering. "Before God, I thought I was right." Then, as if speaking to himself, he said something I did not comprehend. "No, the rift appeared to be on the outside—there may have been an error," he resumed, "but I still have hope."

Singular man! How could he talk of hope in the face of certain death.

"Good God, Hat!" exclaimed Tom, "I can scarcely see you. Let's make a break for the entrance," he pleaded, not realizing the conditions.

"Impossible, my comrade! That gate is closed."

His look of horror and dread filled me with agony.

Meanwhile, we had risen and knew, by occasional contact with the wall, that we had entered the funnel. Stupefied with terror, Moto crouched close to Tom, who, with knees drawn up and head bowed, sat silent, his features frozen into abject despair.

"Hum, the fingers of death are closing round us," I cried. "Save us!"

"Comrades," he said, "we must accept whatever is before us with courage and submission. The struggle, should it come, will be brief and we will pass into a higher state. Meantime, we must take all needful precautions. We must lie with our feet just beyond the guard-rail; so that, at contact with the jagged rocks, we can push away. Were our craft to fall foul of these points, we should be dropped into the abyss."

There was no sound save the occasional rasp of a timber against the rocks, no light, but little sense of time. We lay mutely awaiting the inevitable. What would the next moment bring? Should we suddenly feel the sharp, cold fangs of the rock-roof on our upturned faces, and the rush of water into our mouths and nostrils ere we gasped and died in an embrace as deadly as the "Iron

Maiden's"? Or should we be smothered in the stifling atmosphere that each moment grew denser?

My sensations were, I think, akin to the victim's, when he knows, by the fitful gleam, that the headman's ax has swung upward.

"We might manage to have a light," Hum suggested.

"No," I objected, "in the dark, we cannot see the uplifted blade."

"Master," asked Moto plaintively, "will hurt?"

"Will what hurt, dear?"

"When kill?"

"Yes, my boy. We must try to meet what is to come like brave men."

"I try hard, master."

I drew the little fellow to me.

We were rising to our doom as surely as he who from a precipice falls to his death. I silently prayed that the blow might come speedily, and terminate the horror through which we were passing—the mental agony that strained at our senses, the delirium of grief, fear, and dread that was driving us mad.

Men have faced the cannon's mouth with a song that has died on their mutilated lips; from the deck of sinking ships have calmly watched the onrush of billows that would engulf them—that was heroism. But to lie motionless, helpless, hopeless, on a frail craft in a dark, deep vault rapidly filling with seething water, and await the unpunctual coming of a horrid death—who can define that?

The current of my thoughts was broken by Hum:

"Mr. Hatfield," he said—as quietly as by the campfire—"have you noticed that the density of the air is no longer increasing?"

"No, my thoughts have been elsewhere."

"Well, I have. I am convinced that this shaft, or whatever it is, communicates with the open air. If so, there is ground for hope."

"What's that, Frank?" Tom had caught the word—hope.

I repeated Hum's words. "Well, that's odd," he said in a dazed way, "that's—curious."

"What is curious, Tom?"

"Why—why—you see, Hat, you and—er—I were in—Elgrane. Down by the—the old mill where we used to fish. The water

was—deuced hot, you know—and the—the—oh, yes—the black men came and—"

"Merciful God!" I cried, "his mind is going!"

I reached for his hand. He grasped mine firmly. "Oh, I'm all—right," he said, pressing my hand. "Now—where was I? I know—I had a sort of a—a dream, I guess, and I saw a great—bright—star—hello! what's that?"

"What's what, Tom?"

"Why—something keeps rubbing up and down against my foot."

"Where is that?" Hum asked anxiously.

"Right here, Hum. Pass your hand down to my left foot; yes, that's the place—well?"

"Thank God!" shouted Hum. "We are no longer rising. I have hold of the rock."

The cry was electrifying. We huddled together, and felt once more the warmth of close companionship.

"Now for the rope!" exclaimed Hum.

"You are nearest the coil, Mr. Hatfield; cut a piece and untwist the ends. The tar will give some light, I think."

My fingers hesitated, owing to my extreme agitation; not alone at our respite. I knew instantly why this man had so jealously guarded the coil. The revelation staggered me. I finally handed him the glimmering torch while Tom looked on with awe.

Hum swept the torch around, examining all sides of the shaft.

"Well, anything to report?" I stammered.

"Yes, on the opposite side there is something that looks like an opening in the wall; and, just below it, a ledge; or rather, I should think, a table rock. We must cross. Paddle gently, Mr. Selby. Creep to the bow, Mr. Hatfield."

We crossed the black chasm to a shelving rock, beyond which was a rift in the wall. I held fast while Hum stepped on to the shelf.

"Cast a line, Mr. Selby!" His voice sounded gnome-like in the dismal chamber. The raft secured, he cautioned us against an attempt to land, and disappeared behind a wall of rock. Again, we were in darkness.

"Frank, I move we have a quiet smoke!"

"Motion adopted without amendments, Mr. Selby."

"Oh, master," said Moto, as he nestled close to me, "that smell good! That like campfire!"

Hum reported a passage to the right, trending upward, scarcely wide enough for two to walk abreast. "A vaulted rift," he explained, "a marvelous freak of nature." Also, another opening to the left, somewhat broader, which he could not explore on account of a pool of water at the entrance. With two torches he further examined the shaft. It appeared to terminate a short distance above us.

"Well, Hum?"

"We must take to the rocks," he said, "it is our only way of escape. The rift may end at any time, but I believe it communicates with the outside world, and that in time—"

"Excuse me," I interrupted, "please lower the torch."

I pulled out my watch. It was three o'clock, afternoon. We had been in the shaft eight hours.

"You were saying, Hum, 'that in time—'"

"Merely, that in time we may work out. We can take nothing with us but a few biscuits, the water jug, and all the rope we can carry. The guns and other things can be stored in the rift. For what?" he murmured.

"For the next lunatic from Chicago!" said Tom.

Everything ashore, Tom and I divided the coil of rope between us, while Hum made torches from the end of the mooring-rope. We wrenched a rail from the raft and slung the water jug. Hum was torch-bearer.

We entered the pass at four o'clock. The way was very rough. It frequently led round shoulders of rock, skirted the edge of precipices, or passed through openings where we had to crawl. Our feeble light mercifully failed to reveal the worst conditions. In tough places, Hum lighted another torch and passed it back to us. We soon found that great economy in the use of our lights would be necessary.

Our guide seemed to have wonderful vision—now swerving to the right or the left to avoid obstacles unnoticed by the rest; now creeping beneath overhanging rocks; now halting abruptly at a crevasse difficult to bridge; again, battling with a steep ledge. Always overcoming; ever upward and onward. His judgment never erred.

The supply of torches had twice been renewed. We were growing weary and footsore. We had been fired with the energy of

despair, the enthusiasm of the "forlorn hope," but our frightful experience in the death trap had weakened us, physically and mentally. In our wild flight from inevitable death to an unknown fate, Hum's indomitable will and perseverance alone sustained us. We had eaten nothing since leaving the shaft. Hunger had been absorbed in perplexity and doubt. At a place where the path widened, by a large rock, Hum handed me the torch. I found that we had been walking, continuously upward, for five hours.

"Hum, how high are we?" I asked.

"It is impossible to say. We do not know the depth of the shaft. I think we have risen about four thousand feet."

"I never was so near heaven before," said Tom.

"You will draw nearer, shipmate."

"I trust so, Hum, but the prospect isn't flattering. The heat suggests another place."

"It certainly was much warmer than when we started, a condition noticed by our leader. 'I have observed,' he said, 'that though we are ascending, the temperature is rising; and there seems to be vapor in the air. You can see it about the torch.' He held it up. The nimbus that forms around a light shining through a fog was visible.

"How do you account for it?" I asked.

"It is difficult to explain," he replied. "It may be the vapor is rising from the shaft. Very likely, when the water first comes in contact with the cold surface of the rock, condensation is so rapid that no vapor rises. The present condition indicates an opening above, as I have suspected."

"How will it affect us?" I asked anxiously.

"It is hard to say. It all depends upon the degree of heat and the narrowing of the rift. It will certainly obscure our light, and—it may incommode us. Better eat a biscuit or two, then press ahead as fast as possible."

We resumed our march, but had covered but a short distance, when, as Hum feared, the light grew so faint that two torches were necessary. Two hours later, we had but one coil of rope left. More serious still, the increasing temperature began to prostrate us so much, frequent halts became necessary. Even our water jug was burdensome. "Take a long drink," said Hum, "and throw the jug away. Cut the rope into torch lengths. We will each carry an equal number."

We had but twenty in all. We strained

every nerve, fighting the tightening grasp of despair. Hum tried to economize in the use of the lights, but in vain. Another hour, and but twelve remained.

The heat was stifling; our sensation of weakness increased; our breathing became difficult. We fought desperately the overwhelming influences and pressed on. Fortunately, the way grew easier, and we went as men flying from pursuing death. But at last Moto sank down with the cry, "Master, I no walk."

Tom and I lifted him to his feet, rubbed his limbs, and strove to encourage him. Poor lad, he was nearly exhausted. After a little, he said, "Master, I go on." Supported, in turn, by Tom and me, we pushed on for another half-hour, when he again sank with a groan, utterly helpless. I shouted to Hum. Moto heard me. "Master," he implored, "leave me—leave me, master. Save yourself. I only little black boy."

"Leave you, my lad? Never! Your skin may be black, but your soul is as white as an angel's! You will go on, if I have to carry you."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Tom.

"I will do it, or die in the attempt!"

Hum looked at us thoughtfully. "We cannot carry the boy," he said. "I will try—I will try." He knelt by the boy, drew his head close, and laid his hand on his forehead. In that waning light and deepening gloom, he spoke softly to him in the Masgna tongue. Presently Moto whispered, "I go, master."

I raised him by the hand. Hum looked at him, then picked up the torch. My comrade and I were speechless.

Only six rope ends remained. Hum, excited, quickened his pace. We kept close to him, though panting, gasping, clutching our throats and chests in vain efforts to relieve our distress. Was it the prodigious will power of this man in front which kept us from falling, never again to rise?

There were but four more pieces of rope.

"Hum!" I cried, "when the torches are gone, what then?"

"We still have our clothes," he replied calmly.

"True, and the sooner we make ready, the better."

We stripped ourselves of everything but our trousers; frantically tore the clothing





*"A flood of moonlight infolded us."*

into strips and wound them round the poles. They were wretched substitutes, but they spared the rope.

The brief delay revived us a little. We were worn and jaded beyond description; racked by pain, fainting from thirst, desperate—dying. The way became steeper. Suddenly, my comrade's face grew livid. He reeled and pitched forward. I broke his fall as I screamed to Hum. Then I sank to my knees.

I recall only a flash of light close to my face; a dim sense of some one bending over me; a confused consciousness of Hum. What he said or did, I never knew—but we were on our feet again, once more forging ahead.

At the base of a high ledge the voice of running water fell on our ears—the first sound since we entered the mountain. We paused, as each met the other's inquiring gaze. It was only a little trickling spring, but its song was seraphic. "This is a good sign," said Hum; "besides, the air is clearing. The summit cannot be far away."

With grateful hearts we knelt by the basin of pure cold water and drank deeply of the sparkling liquid. Again, and again, we laved our heads and hands. My watch reported midnight. It was twenty hours since we left the mainland.

"Scott! We are nearly naked," exclaimed Tom. "Only two removes from our birthday suit."

"Almost—naked," said Hum, a smile flickering athwart his rugged face. "Man brings nothing at his coming—he takes nothing at his departure."

"All the same, I believe we are going to pull through," said Tom.

I looked at Hum. "He is right," he nodded, "but there's much before us. How many more torches are there?"

"Two."

"Two, only?" He shook his head, in anxious doubt. Then his face glowed, as he shouted, "Up, and off, my shipmates! There's been no mistake! We are going to win! Press forward!"

He led as though guided by an unseen intelligence—drawn by some magnetic force. We could scarcely hold his pace, but we followed without thought, no longer doubting his lead.

Our last torch but one was burning.

Usually so calm, the Slav seemed filled with a lofty frenzy as he dashed on.

"Hold!" we shouted. "We cannot follow!" He did not heed our cry. Had he yielded to the intense strain and suddenly become demented? Was he flying from us?

He stopped abruptly, and waved the link. Through a narrow canyon a clear white light, far away, shone like the gladdening beacon on a long-sought coast.

"What is it?" we cried.

"A star, comrades!"

A mad rush forward in speechless joy! As our last torch faded in death, a flood of moonlight infolded us. From somewhere—sweet flowers breathed a welcome.

## CHAPTER VIII

When I awoke, I saw Hum resting on his elbow, gazing at an enchanting environment. We were lying on greensward at the foot of massive steps. Near by a column of vapor rose from the canyon through which we had fled from the shadow of death. We were in a park of rare loveliness. Stately trees, groups of shrubs heavy with blossoms, trailing creepers, masses of brilliant flowers inviting gay-winged butterflies, with here and there the gleam of a lake, made a bewildering, but restful picture. The air was melodious with the song of birds. Over all a cloud-flecked azure sky.

"Hum, have we passed the gates of death?" I asked.

"In a sense, yes. We have reached a paradise. There are ministering angels here. See!" he pointed to a wicker basket and some garments. "We have been discovered. Some one has brought food for the hungry and clothing for the naked."

The basket contained cakes, fruit and wine. The garments were simple gray gowns.

"Good Lord!" It came from Tom. He glanced about; then gazed at us. "Hello, Frank! Huh—Hum, too? Gee—why there's Moto! The whole shooting-match! You look as though you'd shaken hands with an earthquake!"

"You appear slightly rattled, yourself," I said.

"Do I? Well, no wonder—what on earth! Why, did we die? Are we on some other planet?"

"Come here, my comrade," I said. "Here are convincing evidences of civilization."

"Substantial ones, too," he said, opening the basket. "Well, here goes. I've an appetite whetted by a long fast. Look at that boy! He's kicking back to consciousness. He'll soon give us his opinion in pure Masgnina. Watch him!"

Instead, Moto came to me and asked solemnly, "Master—this good place?"

"None better, boy," said Tom. "Sample these cakes."

The cakes were rich and toothsome; the fruit and wine delicious.

"Oh! Master!" cried Moto, seizing my arm, "big sky spirit!"

Two men were coming down the steps. Men of heroic stature, with a clear white skin tinged with the bloom of perfect health, dark eyes, high brow on a head of perfect mold, from which heavy hair of a rich auburn color fell in waves to the neck. Each wore a robe of white bordered with pale blue and clasped by a golden girdle. The upper portion parted enough to show a garment of fine material with collar that left free, full, well-rounded throats.

I was not surprised at Moto's exclamation.

They greeted us with a smile and signs of welcome; then spoke rapidly, in a strange tongue, pointing to us and to the canyon. Evidently, they were discussing the remarkable fact that we had come through the rift. They then signed that we should go with them. In their presence we seemed like children.

Ascending the steps, we crossed a broad avenue and entered a white marble building. Thence down a stone stairway to a platform by which stood a strange vehicle. We entered this conveyance. An attendant turned a silver knob, and we moved rapidly through a brilliantly lighted passage with scarcely perceptible noise or motion.

At another station, we went up steps and entered a long corridor that communicated with apartments on either side, where two men, dressed in light gray robes, met us. With these men our guides talked long and earnestly. Afterwards, they made us understand that we were to remain with the men-in-gray. Then, with fervent handclaps, our friends left us.

The men led us to a large, luxurious bath. One of them pointed to a copper dial on which a hand pointed to one of twenty-four numbers. Placing his finger on the next division, he indicated that he would return at that time.

After our privations and hardships, the luxury of that bath can well be imagined. The spirit of speech was absent. We were in dreamland. An occasional remark between Hum and me, and an oft-repeated "gee" from Tom, as he dived and rose in a way to awaken memories of the "deep pool in the meadow brook" were the only sounds. We were too contented to be either reminiscent or inquisitive. After the bath, light robes and soft couches beguiled us until the men-in-gray returned with sleeping garments and sandals. As we were leaving the room, I remembered our revolvers, which, from habit, we had kept in our belts. They were lying with our tattered trousers and gaping shoes. I removed the guns from the belts and tried to make our attendant understand that they were dangerous. Hum looked on.

"Mr. Hatfield," he said, "I think these people know nothing about destructive weapons. We must remove the cartridges. It will not do to trust them with people so ignorant of their qualities."

We were then taken to a circular apartment that communicated with other rooms through heavy draperies. Here, everything whispered of repose. The softly tinted walls, mosaic floors, rich rugs, silken hangings before large elliptical panes of flawless glass, soft beds with fine linen, and light woolen covers woven in low harmonious tones, made it "The Chamber Beautiful."

Hardships and danger were forgotten in our peaceful slumber. Some hours later, the men-in-gray returned with trays of refreshments. This food surpassed, in richness and variety, that of the morning. There were different sorts of the nutritious cakes, thin slices of some farinaceous substance, jars of a creamy mixture—made from the cocoanut, we afterwards learned—peaches, grapes, guavas, oranges, and a thin flask of delicious wine. The strangeness of our environment fettered our tongues for awhile. Hum finally spoke:

"We are with an advanced people," he asserted. "This food, simple and small in quantity, is savory and satisfying. It appears to be a concentration of all needed elements."

"Yes, it doesn't at all suggest an American square meal," said Tom; "but I feel as though I'd absorbed a brace of mutton chops with a bottle of Allsop's pale. Now, if I

only had my pipe and a trifle of the weed, I'd be of like mind with old Simeon."

"Who was he, comrade?"

"Better review your Sunday-school lessons, old man."

"This, sky world?" asked Moto.

"No, my boy," I said, "we are still on the earth, I think, but we have come to a wonderful country."

I went to the window. A great city lay beneath me. Broad avenues lined with luxuriant foliage, tessellated walks, wide lawns, parks, flowers and fountains. The houses were of different colored stone, designed and grouped with rare architectural skill and taste.

I called my companions. We gazed on the picture in silent admiration, until Tom spoke:

"Heavens! Where are we?"

It was Hum who replied: "We are with a peculiar people, Mr. Selby, a people differing from any with whom we have associated. An intellectual, high-bred, and courteous people; but, withal, a simple folk. Did you observe, Mr. Hatfield, that our uncouth appearance caused us no annoyance?"

"Yes, I noticed it with surprise. What do you think they will do with us?"

"We shall be treated with kindness and considerate care. First, they will teach us their language; they are preparing to do so now."

"How do you know this, my seer?"

"I read it in the thoughts of those who brought us here," he said confidently.

At twilight one of the men entered and, beckoning to Hum, pointed to a silver star on the wall. A slight movement and a soft, mellow light flooded the chamber. I could discover no device whence it came. He repeated the experiment, then signed to Hum to do the same. For some reason I did not then understand these men made Hum the vehicle for communication with us. During this lesson, we heard a chime of small bells, and perceived, on a copper disk similar to the one in the bath, a circle of violet light round the hour to which the hand pointed. Comparing my watch with the dial, I made the attendant understand I wished to know the time. He raised five fingers three times, then three fingers once. I reflected for a moment. The number was eighteen. They divided their day into twenty-four hours,

commencing at midnight. Accordingly, it was now six o'clock, evening, by our time.

The man was much interested in my timepiece, but pointed to the figures on the dial and shook his head.

"Hum, can you understand him?" I asked.

"I think so. To him, the dial represents a half day, and he doesn't recognize the works. Let us examine the clock on the wall."

A thin porcelain plate screwed to a metal disk, was all we could find, though we worked at the problem until Moto called us to the window. The whole city was as light as at noon.

"This is not electricity," I said, "the light is of different quality. Anything to offer, Mr. Selby?"

"Search me, Francis. I can now believe that ancient story about the shadow on Ahaz's dial. These folks evidently have some such arrangement with Old Sol."

The Hungarian looked at Tom curiously; while Moto, clapping his hands, exclaimed: "Master, all day here! No night!"

"No, Moto, there is night here, as elsewhere," I said. "In all physical conditions, as in our emotions, there are the opposites, and—"

"Oh, draw it mild, Frank," interposed Tom, "do you think Moto is a Yogi?"

\* \* \*

On the third morning, we woke with a consciousness of having undergone some change. Tom said he "felt as though he had been scrubbed, inside and out, with sapolio."

"Yes, a sense of physical and moral regeneration," assented Hum. "It is wonderful!"

Even Moto said, "Master, feel good all over! Feel like white boy!"

Waves of pure, fragrant air flowed through the open window. They seemed a benediction from an unseen source. An attendant entered, bearing light gray gowns with blue borders, short trousers, shirts of fine linen, underclothing of a soft material resembling silk, gray sandals, and hats similar to our panama; and for Moto, clothes like those worn by the servitors.

After our morning meal, the two courtly men we first met called for us, and again led us to the carway. On this occasion we saw, for the first time, women and children. Our mentors pointed to themselves, the

women, and the children—"wemba, wembe, cheda"—they said, with a smile. Tom and I made rather poor work repeating the words, but Hum pronounced them in a way that appeared to surprise our friends. Stately models of grace and beauty were the women. The rose blush in their clear white complexion admirably suited their dark eyes and rich auburn hair. Their simple gowns of soft material, white or cream colored, trimmed in harmonizing tints, reached to their feet. Folds of delicate lace but partially concealed shapely necks, and black veils were draped to leave fair faces exposed.

I thought it strange that we attracted so little attention. With our long beards, Hum's deformity, and Moto's dark skin—we certainly were unique; but, though deep interest was manifest, no idle curiosity was expressed; not even when we left the car with many others, and mounted massive granite steps to a broad esplanade where stood an imposing edifice built of porphyry and white marble.

Our guides led us to a room where a genial-looking man sat at a long table loaded with familiar articles. On the wall were charts, covered with ideographs, phonetics, and strange characters—described by Tom as "a cross between a Greek Lexicon and a Hebrew Kaballa"—arranged in lines and columns. There were in all fifty characters, twenty-four letters, ten numerals, and sixteen ideographs and phonetics.

Similar charts, of small size, were given to each of us. Hum's prediction was verified—our instruction had commenced.

The first lesson was in pronunciation and association. We were made to go through the characters until we could apply them to the various articles in the collection. Two hours of hard work, and we were dismissed with a request to return the next morning.

At our quarters an attendant gave us some articles that caused my chum to do an old time "breakdown." They were our knives, pipes, and tobacco, taken from the pockets of our old trousers. In our new environment they had faded from our memory. I carried my coin in a belt beneath my clothing, otherwise, that, too, would have been forgotten. The sight of our old friends revived our desire for the cheer they always brought; a desire we at once gratified. Moto was again ap-

preciative; even Hum said, "that smacks of old times."

"Wembe," murmured Tom. "Ah, they are fine!" he said. "Way up! Why, we should have to wear French heels to reach their level, or look heavenward."

"Quite likely the latter, my chum, but I don't clearly trace the relation between that French folly and a state of bliss."

"No? Well, I think these sandals are blissful."

"Comfortable they are, and ample protection, too, in this clean city. It appears to be a spot where matter stays in place. The roadways and walks are built of a substance resembling asphalt and coated with a vitreous material that doesn't wear away. Then, as there are no horses, ash carts and the like, impurities do not collect on the surface. These people have a fine system."

"Remarkably well put," as Brindley says. "I wonder where the doctor is feeding now. Yes, they work things well here. Who's seen any stores? Poor place for drummers, I fancy. Hello, Moto, I want a—'a poco reta.'"

"Say again, Mr. Selby."

The boy handed him a glass of water.

"Thanks, Masgnina. You're not dull if you are dusky."

"I wish we could be rid of these beards," I said. "They are pot becoming, and among these smooth-faced men are very conspicuous."

"Voiced my thought to a letter, Hat, but how to do it? My grip hasn't turned up yet. Say, Moto, find one of those grays."

Tom made known our want to the attendant. He laughed outright, and promptly brought a variety of cutting implements which, in design and finish, were novelties. In a brief time, we hardly recognized one another. I was surprised at the care bestowed on our fallen fringes by the servitor. I was destined to marvel more some years later.

"Well, did you see the artist, comrade?" I asked.

"No, tips don't grow on this soil. You can't pay for anything here. Baths, food, rides and barbers—all free. It's deuced curious. How is it, Hum?"

"It is my opinion, Mr. Selby, that all such matters are on a basis unfamiliar to us. I think the government—for these people must



have one, and a good one at that—attends to everything."

"Which means," said Tom, "that on the auditor's books an item something like this will appear: 'To shaving three unknowns, without bay rum, thirty cents.'"

The Hungarian looked at Tom compassionately. "Mr. Selby," he said, "though you have been reborn, you are still an infant in swaddling clothes."

"That may be, old shipmate. They're comfortable, all the same—the nurse uses safety pins."

Even Hum's imperturbable gravity gave way for the nonce, to the extent that he said to Moto—who was full of glee and motion—"My boy, some day I must teach you the Czardas, the national dance of my people."

\* \* \*

When Soratiya, our teacher, welcomed us the next morning, it was obvious that he, as well as our mentors, approved our changed appearance. His smile was peculiarly encouraging.

Our lesson over, he expressed hearty satisfaction; then took us into the junior schoolrooms. Here, we caused some excitement. Moto, in particular, attracted general attention. His dark face, amidst these fair children, was as conspicuous as an ebony image in a group of marble statues. But here, as elsewhere, we were treated with the utmost respect. At parting, our guides gave us to understand—by signs and some words we had learned—that, hereafter, we could come and go by ourselves. As they left, each said with a quizzical look, "*Yolo, Subaketa Yume.*"

The day was fine; the air laden with the fragrance of innumerable flowers; everything picturesque and harmonious. No rush nor crush; no struggling crowds; no noisy traffic; no evidence of competition or self-seeking. It was not strange that we felt happy and contented.

At the *Restaja* (house of rest), our home, Tom was like the schoolboy just released for the long summer holiday. He suddenly stopped whistling and waltzing. "Let's do something before dinner!" he exclaimed. "What say you to investigating that wonderful carway?"

"A square idea from a level head," I approved.

So down to the railway went one man and

three boys—for gay-hearted were we. Without any attempt at a technical description, which would be impossible for me, I will state that by means of a stone roadbed, an elastic cushion (apparently of gutta percha), a heavy rail with a narrow conical top (of double carbonized steel, we were told), and vehicles shaped so as to meet but little atmospheric resistance—the maximum speed was attained. The luxurious equipment of the carriages left nothing to be desired; but the power that propelled them at the rate of a hundred miles an hour was not revealed.

"Hum, what do you think of it?" I asked.

"I think these people either disregard the cost of construction or have methods for doing work far superior to ours. In our country, such a system would be enormously expensive."

"Well, I've an idea there's no costmark here," said Tom. "As for stock, I don't believe there's a block in the market; certainly no blocks on the line. Of course there are no bonds; everything here is free. It's a Chinese puzzle! Let's go back, burn a trifle of the weed, and talk it over."

On our return, Tom's loquacity increased.

"I say, Frank, the 'Lone Jack' is growing scarce. When it is gone what shall we do? I haven't seen any wooden aborigines on the sidewalks. Can it be possible that these folk don't use the article?"

"Do? Why, we'll abandon the guns when the ammunition fails. I think that before that time comes, we shall no longer require an artificial stimulant or solace—whichever way you regard it."

My friend, however, was not to be diverted from his line of thought.

"Hum," he asked, "have you seen any plug, fincut or twist?"

"Neither, Mr. Selby, but I have noticed their absence."

"Good for you, Hum! Well, it doesn't much matter. I guess Hatfield was right when he said that railroad didn't need any extra stimulant. Certainly they don't have competition, or they would advertise somewhere. Has any one seen a newspaper? There must be a 'daily' or a 'semi-weekly' here. I'd like to get hold of one. I want to see the arrivals on the—the Canyon. Hello, here comes Wamba with our dinner, but what's the use? We—" His appearance and manner changed instantly. "We

can't cross that marsh! It's impossible! That one-eyed devil would—would—hello, Hum!" he smiled.

"I understand," said Hum, in answer to my anxious look. "Mr. Selby, you fell from your high estate. Have a care. Hold your course truer."

"Ha! this is a great race, Hum!" exclaimed Tom.

"An exalted people, Mr. Selby. Keep closer to them."

The incident, and the Hungarian's remark, gave me food for thought during many subsequent hours.

\* \* \*

Henceforward, we went about by ourselves. From everyone we received cordial greetings with the salutation, "*Subaketa, Yume*" (may the Father bless you). All seemed anxious for us to become proficient in their language. They well knew that we could tell them what they longed to hear. A few weeks later, Moto was placed in a class with other children. Having a child's aptitude for languages, he progressed rapidly among his new associates who, not hampered by race prejudice nor "color line" obligation, treated him with considerate kindness. His jolly face was to be seen in all their amusements. One day, as he came to me brimming with happiness, I said, "Moto, would you like to go back to your tribe?"

"No, I not care for them," he said. "They same as animals."

Hum's proficiency was astonishing. "How is it you speak this language so well?" I once asked him.

"I cannot say," he replied. "It seems natural to me."

Intelligence concerning us had been sent throughout the entire country by a method as novel as it was inexplicable. The device consisted of a cylinder of ebony covered at each end with perforated caps. A message could be sent or received, irrespective of distance. No signal was required. If the instrument was nearby, your name—though spoken miles away—was perfectly audible. For a sustained conversation, two instruments might be used, though ordinarily one was enough. In time, we were presented with these *kanjoots*. At first, they reminded us of a ventriloquist; for often our names seemed to come from the wall or out of our pockets.

Representative men from Huan, our birth-

place, and other cities, often came to our classroom. They manifested keen interest in our progress, and sometimes, we thought, made suggestions to our teacher.

On one occasion, a man of striking exterior visited us. I was surprised and somewhat annoyed at the way Tom and Hum stared at him. He remained during the lesson, evinced much pleasure at our advancement, asked Soratiya many questions, and addressed us individually. Later, Soratiya told us he was Oron, the head of the nation, also the head of the National College. He further told us that when we were qualified, Oron would receive us at Hokenda, the capital, and tell us all about their country. I asked Soratiya the name of their country.

"Zoeia," he replied.

"Has each person but one name?" I asked.

"In addition to the first name," he said, "every Zoeian has a family name, derived from a remote ancestry, which is seldom used. A married woman takes her husband's first name with the suffix *ena*."

Handing me a tablet, he asked me to write our names. I wrote them in native script. He studied them a moment, then wrote: "Feanka," "Tooma," "Motoo," but paused at the name Adolph. "I have it!" he exclaimed. "It is an old name with us. We write it thus, 'Audofa.'"

"Shall we be known by these names?" I asked.

"Yes, Feanka."

"Soratiya, may I ask who were the two men who first came to us in the park?"

"Certainly, my brother. They were the governors of this district, Malonda and Reebon. Your coming was made known to them by the gardener who found you."

\* \* \*

We progressed famously; not alone in the language, but in our knowledge of the life and habits of this peculiar race. Being welcomed everywhere, the number of our associates increased rapidly and gradually extended to the fair sex. Though the women exhibited no coyness, they were clothed in that mantle of superb dignity which invites confidence and repels familiarity. We were invited to see public buildings, beautiful gardens and works of art; to hear choice music; and, in fact, were taken into the daily life of these lovable Zoeians. For there was

about our little group a mystery and a romance, such as never before—save in one instance—had stirred their emotions.

The city was one great park. Each residence stood in the midst of spacious grounds wherein arborculture and floriculture were carried to their highest degree. There were no towering, threatening buildings; no seething hives of humanity; no swarms of neglected children; no tumult or discordant cries. On all sides—peace, plenty, contentment.

One afternoon we extended our daily walk into the country along a fine road with many enticing bypaths. It was difficult to realize that we were on a mountain top. It seemed, rather, to be a vast plain, bordered by tall peaks. I asked Hum what he thought of the geological formation.

"It is my opinion," he replied, "that this plain or basin has been formed by some mighty cataclysm in a remote past; that the rich alluvial soil is detritus from the surrounding peaks that has accumulated on a once barren surface."

"Your theory is a good one," I said, "but how about the climate? We have been told that the temperature varies but a few degrees during the year."

"That is a less difficult problem, Mr. Hatfield. You must recall that this mountain rises from an immense depth through a sea of hot water; consequently, it is always warm. This, with vapor rising from the water, contributes greatly to the productivity of the soil. Besides, with these peculiar physical conditions, there must be varying degrees of temperature, from the outer edge to the center of this garden, that naturally would adapt it to the production of nearly every known species of vegetable life."

Tom gave a prolonged whistle. "Hum, you have won-der-ful things in your head," he exclaimed. "I would like to look into it. You are right. This whole country is an enormous greenhouse."

"You state the condition admirably, Mr. Selby," Hum remarked as he drew a *kanjoot* from his pocket.

"What now?" I asked.

"I will see if Moto has returned."

"Well, do you get him?"

"Yes, he says that Soratiya has been to see us and will come again today."

"Scott!" exclaimed Tom. "There's more mystery in that small box than in the croquette

of a cheap boarding-house. Why, it is as disconnected from anything tangible as old Pinchem's Friday night exhortations."

"And about as difficult to comprehend," I added.

"When we learn what propels the car, we will know what operates the *kanjoot* and runs the clock," gravely asserted Hum.

"After all," said Tom, "it's my opinion this solar power is some mode of what we call electricity, which these people have succeeded in taking direct from its source by ways unknown to the rest of mankind."

Hum looked at my comrade thoughtfully. "You have struck close to the mark," he said.

The district through which we passed was filled with plantations. Here the single hand of a government was in evidence. Every product was specialized. There was nothing whatever to suggest competition. As the result of this special husbandry, we saw entire plantations devoted to the growth of cereals, fruits, nuts, vegetables—all in great variety—cotton, hemp, and *miele*—a substance resembling the silk fiber. Vegetables, though extensively cultivated, never appeared on our table in their crude form. Evidently their nutritive elements alone were used. The fruit trees were in blossom—the air heavy with fragrance. I have since traveled somewhat, but I have never seen anything that equaled the floral glories of this isle of the sky and the sea.

The houses on the plantations, though smaller than those in the city, were equally substantial and attractive. On our return we stopped at one and asked for water. A handsome girl brought us not only the water, but also wine and cakes. Tom, smitten with her graceful comeliness, aired his Zoeian amazingly. Of course, otherwise, it wouldn't have been Tom. He presented us by our new names. She responded prettily with her own, Elida. To his voluble account of our doings, I occasionally added a few words; and when we floundered badly, Hum came to the rescue.

My jolly friend would have remained indefinitely, had I not reminded him of Soratiya's visit. So, with a promise to come again, we gave our charming hostess a merry good-bye.

"Well, my chum, how about French heels now?"

"Frank, there are times when questions are superfluous. Besides, she is about my size."

I looked at him. "Tom," I said, "you are undergoing a change."

"I'm aware of it, Hat, you don't need to tell me."

"Since how long, comrade?"

"Oh, from way back. From the day I lost my taste for tobacco."

"Keep your eye on the binnacle, Mr. Selby," advised Hum.

On our return we met many vehicles, all propelled by the one power. To us, they were strange sights; but even they did not impress us so much as did the absence of all quadrupeds. It was difficult to realize that the fauna on this island embraced only birds—in almost endless variety—bees, butterflies, moths, and a few other harmless insects.

The object of Soratiya's visit staggered us. Oron, the head of the nation, wished us to talk to his people at Huan, the following week, and to come to Hokenda, the next month.

I tried to frame words of expostulation; but the thought vanished before utterance.

"Soratiya, do you think we can do this?" I asked.

"I think you can, Feanka. I know you can. You have studied six months, and made fine progress. It may be somewhat difficult, as there must be many things you will describe, for which we have no equivalents; still, if you do but hold the thought strongly, you can do it; and our people are anxious to hear. If you could make some—some—pictures!"

"My comrade can do that," I said. "What say you, Tom?"

"Why, of course I will. I want to do everything in my power for these dear folk."

"And you, Hum?"

"I can tell them many things, Mr. Hatfield, but the tongue is still rather stiff; however, let us try."

"Soratiya, we are of one mind," I said. "We will do what we can. Tooma may describe the manners and customs of our people; Audofa will treat of foreign countries; while I will tell them of our journey."

"It is well, my brothers!" he exclaimed, rising. "It will be a great occasion. You will have thousands of eager listeners! The evening falls. I will not tarry longer. Your walk has been long. *Somaven* (may you sleep well)."

The mellifluous word came to us, again, as he waved his adieu.

*(To be continued)*

## THE ARTIST

**S**TRONG hand is thine that shapes the human mind  
And moves the many waters of the soul!

Brief hours thou dost unravel like a scroll  
More awful than the vasts of heaven blind.  
Swifter thy fingers than the tempest wind;  
And fierce thy dread touch as the burning light  
Of torrid sun at noon; yet gently bright  
Thine eyes like morning stars of pity kind.

O pain, what tools are thine, great artist proud!  
Full oft thy lightning sword is tender love;  
Thy knife the thorn beneath the sweet rose hid.  
Yet shall the heart thou barest, torn and bowed,  
Bleeding like Egypt's queen a world above,  
Outlast in glory the stone Pyramid!

— Edward Wilbur Mason.

# STRENUOSITY in VIRTUOSO

by Grace Agnes Thompson  
and Harriet Mabel Provan



**A**FTER a long and strenuous but very delightful morning of golf with Miss Rosalie Farrington, when there had occurred a fourth enchanting tete-a-tete under the clump of willows at the foot of the hill quite out of caddy earshot, Dick Watson went through the process of lunching, and at twenty minutes past two o'clock strolled leisurely out upon the veranda of the hotel. In about fifteen minutes Mademoiselle Rosalie would be down—she really was quite a prompt girl—and then there was to be a long (if he could manage it) and very delightful afternoon on the lake, while he searched out those curious lichens that he felt it so necessary to show her.

Choosing a spot well sheltered from the warm noon sun, he lit a cigar, tilted his chair back against the wall, and with crossed legs poised on the veranda rail settled himself comfortably for a temporary enjoyment of the landscape and of his smoke. The "peacefulness and beauty" of the scene were certainly absorbing. It made him reminiscent, even with so pleasant a vision as Mademoiselle Rosalie in a boating frock only thirteen minutes away.

His thoughts wandered across the past

twelve months—his last college year. Hadn't he worked, though, for that degree! These few weeks of pleasure, with which the pater had rewarded him, were pretty well earned. Oh, those two first years of college had gone, to be sure, in a series of good times. But the third year, just to please his disappointed family and show what he could really do, he had devoted a little more attention to studying. And this last year he had given himself up wholly to his work, and had graduated with honors—actually with honors—right over Bob, who always had dug away at knowledge with the same kind of conscientious perseverance that he had shown in those boxing lessons last winter and in the competitive rowing work when he had so nearly won a place on his class crew. Good-hearted old Bob! One could have so much fun with him. Not merely fun *with* him as the jolliest and most companionable of chums, but fun *out* of him—he was so engagingly unsuspecting and non-retaliating. No wonder the boys all liked him and jollied him. And wasn't he the counterpart of Rosalie? Ah! Mademoiselle Rosalie—to think that one could have lived all through those four years and not have met the sister of Bob! The counterpart? In looks, of course, and "chumminess"; not that other. *Nevertheless*, what a model brother-in-law—

The reverie was suddenly interrupted at this point by a little blue-uniformed fellow, carrying a yellow envelope, who ran up the steps and disappeared inside the office door.

"News—good or bad, for somebody," soliloquized Watson. "Wonder—" But before he got any further, the small messenger approached with the bellboy and handed the envelope to Watson.

"Soho! For yours truly, then, is it?"



Watson ejaculated to himself as he reached out his hand for it.

Opening the missive, he read with a slight whistle of surprise:

"Take next train, Boston. Must have your help. Meet you at station. For God's sake, don't fail."

BOB FARRINGTON."

Watson's feet came to the floor and he straightened up with a jerk. Bob in trouble, precise, systematic, conscientious Bob? It didn't seem possible. But if true, it must be something pretty serious, or he wouldn't be calling for help. Watson held up the paper to read a second time, as though he might find there some clue to the nature of the calamity.

"Take next train . . . don't fail!"

Fail? Of course not. If he could help the boy in any way, he certainly would.

"What is the matter, Mr. Watson? Is it bad news?" The voice came around his shoulder, and it thrilled him with its pretty sympathy. Watson mechanically crushed the paper in his hand to hide its contents, as he turned to meet the vision three whole minutes ahead of time. A vision, truly!

"Oh! Ah! really, Miss Farrington, don't you look stunning, like that, though!" A great wave of pity for her flooded over him. He knew that she adored Bob. "No, that is, it isn't bad news exactly, just a message

from an old friend, who has got himself into some mix-up or other, you know, and wants me to help him out. I'm awfully sorry, you've no idea how sorry, but I've got to go and help him out right away. I mean, I'm sorry about spoiling our afternoon. I ought not to have begged you to give up the auto party. I've got to catch the three-fifteen train for Boston."

Then he witnessed another and still more fascinating side of Rosalie's character. "You certainly must hurry," she told him. "It's barely forty-five minutes to train time, and the station four miles away, and all the autos gone with that party. You go straight and get ready. I'll call a carriage." She was all eagerness to help and all charming, fluttering sympathy and self-forgetfulness. How glad he was that she didn't guess the identity of his distressed friend.

In his room a few seconds later Watson flung some things into a valise; then he rushed down through the hotel office. "Back in a day or two," he informed the clerk as he passed the desk. "Hold my mail."

Rosalie was on the veranda to say good-bye, wish him luck, and wave her hands to him as the carriage rolled down the drive. That was the picture of her that he carried with him through the long and tiresome hours that followed.



*Rosalie was on the veranda to say good-bye*

It took some driving to make that station in anything like time. Even so, the train was just pulling out as the horses, panting, stopped at the end of the long platform. Watson leaped to the boards and started in pursuit.

"Hi, there! Hi! Ye're too late. Ye can't catch that train," yelled the white-haired station-master, springing across his path, while the conductor from the last platform beckoned him on derisively. It seemed as though fate meant to make his errand of mercy as difficult as possible. Watson jumped to the rails and ran on, aware with fresh annoyance that half a dozen youngsters, who on his appearance had stopped playing pitch-penny against the station wall, were now chasing at his heels. The two or three loungers also stretched themselves idly and made grinning remarks as he passed.

Watson's face took on a deep shade of red, but he gathered up his reserve speed and sprinted on after the receding train. There was rather a sharp curve around an embankment just beyond the station, and the train could not begin to get up its speed until it had passed that. Watson thanked his stars for the curve, for it was only owing to this circumstance that he succeeded finally with the conductor's assistance in swinging onto the steps of the last car.

Thus, perspiring and very much out of breath, and perhaps somewhat out of temper, but otherwise intact, he presently sought out the porter and secured a seat. Then he tried to collect his scattered thoughts.

What *could* be the matter with Bob Farrington? It seemed unbelievable that he could have got himself into any very serious trouble, and yet surely he had. It was not a love affair, of course. Bob was just the kind to lose his head and fall in love heels uppermost, when the right girl made her appearance; but not the kind ever to tell, no matter how badly things went. It could hardly be a quarrel. Good, jolly, happy-go-lucky Bob never quarrelled. It must be some worse scrape, possibly some financial difficulty. Bob wasn't very rich, and Watson had heard rumors that he was to work in his uncle's bank through the summer before all the fellows went back to college for the opening of the law school. Poor Bob! Well, if it was that, Bob should have all that it was in his power to give. Rosalie's brother—of course

he should be helped. And did he not owe it to the boy, too, after last winter?

Here Watson chuckled reminiscently to himself as he watched the flying scenery, but strengthened his resolve to be of service. Rosalie's brother—Rosalie's brother—Rosalie—Rosalie—Rosalie—so the rails clicked on. And Watson's thoughts trailed irresistibly back to the vision, and the dream of what might have been happening that afternoon if there had been no telegram. Bob's sister—what wouldn't he do for such a superb girl? His heart swelled with the chivalry of his position, even as it grew more and more troubled by anxiety over Bob. And the miles drew themselves all by at last.

It was dusk when the train pulled in at the Boston Union Station. Watson was one of the first passengers off, and the very first to cover the distance between the car steps and the gate. All the way he looked keenly about, but saw no Bob. Outside the gate, too, among the throngs of hurrying folk he searched, until the last passenger had left the train, and he had about decided something must have happened to his old chum; when, suddenly appearing, it seemed, from nowhere at all, Bob Farrington stood before him, with a face so pale and haggard that Watson was shocked to the core. He rushed upon the boy and clapped an arm over his shoulders.

"Why, Bob, what—how—?" Watson began.

"Quick! Hurry!" was the reply. "There's not a moment to lose. Our lives may hang in the balance." And without another chance to speak, Watson was rushed out into a waiting cab.

"I'm awfully thankful you've come," Farrington murmured, as he dropped into the front seat and sank back with closed eyes.

"Tell me all about it, old fellow," Watson urged softly. "You know I'll stand by you, whatever it is."

"I knew you would, Dick. But no, no, not just yet; I'll tell you everything soon. But don't talk to me just now." He sighed wearily and passed his hand across his forehead with a nervous movement. Watson did not dare disturb him again.

The tense silence was broken finally by the stopping of the cab. The ride had lasted only twenty minutes, though it had seemed interminable to Watson. He had been unable to make out in which direction they were going, but he knew from the bumping

of the cab over cobblestones during the first part of the ride that they had crossed one of the rougher sections of the city. The cab had hardly come to a standstill before Farrington flung open the door. Watson was close at his heels.

"This way," Farrington directed, motioning his companion to follow. "Sh! Don't talk."

Watson's brain was whirling, and for a moment he did not recognize his surroundings; but he was presently aware that they had passed through a gate and entered a common of some kind, which stretched wide and shadowy before them. The place was apparently deserted, though once a faint rustle close to the path caused Farrington to stop abruptly, clutching Watson's arm, as he looked cautiously around. It was only a scrap of paper, however, blown by the wind, and he hurried on. Half dazed, Watson followed, up one walk and down another, until they reached a secluded spot where a bench stood under a tree surrounded by shrubbery. Pausing here, Farrington took an envelope from his pocket and, passing it to Watson, said:

"Take it, Dick. Wait here for half an hour. Not a moment more or less, as you are to help me. If I have not returned, go to the entrance through which we just came, and read this."

Though he spoke in a whisper, his voice sounded hoarse and strange. He swayed slightly and seemed well-nigh overcome by some powerful emotion, for sinking down upon the settee, he buried his face in his hands, and Watson heard the sound of smothered sobbing. In another moment, however, he was up again. Then he took out his watch and lit a match, hiding the light of it carefully with his hand and the edge of his coat.

"Seventeen minutes of nine," he said. "At thirteen minutes past you must leave. Not a second sooner or later. And now, good-bye, Dick, good-bye! Remember my directions, and under no condition leave this spot until the half hour is passed. And if you never see me again—well—but never mind. Good-bye."

Watson stood dazed, almost stupefied, and could only stammer, "I promise, Bob. Good-bye." Then Farrington wrung Watson's hand and disappeared in the shrubbery.

Gone!—without a word of explanation! Watson stood like one stunned. He almost

expected to see his friend come back. Yet the fellow had agreed to explain later, and no one had ever known Farrington to fail in a promise.

Watson began pacing up and down in front of the settee. Half an hour to wait, and in this dark place. It was really uncanny. Besides where had Bob gone? Why had he gone? What was the matter, anyway? What *was* the matter? Surely the boy was *sane* enough still. That was not the trouble. What was it, then?

Hark! What was that sound behind him? Someone creeping, creeping toward him. He sprang around involuntarily to face and fight the intruder, if needful. But there was



*The approach of steps made him jump back*

nothing except shadows. He put his hand to his pocket. Yes, the letter was there. But what was that cry? Was it Bob's voice? He ran a few steps forward. Of course, it was not; only the night breeze stiffening and shaking the pine tops nearby. He drew out his watch, and then did not dare light a match. If he only knew the time! The half hour might be by already, and who knew what terror lurked in those bushes after the fateful instant had passed? Suddenly he had it—that old trick of his schooldays! He moistened the end of a match with his lips, then rubbed it over the face of his watch, and there were the figures illumined plainly. Only five minutes gone? He began to feel cold and clammy. Each shadow seemed a form glaring at him from the darkness.

At last a distant clock struck nine. Each stroke made the uncanny feeling stronger. The noise of the streets seemed an immeasurable distance away. Watson had never realized before that there could be a spot so isolated in the great city. He began walking back and forth again, but at every other step peered around over his shoulder at the awful something which he fancied persisted in following him. He wanted to jump madly about, to thrash his arms, to cry out. Why was he here? Why should he wait half an hour in this place? Ten minutes more of this torture. How could he stand it?

He sank onto the seat at last, utterly exhausted by the strain to which his mind had been subjected, and there with the watch in his hand waited for the remaining minutes to drag slowly by. The suspense was terrible. When the last minute had passed he felt he could not have borne the strain one second longer.

He leaped to his feet. His first impulse was to explore the shrubbery. But no, he must obey directions. Rushing to the street he stopped under the first electric light and tore open the envelope. His shaking hands drew out a *blank sheet of paper*. His muscles relaxed with the shock, and the paper fluttered to the ground. Then he had an inspiration—*invisible ink!*

"Idiot that I was not to think of it before. Another minute wasted."

He snatched up the paper and held it between his eyes and the light. But disappointment again; he could make out no writing of any kind. Puzzled, angry, chagrined, Watson had assured himself that he really held a *blank* sheet of paper—Bob or someone had certainly blundered, and how could he know what to do next?—when the startling and unmistakable approach of steps made him jump back, every nerve tense, ready to defend himself.

The grinning face of a little urchin confronted him. "Say boss, be youse Mister Watson?"

"What do you want?" Watson asked.

"Be youse Mister Watson?"

"Well, yes, you might call me that," Watson replied, cautiously. "What is it?"

"Dis fo'you, den, Mister," said the little chap, handing Watson another envelope, and then sprinting off as fast as his legs could carry him.

Watson hastily opened the second missive, and read:

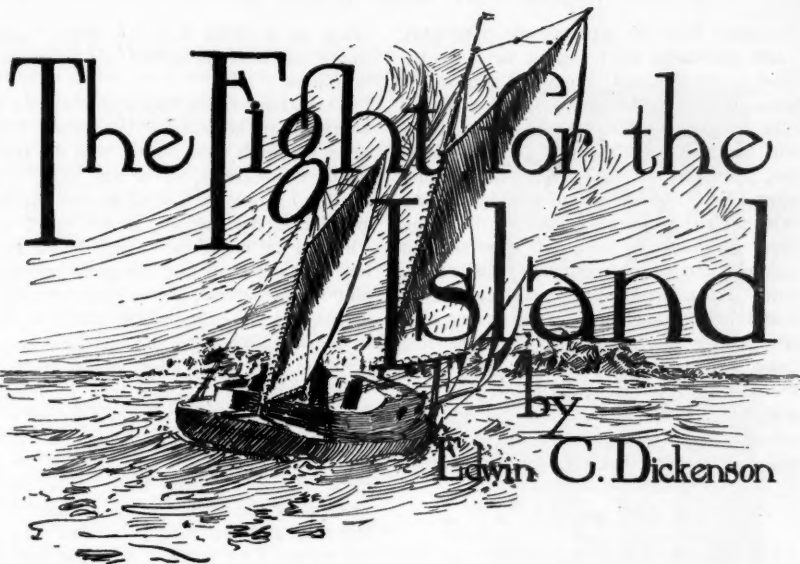
"My dear Dick:—It was certainly hard lines to go without eating and sleeping for two days and nights to look the part, but revenge is worth the trouble. Do you remember that prank you played on me in college last winter? Well, this is how I get even.  
"Am writing this on board the train. When you read it, will be putting space between us at the rate of forty miles an hour. Hope your nerves have stood the strain. Will see you in camp in August. Yours as ever,  
ROB."

## IF YOU'VE ANYTHING GOOD TO SAY

FROM THE BOOK "HEART THROBS"

If you've anything good to say of a man,  
Don't wait till he's laid to rest,  
For the eulogy spoken when hearts are broken  
Is an empty thing at best.  
Ah! the blighted flower now drooping lonely  
Would perfume the mountain-side,  
If the sun's glad ray had but shone today  
And the pretty bud espied.

# The Fight for the Island



by  
Edwin C. Dickenson

IT was long past midnight when Baldwin rolled up the chart and put it away in its case. The Doctor relighted his pipe and lolled back among the pillows of his berth with a grunt of relaxation. For myself, I sat on the edge of my berth swaying drunkenly with the roll of the boat and half convinced that I had been dreaming and that presently a proper sense of the fitness of things would come to me.

"To sum up," said Baldwin, blowing out the light and crawling into his own bunk, "the island, so far as the title is concerned, belongs to me. It is in possession of a man by the name of Cottrell, who claims it by right of possession and maintains his title, I am told, by force, with the assistance of a few kindred spirits. Harburton, of whom I bought it quite reasonably, by the way, landed to take possession and was driven away by a show of force. I have nothing to say against Harburton, but first and always he is a man of peace. I think that if he had met force with force as I propose to do, the island would have been his today."

Across the blackness of the cabin, the red glow of the Doctor's pipe faded as he ceased pulling at it to speak. "How do these squatters eke out their existence?" he queried.

"Oh, I believe they carry on farming in a

primitive sort of way. The island has some soil in its center, and then, of course, there are fish and at certain seasons duck and snipe in plenty."

"You expect resistance, then?" I asked.

"Yes."

"And possibly bloodshed?"

"I have three Winchesters and as many brace of revolvers aboard."

The Doctor whistled. "Perhaps that explains my presence," he suggested.

"Your presence, as well as Harry's, is due to your adventurous spirit," laughed Baldwin, "although I admit that your profession had its weight with me in making you one of the chosen."

"And I?" I questioned. "Is it possible that I have been chosen with no more ulterior motive than that I am a romanticist?"

"No, it is not," laughed Baldwin again. "It is because you are a good shot as well."

"Ah," said the Doctor, "Harry makes the holes and I patch 'em up. How interesting!"

"I only hope," was Baldwin's reply to this, a bit grimly, "that the holes will all be in the other fellows."

"At any rate," I observed, "it seems to be taken for granted that we will make the attempt to capture this island."

"Yes," murmured the Doctor, knocking



the ashes from his pipe out the open port, "and that being so, I suggest we make the most of the wee sma' hours and turn in."

So it was tacitly agreed that we should take possession of this island to which Baldwin had purchased the title deeds, with an eye, perhaps, to a Seventeenth-Century adventure. The Doctor and I had run down from the city to spend a week on the yacht, little guessing the unusual entertainment Baldwin had in store for us. The "Wanderer" was a forty-foot yawl, built for outside work, beamy and deep, and having that advantage common to all yawls of needing but a small crew to handle her. Ordinarily, this consisted of a sailing-master and two seamen. At this time, Baldwin had constituted himself sailing-master, and the Doctor and I discovered that we were the seamen, for reasons of state, as Baldwin put it.

\* \* \* \* \*

I wish I might accurately convey my first impression of the island as I saw it that bright morning. It was a bit of gold and blended greens with the sun playing on its sands, lighting its hilltops and shading its valleys. One could not look upon it without wishing to land and explore it, to climb its miniature mountains and follow its sweep of beach beneath its gray over-hanging cliffs. Yet these little hills were bare, and it was only in the valley that trees grew, so fierce were the winter gales which swept the island.

Following the chart, Baldwin conned the yacht to within a mile perhaps of the shore, and there, protected by the island itself and the two arms of the bay from anything but a blow from the north, we dropped anchor in some six fathoms of water. Here was our island. The next step was to declare our ownership.

After a wordy war it was decided that I should land as ambassador. Baldwin, because he was the only one who understood navigation, was to stay aboard. With the wind in its present quarter, the yacht was in the lee of the island and in no danger, but a sudden shift into the north would find her on a lee shore with the surf so high that no boat could put off through it.

The Doctor was to row me ashore and hold the boat in readiness for my return. In the matter of arms, much against my wishes, I was persuaded to carry not even so

much as a pistol that the fellow Cottrell might not have an excuse for commencing hostilities.

This wise decision nearly cost me my life. In the boat, however, a Winchester and a brace of pistols were placed, that the Doctor might, if necessary, cover my retreat. On landing I was to start in shore over the knoll and locate the usurper, as we called him, wherever he might be. Once I had found him I was to show him the deeds and notify him to leave—how, we did not attempt to decide, for, according to the chart, we were in the only anchorage, and there was no sign of other craft either afloat or ashore.

It was more of a climb than I bargained for, this knoll or dune of sand I found, when the Doctor had set me on the beach. It was some minutes before I had reached the top of it. Once I looked back. The Doctor was pacing the sand, the rifle cradled in his left arm and watching me. Half-way up the ground grew firmer. A sort of turf had formed over the sand, which made the walking easier. For all the effort it cost to gain the summit, I was scarcely prepared for the view which stretched before me, as I at last topped the crest of the rise. From the yacht, the island had appeared mostly high land, with here and there a narrow valley. Now, as I stood on this knoll, the hills had retreated to the further side of the island, and between them and me stretched a long and fairly wide valley of swamp and meadow land, with ponds scattered about like silver dollars. Groves of stunted trees—poplars I found them to be later—bordered these ponds and many of the swamps seemed overgrown with low bush.

Yet this was but the framing of the picture which caught my eye, for almost at my feet in this valley, on the edge of the largest of these ponds, was a single-storied, rambling structure, set in a grove of stunted poplars, and beyond it, a cultivated field in which men were working—three of them I counted. It was difficult to believe any danger lurked about.

So this was the usurper's house. I set off down hill in the direction of it. The grade was easy, and the walking much firmer. Soon I observed a faint path, and as it led in the direction of the house, I followed its windings. The farther I descended into the valley, the ranker grew the vegetation. Bushes

sprang up beside the way, and now and then a stunted poplar as I strode on. I now had a closer view of the solitary building. It was rude of construction in the extreme, knocked together of wreckage and drift-wood to all appearances, with here and there an aperture left in it for a window.

The path I had been following led into the yard, if such it could be called. Here, lean swine nosed about, fowl ran from underfoot, and duck and geese quacked nearby on the edge of the pond.

It led me to a rough doorway cut in the end of this queer structure which faced the pond. There was no sign of an occupant. The workers in the field were hidden from sight by the clump of poplars.

I was about to call out when there came the sound of someone moving inside, and a man appeared in the open doorway.

In all my life I have never seen one so endowed by nature for the part of villain as was Cottrell. Of great height, he walked with a stoop caused by a lameness in one leg. His hands were immense, and dangled at the end of long ungainly arms; that is, one did, the other was supported by a huge knobbed stick, which he used almost as a crutch. His frame was gaunt with age, although massive of bone, the width of his shoulders being remarkable. I saw this man only twice, yet one has but to speak his name for me to see his brutal features, his little green blood-shot eyes and the shaggy brows above them. His scraggy beard was gray-red, a most repulsive color when unkempt and in disorder as was his, and a tousled mop of hair of the same color crowned this effigy of a man.

His was a face cut out for fierceness, yet his surprise at seeing me fairly made it ludicrous.

"Is this Mr. Cottrell?" I inquired after a moment, for my own surprise was not a little. It was nearly a minute before he answered me, his fierce little eyes wandering over me from head to foot and his anger rising as his surprise decreased until his little eyes fairly danced with rage.

"Yes," he growled rather than spoke, "and what of it?"

"I have a communication for you," I said shortly.

His whole aspect disgusted me. I had no fear of him, only a deep and lasting contempt,



*"I have never seen one so endowed for the part of a villain"*

for he had lost his heritage as a man and was a brute again, as was writ all over him.

"Well?" he grunted.

"I represent Mr. Baldwin, who has purchased this island. I am instructed by him to give you notice to quit possession at once."

At these words I really believed the man was going mad. His eyes blazed fire, the veins of his temples swelled to bursting, and he shook all over with a consuming rage.

"So you represent the owner," he roared at last.

"I do," I answered. I would go through the form of thing at least, I told myself. I reached in my breast pocket for the deeds. "To h—l with you and the owner, too," he roared.

Whether or not he thought I, too, was feeling for a weapon, I cannot say. All I can recollect is seeing the flash of a weapon, looking for one awful second down the big muzzle of it and feeling the scorch of powder on my neck, as I instinctively ducked. My next mental impression is that of a determination to run in on this villain, but a second sight of that muzzle with a rearing hammer behind it led me to change my mind. Had

that hammer fallen, I would have been beyond all power of decision. But it did not—at least, at once. As I sprang away I saw that the cylinder had jammed and that my would-be murderer had dropped his stick and was frantically freeing this. I ran, jumping from right to left to disconcert his aim. I had not gone a score of feet when I felt the wind of a second bullet; close on its heels a third kicked up the sand just beyond me. Bending low, I ran with all the strength in me for the knoll.

The third shot was the last for a full minute, perhaps. In that time I had covered considerable distance in the direction of the knoll. Now that I was in comparative safety, I was conscious of but one desire, and that was to kill this villain Cottrell. I stopped to look back. A glance was enough to remind me that discretion was the better part of valor. The elevation I had now reached gave me a view of the fields beyond the house; the men I had seen working in these were running toward it. I set out again at a run for the knoll, and as I sprang away the dirt lifted where I had stood, and there came the crack of a rifle. Cottrell had changed weapons, it seemed.

Up the narrow path, leaping from side to side that I might disconcert the fellow's aim, I ran, the rifle bullets, for all that, keeping me close company. The dread of the crash of the rifle grew on me, although I knew each time it sounded that a bullet had missed its mark, as one knows, if one can but make one's self believe it, that the flash of the lightning which is seen is harmless.

Then the firing ceased again. The knoll was not far away, now. I glanced back over my shoulder. The three men of the fields were between me and the house, now, and in rapid pursuit. Cottrell was not in sight, doubtless, for the very good reason that he was too old and stiff to run. I judged, too, that he had stopped firing through fear of hitting his own men.

My relief at this was short-lived, however, for soon there came the crack of a revolver, and I heard the plaintive song of a bullet above my head and realized that my pursuers had opened fire.

I swore at Baldwin and the Doctor to myself, as I ran. Why had they advised against my going armed? Where was the Doctor

now? I wondered in a fever of anger. He must have heard the gunshots. A few feet away was the crest of the knoll. I looked behind me again. The foremost of my pursuers had stopped running, his pistol arm was levelled toward me as I looked. Instinctively I ducked and ran on even as the crack came. Yet, strangely enough, the report seemed to come from behind the knoll ahead, and this time I heard no sound of the bullet. My wonderment was not for long. Breasting the knoll, I saw the Doctor concealed behind a tuft of the coarse grass, the smoke oozing faintly from the rifle in his hand.

"Make for the boat, Harry," he called. "I'll give them a scare and follow you."

But I had no intention of leaving him, and, besides, I had a most lustful desire to kill. I threw myself down beside him and he passed me a revolver. There was little use I could put it to, however, for, peering through the coarse grass, I saw nothing but a brown heap sprawling in the path where the Doctor had dropped his man. My other pursuers had taken to cover.

The Doctor elevated his sights and sent a couple of shots in the direction of the house, then together we slipped down to the boat unobserved and put out. We were well out of pistol range when the first head rose above the knoll, and we finished our row to the yacht, where Baldwin awaited us anxiously and surrounded by his arsenal, without further demonstration on the part of the islanders.

\* \* \* \* \*

So it was war. The life of the sea is full of the contrast of sudden danger and languorous content of storm and calm. It seemed difficult in the extreme to realize, as I lolled on the soft cushions of the yacht and smoked one of Baldwin's big black cigars, that I had been very near to death on that peaceful-appearing bit of land which lay over our bows. The matter-of-fact way in which we laid our plans to capture this island, involving as they did very imminent possibilities of our own or other deaths, is no less a matter of amazement to me now.

The east horn of land which went to form the bay in which the yacht lay rose to a cliff of considerable height, the base of which, however, was several hundred feet back from the ocean, leaving a beach strewn

with huge boulders. With the marine glasses we could make out plenty of cover among these for a dozen riflemen. Our scheme, then, was to land two men at this point when night had fallen, with sufficient provisions for a day or two, and then at dawn the third man to make sail and run the yacht out of sight of the island. As the Doctor observed, it savored somewhat of Ulysses and the Wooden Horse.

It was a scheme with many weak points, for it left the yacht undermanned and the landing party without retreat. On the other hand, it had the advantage of surprise, and, deceived by our apparent abandonment of the island, Cottrell and his crew would be thrown off their guard and their capture or death, if it came to a question of that, would be far easier of accomplishment than by a direct attack upon their stronghold.

This definitely decided, there arose another question more difficult it seemed for the time, and that was, who were to compose the landing party and what one of us was to be left on the yacht. I was out of running for this latter task from the beginning, owing to my comparative ignorance of things nautical. The Doctor argued that a captain should be the last to leave his ship, and that further, he, himself, knew too little of the art of navigation to bring the yacht back, once she had lost sight of land. But Baldwin was obdurate. It was a pretty note, he said, if we were to assume all the risk of the capture of the island and he calmly stand off, waiting for us to effect this or perhaps get ourselves killed instead. The Doctor had already had his fling. As to his navigation, it was not necessary that he should lose sight of the island. The yacht would be invisible to those on it long before it had dropped below the Doctor's horizon, and before night-fall its ownership would be probably settled once for all, and he could close in with the land and pick up the rest of the "Wanderer's" crew, where he had left them. The Doctor yielded to this at last with ill grace.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was an hour after sunrise when we awoke. Our landing had been uneventful, and we had spent the night wrapped in our blankets in a crevice between two boulders. The "Wanderer" was hull down, running off before a steady southwest wind, and the

day had turned out, as the signs had indicated, clear and warm. I had already searched with the glasses all visible portions of the island, as well as I could without exposing myself to sight, and had seen nothing. Baldwin used the glasses from the shoreward opening of our hiding place with like result. Both of us longed for a dip in the cool brine, but this was not to be thought of, so we contented ourselves with a dash of fresh water from the water-jug and ate a breakfast of biscuit and canned chicken. The greatest hardship as yet was our forced abstinence from tobacco.

The hours of the morning wore on, and still we remained in our close quarters from which we had decided not to emerge until the time grew ripe for striking. In the want of better to occupy me, I threw myself on the sand to snatch an hour or two of sleep, Baldwin remaining on guard. How long I had slept I do not know. I awoke with a feeling of vague alarm. Baldwin was leaning back against the opposite boulder, rifle in lap, but sound asleep. I crept to the shoreward opening of our shelter and peered out. This entrance was barely three feet high and lay in the shadow of the eastern-most boulder, which projected beyond its smaller brother. From it one could command a view of the semi-circle of the harbor beach and a stretch of the bluff above it. Strolling along this beach, not a quarter of a mile away, and in a line which would lead him close by our hiding place, was a man. Even from that distance I could see that a rifle was cradled familiarly in the crook of his right arm and a revolver-holster hung from a belt about his waist. I crawled back, secured the marine glasses and returned to the opening. A glance through them showed me that this was not Cottrell himself. He was a younger man and of less height and breadth. His scraggy beard was black and met the shadow cast by the slouch hat he wore, so that I was unable to distinguish his features. Yet there was an air about him, an aggressive brutal swagger, perhaps, which placed him in a class with Cottrell. The fellow was looking seaward, evidently with an eye to the disappearance of the yacht.

Withdrawing the opening I aroused Baldwin. A word was enough to inform him of my discovery. I do not know which was the greatest, his self-abasement on learning

of his sleeping on duty, or his excitement on the approach of the enemy. He looked long at the fellow through the glasses, so long, indeed, that I called to him softly lest he be discovered.

"Well," he said.

"Well," I answered.

The time had come for action, yet for the moment we looked one another in the eye blankly.

"We can't kill him in cold blood," he said at last. "You are the best shot. You cover him while I call out to him to drop his weapons—and get shot," I added grimly.

"No," I continued. "When I invite him to surrender, it will be from behind one of these boulders. These fellows shoot quick and we haven't any chances to throw away." I had seen enough of the effect of courteous treatment on these islanders.

Baldwin assented to this reluctantly, and we stationed ourselves at the entrance to the crevice.

Lying on our faces we could both cover the approaching man. All unconscious of our presence he came on, satisfied, apparently, that he had seen the last of us for a time at least, with the sailing of the yacht.

He was, perhaps, fifty yards from us when he stopped as if frozen in his tracks. We watched him tensely. He could not have seen us. Indeed, he was not looking in our direction, but at the sand at his feet. Then it came to us what he saw. It was our footprints in the sand. It was high time to act if we were to gain anything by surprise. Already his trained eye had picked out our spoor toward the boulders.

"Don't move!" called out Baldwin of a sudden. His voice was strained, scarcely recognizable, I noticed.

I think that it must have been at this very moment that the fellow guessed our whereabouts. He did not move, at least, I could not see that he did, and the front sight of my rifle rested on the lapel of his soiled coat. Yet there came the crash of his rifle almost in our ears. When we had brushed the sand which his bullet had thrown up, from our eyes, he was running down the beach, leaping from side to side as I had done the day before, and neither Baldwin nor myself had pulled a trigger on him.

Baldwin shot from where he lay and missed; for myself, I could not get a bead on the

runner from my position, and sprang outside the over-hanging rocks for a better shot. But a few feet ahead of him was a boulder for which he evidently was making. Sighting on him as best I could, I pulled the trigger.

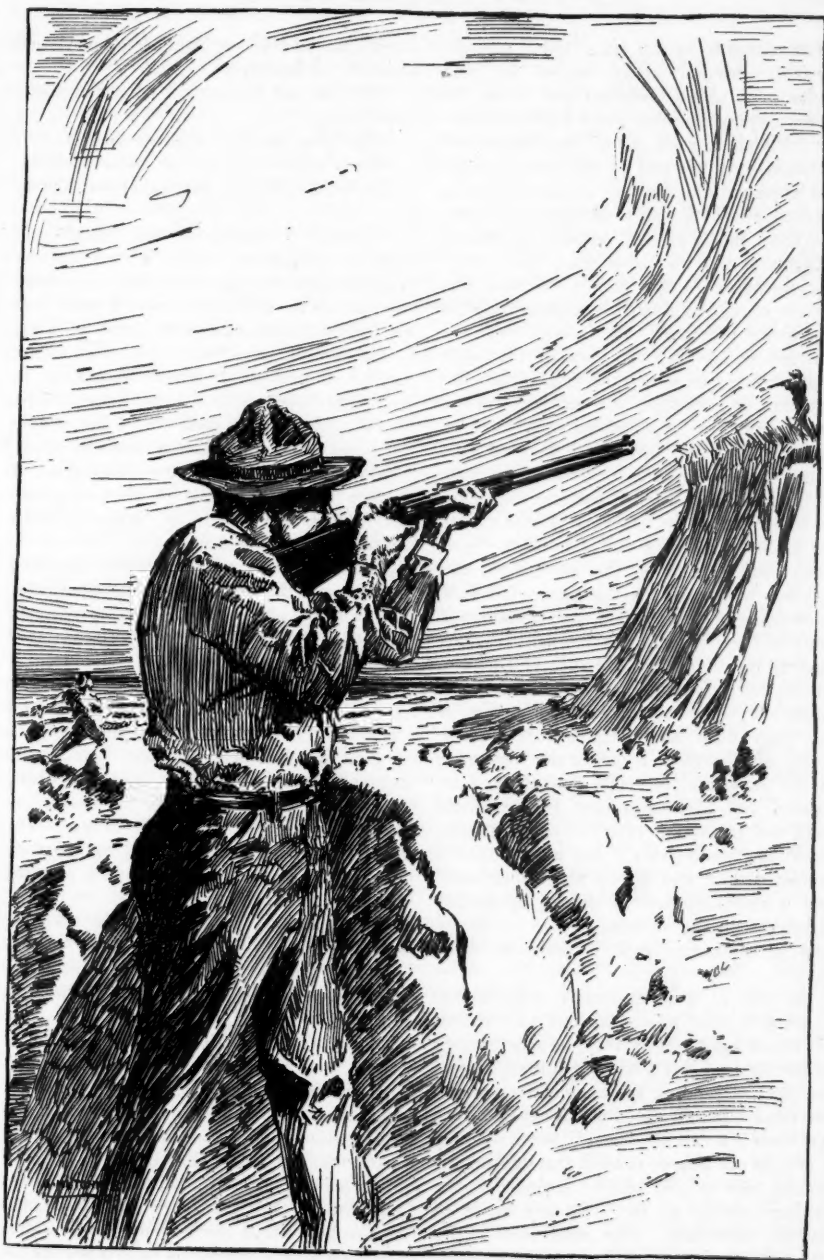
Something of the primitive desire to kill was in me that day, I believe. For rarely have I felt the satisfaction which the sight of that fellow human being, sprawling in the sand at the sound of my shot, gave me. Yet in the space of a second he was on his feet again, rifle shifted to his left hand and his right hanging limp.

He had been down but for a moment, yet it was time for Baldwin to get his range, for, as he started off again, the skipper fired a second time. Again the fellow dropped—again he tried to gain his feet. Failing in this, he half crawled and half rolled to the shelter of the boulder, where presently all that indicated his presence was the end of his rifle barrel, which peered threateningly at us. I sprang back into the cave in bare time to escape a bullet which sung musically past.

Whatever the injuries of this islander they apparently had not robbed him of his sting.

Here was a pretty kettle of fish. The entire population of the island, however much that might be, would be about our ears presently. We dared not forestall them, for, in order to do this, we should have been obliged to make the ascent of the bluff and before we could even gain this, our neighbor behind the boulder could have picked us off. Yet we could not remain in our present quarters, accomplishing nothing, and in time drawing the attention of the islanders to the one point from whence we could expect assistance, for it was doubtful in this event if the Doctor could land and take us off when night fell again without being discovered. For the moment I wished that our rifles had been the old style, big caliber, short range guns of our adversaries instead of the high-power 30-30's. In that case the shock of the bullet would in all probability have put our visitor beyond the power to do us further injury. As it was, our bullets had probably drilled through him without smashing any bones, leaving him for the time quite as dangerous as ever. There was to come a time later in the day when I was thankful that the rifles were what they were.





*He had seen us, and already his rifle was at his shoulder. I raised my own and fired*

For upwards of an hour there was no apparent external effect caused by this fusillade of shots. Baldwin and I lay in cover, keeping cautious watch and endeavoring the while to work out the problem of our salvation. At the end of this time no one had appeared and we had at last reached a conclusion. This was to retreat in a direct line from the boulders, keeping the former between us and the islanders. There were two objections to this plan. The first was that we should be obliged to expose ourselves in leaving the cave; the second, that our boulders being near the apex of the point and the enemy's somewhat inside, the continuation of a straight line between the two would bring us into the water a hundred yards away. Yet, unless we were to take some chances, we could not hope for ultimate success, and once we had reached this point, the range would be so great that we trusted our ability to gain the cliff unharmed.

We had decided on this step, then, and Baldwin was making a last survey from the shoreward opening when an exclamation escaped him. I crept to his side. "Look high up on the edge of the cliff, just beyond where the gully cuts in," he said in a low voice. My eye wandered along the edge of the high bluff and encountered nothing. Then, of a sudden, I caught the movement of the grasses at the spot Baldwin had indicated, and, a moment later, a hat-crowned head was thrust out over the edge and surveyed the beach below. For a long time it remained thus, and then it was drawn back, and a moment later its owner, apparently satisfied with the outlook, rose to his knees, rifle in hand, and looked cautiously about him.

He was at a point nearly opposite the boulder, behind which lay our first visitor, yet for all his careful survey he gave no sign of having seen this fellow. Outlined against the sky, he made a splendid mark, even at the three hundred yards which separated us. Yet there is a vast difference between shooting a man in the heat of conflict and deliberately potting him in cold blood. I looked at the skipper and he at me. We neither of us levelled our rifles. The man rose to his feet and stood calmly looking over the ocean.

The fact that he carried a rifle gave every evidence that his intentions were hostile. Our reluctance to take the initiative had

already jeopardized our lives on two occasions and still we hesitated.

"You are the best shot," reiterated Baldwin weakly.

"I'll waive the title," I answered.

"Then we will toss for it," he said grimly. He pulled a coin from his pocket and flipped it.

"Heads," I called. It fell "tails" up. Baldwin sighed his relief. I took up my rifle, elevated the sights a trifle and covered the man on the cliff. Even now I recall that my front sight was nearly the size of his body.

The strength required to pull that trigger seemed enormous. I jerked sharply at it, the sight swerved from the man's body. But the rifle had not gone off. I had simply "flinched" and was the more nervous for it.

Then, before I could draw bead again, a strange thing happened. A shot rang out, and smoke enveloped the boulder which concealed the injured man.

Baldwin uttered an oath. The shot had been to warn the man on the bluff, apparently, for we heard no sound of its bullet. It had succeeded in its purpose, too, it seemed, for the bluff was bare once more. But even as we watched this, a thin puff of smoke blew out from behind the cliff-edge, and a second crash rang out. Scarcely had the sound of it died away, when the man behind the boulder sprang to his feet in a convulsive leap. Even now I can hear his hoarse cry and see his pain and fear distorted face. For a second he stood rigid; arms outstretched above his head, and then he fell forward across the boulder.

The man on the bluff rose to his feet, smoking rifle in hand.

There was that in this tragedy which held us spell-bound for the moment. This man who lay dying on the boulder would have shot us with as little compunction as his fellow had shot him. Yet the warning shot he had fired to save the other's life had been the cause of the loss of his own and at the hands of that other, who had undoubtedly taken him for one of us. In a way, he had given his life for this fellow, and this had been his reward. But even as we stared blankly at him he writhed convulsively, his shoulders twitched, and he raised his head a few inches from the boulder and uttered a harsh choking cry.

"My God, Harry, I can't let him die that

way!" exclaimed Baldwin. Before I could guess his intention, he had dropped his rifle, caught up the water-jug and was running toward the wounded man. I called on him to stop, but he did not heed me. My line of vision took in the man on the bluff. He had seen us, and already his rifle was at his shoulder. In an agony of haste I raised my own and fired. The figure on the cliff leaped convulsively outward, his smoking rifle dropped from his hand. For a moment he seemed suspended in mid-air; then he dropped quickly. His feet struck the steeply sloping wall of clay a good rod below the bluff's edge. Two giant strides he took, and then collapsed into a shapeless object, which came pitching and rolling to the foot of the cliff, where it lay inert.

It all happened in the space of a few seconds. I looked about me and saw to my consternation that I was alone. Baldwin lay face downward in the sand. My shot had been too late after all. I sprang to his side, all thought of the islanders gone. Poor old Baldwin!

Never till that moment had I realized how I had cared for him. I turned him gently over. The blue of his sweater was dyed red over his left breast, yet the wound seemed high up. I caught up the jug, which had landed right side up when he had fallen, and dashed water over his face. The effect was immediate. He groaned, sighed deeply and opened his eyes. The intensity of his emotion still had its hold on him. He looked wildly up at me.

"We must get water to him, Harry," he cried, and attempted to raise himself to a sitting posture. He would have fallen back had I not caught him. Then he clapped his hand to his shoulder and drew it away quickly, covered with his own blood.

"It's all right, old man," I assured him. "They won't bother us any more."

"But the wounded man?" he persisted. I looked behind me; the fellow lay quite still on the boulder.

"He doesn't need water now," I answered.

For a moment he did not speak; then, "It seems I am shot myself," he said quietly. I saw he was himself again.

"A mere scratch," I replied. "If we could get that sweater off I would have a look at it."

"I can't lift my left arm," he said faintly.

"You will have to slit it." I got out my pocket knife and cut the sweater and blood-soaked linen away. The wound was high up; as far as my limited knowledge of surgery went, I guessed that the bullet had broken his collar-bone.

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I washed and bandaged the wound as best I could, Baldwin nearly fainting in the process. Then I got him to his feet and half led, half carried him to the cave, where I propped him up against a boulder.

So busy had I been with this task I had not noticed the gathering darkness. I stepped outside the cave; there was no sign of human presence. The man on the boulder lay quiet; his fellow, as he had fallen, at the foot of the cliff. According to our count there remained but one of the islanders still living, and that one, Cottrell. This was corroborated by the fact, that, although many hours had elapsed since the first shot had been fired on the island, yet but one man had appeared to investigate it.

An overpowering desire came over me to sift this matter to the bottom. Baldwin was now resting without much pain. There was still an hour of daylight. A glance seaward showed me the yacht, which I had quite forgotten for the time, standing in toward the island. In two hours she would be off the point, I reckoned, and immediately thereafter the Doctor would be ashore for us in the tender. I informed Baldwin of my determination. He was sick of the whole matter, he said wearily, but he agreed that now we had gone so far we might better see it through.

I filled the magazine of my rifle, saw to my revolvers and set off for the cliff. The easiest ascent of this appeared to be by way of the gully cut in the face of the clay by some great rain. I scrambled up the bed of this, moving more cautiously as I neared the top. I peered carefully over the edge. The bluff was unguarded; the ground rose back from it, concealing the interior of the island beyond. I stopped to cast a glance at the beach below and out to sea. The scene of the late battle lay as I had left it, in gruesome peace. The "Wanderer" held steadily in with a fresh beam wind. I wondered if the Doctor had his glasses on the island, and waved my gun in the hope that he had and could recognize me.

Then I set off again, climbing the knoll back from the bluff with a view to a reconnaissance before encircling it to lower ground. A few minutes brought me to the top of this. I lay face downward and wormed my way forward until the valley lay before me. There was Cottrell's hovel just as I had left it so unceremoniously the day before, partly concealed by the poplar grove. It seemed deserted.

Between, lay the lake; boggy land stretched from the nearer end of this to the foot of the knoll on which I lay. Bordering the pond at intervals grew the stunted poplars—the only tree on the island that I could see. Once I had reached the lake, these would conceal me from the house until I had gained its dooryard. On my left, the knoll fell away to the lower land of the bight of the bay and then rose somewhat, to form a second and lower knoll over which I had crossed on the previous day. In this depression I hoped to slip unseen into the valley.

Ten minutes later found me in the depression. On reaching the further end of this I came out on the boggy meadow which stretched to the lake. Wild-rose bushes and tufted grass of the bogs concealed me from the house. Crouching low I reached the shelter of a grove of the poplars, which bordered the lake after a few minutes' run. Then, cautiously creeping from clump to clump of these, I came at last to within two hundred feet, perhaps, of the house of Cottrell.

I lay there for a good half hour before venturing nearer, for, it might be, I reasoned, that Cottrell had seen me and but bided his chance to shoot. Night was not far off, now. The swine eyed me stolidly, grunting their disapproval. The ducks swam near where I lay on the edge of the bank, with many curious shakings of head, and all the while there came to me a low rhythmic sound, familiar and yet perplexing, from the direction of the cabin.

For a long time I lay, trying to conjure up the nature of that sound, and, then, of a sudden, I nearly laughed aloud. A grosser intonation had revealed its identity. It was the snore of a man, and it came from the open door.

I sprang to my feet and ran softly to the doorway, revolver in hand. Cautiously I peered in. It was some time before my eyes

became adjusted to the dimness of the interior, yet the snore rose and fell with reassuring regularity.

Soon objects gathered individually out of this dimness. I saw that the floor was of dirt and untidy. Garments hung about on nails; in one corner stood a stove; beside it a table and a broken-legged chair. Last to come to light was a couch which stood in the corner diagonally furthest from the door, and on which lay the author of the snores. A glance at the length and breadth of the man told me it was Cottrell. His great feet were bare, but otherwise he was fully dressed.

An odor of stale liquor shed light on the reasons of his inactivity. I stepped noiselessly into the room. Beside the fellow's bed stood a brown jug. Close against this was the villain's revolver, and leaning against the wall at the head of it stood a rifle. I tiptoed softly to the bedside and put gun and revolver out of reach, then I lifted the jug. It was still half full, I judged by its weight. I turned it upside down, dashed its contents in the face of the sleeper and stepped back.

I think most of the fiery liquor must have gone down the wretch's mouth. He sat up at once, gagging and choking; yet even at this moment this villain had his wits about him. In the same breath that he caught sight of me he reached down with almost incredible quickness for his revolver. I covered him with my own.

"If you had not been in so great a hurry," I said politely, "I could have saved you the trouble."

"And who in the h—l are you?" he blustered.

"I?" I questioned ironically. "Don't you remember me? I represent the owner of the island."

Again, as on the previous day, a fit of uncontrollable anger seized the man. His eyes started from his head in rage. His shoulders twitched spasmodically, and it even seemed to me that foam gathered on his lips—he was like some mad dog.

"You've the best of me now, but wait until Mike and Black Peter come back," he said at last. His voice was like the growl of a caged beast.

"Mike and Black Peter?" I queried politely.

"Yes," he snapped. "You've done for

poor Saunders, but there are three of us left you'll have to account to."

"If I am not mistaken," I said slowly, "Mike and Black Peter will have accounts of their own, the squaring of which will occupy them for some time to come. As for you—," I added, and that was as far as I ever got.

How he did it I shall never know. I was watching him narrowly, mindful of my experiences of the day before. Yet his hand dropped to his breast. Something bright flipped from it and a sharp pain caught me in the side. My eyes wavered from my levelled revolver downward. To my horror the heft of a knife was sticking straight out from my left side.

A faintness grew upon me. The weight of the centuries seemed to be on my shoulders. The low-roofed cabin whirled above me, yet ever before my eyes were twin balls of fire which came slowly nearer; mechanically I held my revolver before me. Something promised eternal rest could I but pull the trigger. Weak-fingered I struggled with it—struggled through aeons of time, and then a spasm shook me. The trigger yielded, and in a blare of light and crash of sound, all things swept upward, and I knew no more.

\* \* \* \* \*

When I came back to things mundane, the kindly, familiar face of the Doctor was bending

over me, a lantern in one hand, a revolver in the other. Near at hand, one arm in a sling, was Baldwin, his face white in the lantern light.

"Where is Cottrell?" I asked. My voice seemed to have shrunk to the merest quaver.

"Alive!" cried the Doctor. Baldwin crowded eagerly nearer.

"Alive?" I echoed in dismay.

"Oh, Cottrell! No. Dead as a door-nail, which we feared you were," he added.

"You can put up your guns, then," I said faintly, "for that finishes the islanders."

\* \* \* \* \*

And so Baldwin came into possession of his island. Much good he got of it. A single night we spent on its accursed shores, and, then, crippled as we were, Baldwin from his broken collar-bone and I from the wound of the knife, which had gone within a inch of my heart, we got aboard the "Wanderer" and made sail for home.

Baldwin still has the deeds of the island. Who its possessor is, or, if it has any, is of no particular interest to him or to the Doctor and myself, his partners in the affair. We have quite had our fill of playing sheriff in a land of no law. Cottrell and his fellows were villains and useless to their age, but after all, they were men, and there are nights when I lay awake and wish I had never seen that island of Baldwin's, lying in its greens and grays with the smiling sea all about it.

## REMEMBER THE NATAL DAY TO KEEP IT HOLY

See here, my friend, just stop that work,  
And consecrate the hour to play;  
It isn't laziness to shirk—  
When "Robert Louis" claims the day.

Put down that impious tool of toil,—  
What! wouldst thou rather curse than pray?  
Let not the world thy Soul despoil,  
For what would "Robert Louis" say?

Renounce fear's bondage—death's employ—  
And harken to a Hero's lay;  
(Brave Voices from those Hills of Joy)  
While "Robert Louis" songs the Way!

So, sing, Great Hearts, and help the world  
More gladness feel, and beauty see;  
High heaven's splendors spread unfurled—  
And life transcends mortality!

—Henry Young Ostrander, M. D.



## A SHORT CUT

*Translated by Robert D. Benedict from  
the Memoirs of the Marshal Vieilleville*

IN the year 1538 the Marshal de Monte Jan, who was governor of Piedmont under King Francis I of France, died. He left no children, and his wife, Philippa de Montespèdon was left a young, beautiful and rich widow at Turin. Not unnaturally, so rich a prize attracted the attention of several of the great nobles of the kingdom. The first to appear was the Marquis de Saluces, a wealthy noble of the North of Italy, who tendered his services to her at Turin. He informed her that he had been summoned to Paris by King Francis and that it would give him pleasure to escort her, if she desired to return thither. The Marechale answered that for the present she was left unprovided with the means to make such a journey with all her suite of the officers of her late husband as well as her own women, all of whom she must take with her when she went. The Marquis perceived that he was thus furnished with an opportunity to put the lady under obligation to him; besides that, the journey would give him many chances of paying court to her, and he at once offered to bear for her the whole expense of the journey and said that he would tarry for her until all her preparations for departure were made.

The lady was shrewd enough to see that the Marquis had his eye upon her person and her property; but his person found no favor in her eyes, for, though he was rich, he was an Italian, swarthy, tanned, ungraceful, heavy and pot-bellied. Possibly she was acquainted with the old story of Patient Griselda and remembered that it was a Marquis de Saluces who, as Griselda's husband, subjected her patience to the severe tests which were related in the old story, and did not propose to give to the successor of that Marquis an opportunity to put her patience to such tests. But she had sufficient confidence in her own powers to think that, without actually committing herself, she could keep him in hope during the journey; and she therefore, with apparent hesitation, accepted his offer, as-

sureing him that she was and would be sensible of his kindness.

The news that the Marquis had arrived at Turin and was delaying there, and that he and the Marshal's widow were to travel to Paris together, soon reached the Court at Paris. It was accompanied by the addition which rumor made to it, that their arrival in Paris was to be followed by their marriage. King Francis was pleased to hear the report, for he considered that such a marriage would bind the Marquis firmly to France, and his large possessions and power in the North of Italy would thereby be prevented from being thrown against France in the long and bitter quarrel between the Emperor Charles V of Germany and himself, which, although for the present quiet, Francis had in mind shortly to renew.

At last the Marquis and the widow set out on their journey from Turin, the lady taking with her all the servants of her late husband as well as her own. Her acceptance of the offer of the Marquis to escort her and furnish the necessary expense of the journey emboldened him to think that his more important offer was sure to be accepted, and during the journey he arranged and directed everything as if the marriage agreement had been signed, and even went so far as to tell her that it would be necessary for her to discharge all the servants and officers of her late husband and to reduce her own by half and especially not to keep so many women about her. In fact, besides the ladies and damsels in her train, she had fifteen or sixteen maids and workwomen.

In due time the company arrived at Lyons, where the Marquis tarried twelve days, making preparations to arrive at Court in such array as befitted both his rank and his expectations. He appreciated the prize which he was seeking so highly that he was quite sure others would be seeking it as well as himself, and he had determined to keep a close watch upon the lady, so that he might be at

once informed of the appearance of any other aspirant and be able to take measures to bring to naught any plan which was opposed to his own. But his watchfulness was not sufficient for the occasion.

The Marechale had a cousin in Paris, by name, De Vieilleville. He was a very shrewd and prudent man, in good favor at Court, a good servant of the King to whom he gave wise counsel as well as service as long as Francis I lived and to his successor after him, and his services to the throne finally raised him to the rank of Marshal of France. He had a great affection for his cousin the Marechale de Monte Jan, and he wished for her a very different future than that which would come from this marriage to an Italian, and he wrote to her from Paris, sending his letter by a trusty messenger who put the letter in her hands without any knowledge of it on the part of the Marquis de Saluces. He wrote to the Marechale that the story of her approaching marriage to the Marquis had come to Paris and that the King was very much pleased to hear it because of the advantage which it would give to him; the King apparently thinking that she was going to marry more for the service of the King than for her own advantage. But, he wrote, for himself he did not and could not believe the story, for she was indebted to him for arranging her first marriage for her, and he could not believe that she had so soon desired a second one without having done him the honor of informing him about it, and therefore he had sent this messenger expressly to ask her, very humbly, to enlighten him, and he closed his letter by telling her that his messenger might be trusted like himself. Besides this letter he gave her an intimation, through the trusty messenger, that he was going to arrange a marriage for her which would be much more suitable and satisfactory for her.

The Marechale wrote him in answer that she thanked him for the good opinion of her which he had expressed and which she should never do anything to forfeit. She must admit, she said, that the death of her late husband had left her in great straits, but by God's goodness she had been able to return to France without having made any pledge, agreement or contract with any living man. She could not marvel enough that the King could think that she was going to gain him

servants at the expense of her own good fortune and even of her pleasure and will; for she would never become an Italian, and if she had to become such, the Marquis de Saluces was the last one of the nobles of Italy whom she would take, for many reasons, some of which she would tell him when she met him, but the principal one was that he never had and never would have a French soul, but was deceiving the King in that regard. She added that she had considered private the word which the messenger had brought her, which showed her that her cousin was thinking of her and looking out for her advantage, for which she thanked him with all her heart, "having no other recompense to offer you," she said, "but to assure you that you will always find me your much-obliged cousin and very affectionate friend at your service, Philippa de Montespedon."

When, after sufficient stay at Lyons to make due preparation for a suitable appearance at Court, the Marquis was ready to proceed on their journey, he proposed to Philippa that, instead of making the journey of three or four hundred miles to Paris on horseback, they should make part of it on the water. This was agreeable to her, and the party rode to Roanne, about forty miles west of Lyons, where they could take boats on the river Loire, which from that place runs a little west of north about two hundred and fifty miles, making a great bend, after which it takes its westerly course to the ocean at Nantes. At Roanne, the Marquis hired six large boats, on which the party embarked with their baggage. The Marquis had employed cooks and servants, so that there would be no need of landing as they went down the river, and he had brought with him from Lyons a number of violin-players in order that music might not only lessen the tedium of the voyage but also, so he thought, in some measure dull the pain which the Marechale would be feeling for the loss of her late husband. The voyage down the river was made pleasant not only by the music of the violins, but, for the Marquis, by the rising brightness of his hopes for the success of his matrimonial plan, and for the lady by the secret thought that the Marquis was about to find at last that his hopes had been deceitful and that his prize had escaped him.

De Vieilleville had kept himself informed

of the progress of the party down the river, and on the evening when the voyage ended he came to Corbeil, about twenty-five miles south of Paris, with an escort of about eighty horses. He sent word of his approach to the Marechale and received from her the advice to join the party at Juvisy, where they were to dine next day. This he did and was received by her and the Marquis with polite salutations, mutual compliments and much conversation about the pleasantness of the journey.

The Marechale, seeing that the time had come to put an end to the comedy which she had played, called aside *Sieur Plessis au Chat*, who had been the head-steward of her husband's household and had served as such on the journey, and told him that, as they were to reach Paris early next day, she wished him so to arrange things at the start that her train should be all together and not mingled with the train of the Marquis, and that when they reached the St. Marceau gate of Paris, her people should not pass through the gate, but should turn aside toward the St. Jacques gate, and when they were all upon that road, should stop till she joined them after having taken leave of the Marquis.

The troupe, as they went toward Paris, made a fine show. They rode up to the St. Marceau gate two abreast; *Plessis au Chat* riding at the head of his party, which followed him in single file. As they came to the gate, he turned into the road which led under the walls to the other gate. He was followed by his troupe, and when they were fairly on the road, they halted for their mistress. The Marquis rode up with her, and, thinking they had missed their way, called out, "Where are you going?" The Marechale stopped her horse and in answer said: "Sir! they are going right, and where they ought to go. Your quarters and mine are in different parts of the city, and my honor commands me not to stay with you, but to separate from you, which is the reason that I now take leave of you for the present, but not without thanking you, very humbly, sir, for the good company which you have been pleased to afford me. As to my part of the expense of the journey I have it all written down. Your steward and *Plessis au Chat* will arrange that, so that within eight days you and I will be quits: I mean as far as money is concerned; for as to my

obligation to you it will be perpetual, and I do not think I shall ever be able to free myself from it. I beg of you to believe that this separation is only of our bodies, for I leave you my heart, of which please take good care." And with that she gave him a kiss, saying, "Adieu, Sir! We will see each other tomorrow at Court."

The Marquis was so astonished at this sudden change of affairs that he could hardly speak a word. Heavy sighs, speaking for him, showed plainly enough what pain was touching his heart, but he recovered himself, and looking at her with an eye which showed anything but love, he said to her: "Madame, your words had touched me to the heart, but your last words and the kiss with which you have honored me have given me cheer, though I find this change and your sudden determination very strange. Tomorrow, as you say, we shall see each other, but remember the promises which you have made me. Adieu, Madame!" Thereupon they separated and went to their separate quarters.

That evening *De Vieilleville* presented to the Marechale the Prince of La Roche-sur-Yon, a brother of the Duke de Montpensier, saying: "Madame, this is the gentleman of whom I sent word to you at Lyons by my messenger. If you will trust me, you will before many days make him master of your person and your property, for delay in the matter is dangerous."

The same advice came to the widow from another quarter. Marshal *Danneband*, who had succeeded her husband in the government of Piedmont, had also cast his eye toward the widow and concluded that he would be glad to be the successor of Marshal *Monte Jan*, not only in his governmental but his marital relations, and he wrote to the Dauphiness, asking her to favor his desire, and giving her several good reasons why the match with him should be arranged. The Dauphiness willingly undertook the matter, and, sending for the Marechale, laid before her the proposition advising her to accept it.

The lady thanked the Dauphiness for her kindness and said that she regretted that the matter had not been brought before her at an earlier period, that she had had another proposal, as to which matters had gone so far that she could hardly "draw her pin out of the game" and that the suitor was one who would not be unsatisfactory to the

Dauphiness, as he was of kin to her. "He is," said she, "the Prince of La Roche-sur-Yon, and my cousin, M. De Vieilleville has put the irons in the fire about the matter so far that I cannot back out of it."

The Dauphiness was satisfied, said she would say no more about it and advised her to hasten the matter, because she knew that the king was strongly in favor of the marriage with the Marquis de Saluces, and there was danger that he might interpose his absolute authority in order to bring it about.

If the Marquis sought to have the King use his authority in the matter his wish had not been granted. He was not idle, however. He visited the lady every day, but he always found the Prince of La Roche-sur-Yon in previous occupation of the ground, and this became such a grievance to him that, with the approval of the King, he had the lady summoned to appear before the Parliament of Paris, which had judicial powers, and which he asked to make a decree that she should keep the promise, which he asserted she had made, to give him her hand in marriage. A conference was held between her, the Prince and her cousin, De Vieilleville, as to the best way to meet this attack, and the course suggested to her by De Vieilleville, who was wise and fertile in expedients, was agreed upon. So, on the appointed day, the lady appeared in the Court, accompanied by De Vieilleville and a large train of nobles and gentlemen and ladies, young and old.

The character of the proceeding insured a full attendance of the members of the Parliament. The president took his seat, and the clerk prepared to write down the answers which the lady should give to the interrogatories which would be addressed to her. At the direction of the president she appeared at the bar, and having taken oath with the uplifted hand, the president put the question to her, if she had not promised marriage to the Marquis de Saluces. The Marquis, who was present, listened intently for her answer, which she gave without hesitation, that she had given no such promise. The clerk wrote down her answer, and the president was proceeding to put another interrogatory, when the Marechale interrupted him.

"Gentlemen," said she, addressing not the president only but all the members of the Parliament, "I was never before in the presence of justice, as I am now, which makes

me fear lest I go astray in answering questions. But in order to break away from all the niceties with which you know how to divide words, I say to you and declare before you, gentlemen, and all here present, that I swear to God and the King—to God, on peril of the eternal damnation of my soul, and to the King, on peril of the loss of my honor and my life—that I never gave to the Marquis Ichan-Loys de Saluces any word or promise of marriage, and moreover I never in my life thought of doing so. And," she proceeded, "if there is any one who will say the contrary, here (and she took De Vieilleville by the hand) is my champion, whom I proffer to maintain my word, which he knows is true and uttered by the mouth of a lady of truth and honor. And I hope, trusting in God and my right, that he will make any such man admit, saving the presence of the Court, that he has lied like a villain."

The trial by combat was not then obsolete, but it was not frequently resorted to, and this bold appeal to it by the lady was greeted by the audience with a buzz of surprise and interest.

"This puts a different face on the matter," said the president. "Mr. Clerk, you may as well put away your writing materials, for as I look at it there is no more question of writings. Madame La Marechale has taken another road which is much shorter. Well, Monsieur," said he, addressing the Marquis, "what do you say to this proposition?"

The Marquis perceived at once that he was beaten. The strength and skill of De Vieilleville were well known, and he immediately saw that if he should accept this ordeal of battle, clumsy as he was, he was more likely to occupy the principal place at a funeral than at a wedding, and he replied to the president's question, "I do not want to take a wife by force, and if she does not want me, neither do I want her," and with a bow he left the courtroom.

De Vieilleville at once took up the matter and asked the Court if Madame La Marechale was not free to make a marriage agreement with whomsoever she pleased, since the Marquis had, by his own speech, abandoned his claim. The Court answered that she was free to do so. "Then, gentlemen," said he, "if it will please you to appear at the residence of Archdeacon Hardaz, we shall find there the Prince of La Roche-sur-

Yon, accompanied by the Duke D'Estampes, the Duke de Rohan and the Duke de Gye, who are waiting there for the betrothal, and the Bishop of Angiers there ready to perform the ceremony."

But the members of the Parliament made excuse, saying that they would deputize some of their number to report to the King what had occurred at that assembly. And so the Marechale with her train of friends took their leave. As they passed out, one of the members of the Parliament said in a low voice to De Vieilleville: "You had work for six months cut out for you if you had not thrown this challenge to combat across the road, for the Marquis had prepared a list of forty questions to put to Madame La Marechale about all that she had ever said to him or to his people; about the kisses which she had given him on their journey, especially the one which she gave him at the St. Marceau gate; and, among other things, about a promise made by her to give to St. Julien, the Mar-

quis' counsellor, a chain worth five hundred crowns to wear at her wedding."

"Well," answered De Vieilleville, "she is a French woman, who is able to get the better of a hundred Italians."

"That is not it," said the other, "you are a shrewd adviser, and have carried out the affair so as to finish it up in less than an hour, and have got the lady out of a real mud-hole. Now go and perfect the betrothal."

So they separated, and Madame La Marechale went at once where the ceremony of betrothal was performed, and three or four days afterward she and the Prince were married at the Church of the Augustins by the Cardinal de Bourbon, but without any great display, as she was a widow.

The marriage proved to be a happy one, and the Prince and his wife always felt themselves much indebted to De Vieilleville, whose shrewdness and courage had brought it about, notwithstanding the covert opposition of the King himself.

## GLAUBENS WUNDERLIED

*(Faith's Wonder Song)*

OUT under the stars of night's glory,  
Through the dark as I wandered along,  
My heart heard the words of His story—  
And my soul set their music to song!

Yes, I know, down the time-endless ages,  
Forever through eternity,  
I shall yet hear those pæans of praises  
Still lifting their anthems to Thee!

Still ringing through sorrow, truth's gladness—  
Chimes of joy rung from depths of despair;  
Sweetly singing love's hope through life's sadness,  
In hymns to a heavenly air!

So I'll trust in God's night-hidden glory,  
Though its splendor I cannot all see;  
For the words of that star-written story  
Make a meaning immortal to me!

—Henry Young Ostrander.



# The Puyallup Valley

By W. H. PAULHAMUS



THREE-YEAR-OLD HILL OF EVERGREEN BLACKBERRIES, 50 FEET FROM TIP TO TIP  
Showing Mount Tacoma in background

THE word Puyallup (pronounced Pu-all-up—with the accent on 'all') is derived from the language of the Puyallup Indians, who have a reservation adjoining the city of Tacoma on the east and extending to within two miles of the city of Puyallup. The word signifies "under the shadow"—under the shadow of Mount Tacoma, which is but forty miles away. Tacoma (or Tahoma) means "nourishing mother." This mountain was primitively held by the Puyallup Indians to be the throne and abode of the Great Spirit—under the shadow of whose snowy solitudes they felt themselves assured of His protecting care. While these Indians are designated as a tribe and while they have a reservation assigned to them, yet in their mode of dress and habits of life they are not Indians in the sense that the average Eastern reader understands that term, but are a civilized group who have had their land allotted to them in severalty and are now living as Americans, many of whom are highly intelligent, well educated and wealthy. Having the right to sell their property, it is gradually passing into the hands of white men who are building modern homes upon it. The Puyallup Valley proper extends from the mouth of the Puyallup River, which empties into Commencement Bay at Tacoma, to the town of Orting, a distance of some

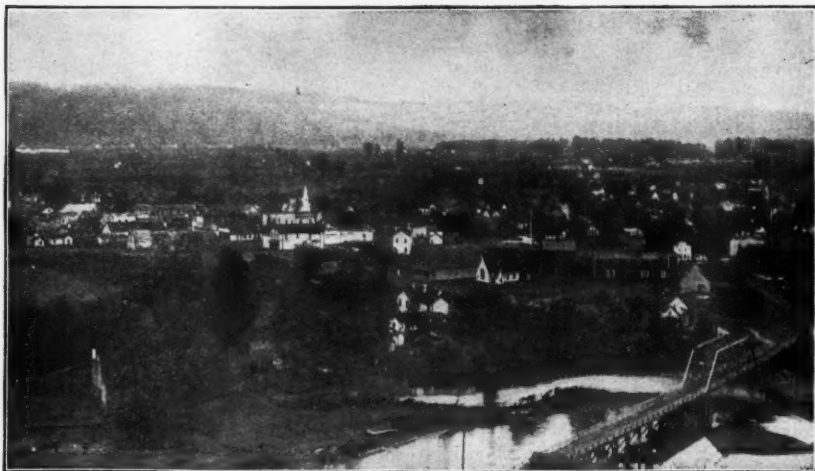
twenty miles to the southeast, and consists of many thousand acres of the most productive land on which the sun ever shone. The soil and climatic conditions of the Puyallup Valley produce a larger variety of fruits and vegetables to the highest possible standard than any similar area within the boundaries of the United States.

The towns of Puyallup, Sumner and Orting, and the villages of Alderton and McMillan all are in the Puyallup Valley, each of which has first-class schools and a happy, contented and prosperous population. The Northern Pacific, Great Northern, Union Pacific and the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railroads traverse the Puyallup Valley. These railroad facilities enable the farmers and fruit growers to market their products in every part of the great Northwest.

Twenty years ago the chief industry of the Puyallup Valley was hops. In 1882 hops grown in the Puyallup Valley sold for \$1.10 per pound. When the reader is told that it costs but nine cents a pound to produce them, and that in those days an average yield was two thousand pounds to the acre, it is not hard to estimate how great were the profits of the hop growers that year. If hops should bring \$1.10 a pound every year, the people of the Puyallup Valley would not resort to any other crop, but the unfortunate

feature of the hop industry is that while the price may be extremely high one year there often occurs a series of years when the price is below the cost of production. For this reason the residents of this valley cast about for an industry that would be less precarious. Any industry that yields an abnormal profit one year, to be followed by a loss for the next two or three years is not stable or satisfactory. When the hops sold for a high price the farmers all bought fine horses, buggies, pianos, and all kinds of luxuries. Many of them took out \$5,000 to \$50,000 tontine life insurance policies; but with a bad year or two the life insurance policies lapsed and the

Tacoma, Seattle and other neighboring cities. They come both for pleasure and the recreation which the outing affords, and for the purpose of earning enough money to provide the children with shoes and clothes for the coming school season. In the early days of the berry industry the price was very low and there was a question whether the industry would survive. Only the local markets were available, and any day that these were overstocked the price fell below the cost of the crate and the picking. As is the case always under such conditions, the growers realized the necessity of either expanding their markets or of plowing up their



OVERLOOKING VALLEY AT SUMNER

luxurious personal effects were covered with chattel mortgages.

Some fifteen years ago one of the hop growers planted a few red raspberry and blackberry sprouts, and this was the beginning of what is today the chief industry of the Puyallup Valley. The fields that were formerly covered with hops are now producing berries. The hop-picking season of the valley has now changed to the berry-picking season. To pick the hops Indians were imported, often from as far as a thousand miles away. They came by the hundreds, and in the fall of the year the entire valley was alive with the various tribes of Indians. Today in the harvesting of the berry crop the same number of people are employed, but it is the mother and her children from

vines. It was then decided to organize an association through which their fruit might be marketed in a thoroughly systematic manner. And instead of each community organizing a separate association of its own, the berry growers of the entire valley met and decided to organize but *one* association through which the entire crop should be handled.

The first year this organization was established the entire yield of the various small yards of the valley did not exceed five thousand crates. However, with the organization established, it was soon found that east of the Puyallup Valley—in the states of Idaho, Montana, North and South Dakota and in Manitoba—thousands of people were making money from grain and other pur

suits, but could not grow sufficient fruit to supply their requirements. These markets, one after another, were gradually developed by the Fruit Growers' Association until today at least two hundred thousand crates of berries annually are produced in the Puyallup Valley and successfully marketed in the territory described. Nor is the demand in these same markets nearly supplied. To the average fruit grower the marketing of red raspberries might at first thought appear to be a hazardous business; yet, incredible as it may seem, the Puyallup Valley red raspberry can be shipped under refrigeration to markets fully two thousand miles away, arriving at destination in first-class condition. For example, the president of the Fruit Growers' Association has before him two letters from widely separated points, both of which are even more than two thousand miles from this valley. The association sold carloads of red raspberries, at so much per crate f. o. b. Puyallup or Sumner, to a well-known firm of Lincoln, Nebraska. It occurred to the president that it might be a good idea to put into one of the Lincoln, Nebraska, cars a complimentary crate for Hon. William J. Bryan, the well-known Democratic leader. That the raspberries were received by the family at "Fairview," the following letter from Mrs. Bryan attests:

Fairview, Lincoln, Nebraska, June 30, 1909.

MR. W. H. PAULHAMUS, PUYALLUP, WASHINGTON.

Dear Mr. Paulhamus:

As Mr. Bryan will not be home until September, I write to thank you for the crate of red raspberries which you so kindly sent, and which reached us in excellent condition. We are enjoying them very much. MRS. WM. J. BRYAN.

On the same day that the crate of berries was sent to Mr. Bryan, at Lincoln, Nebraska, one of the growers, Mr. J. H. McCord, who is shipper No. 255, put a note in one of his own crates of red raspberries delivered to the association, which read as follows: "I would be pleased to have the recipient report the condition of the berries in this crate on their arrival at destination." Mr. McCord had no idea where his berries would be shipped by the association, but within a reasonable space of time he received the following card:

Port Arthur, Ontario, July 28, 1909.

MR. J. H. MCCORD, PUYALLUP, WASHINGTON, U. S. A.

Dear Sir:

Received crate containing raspberries grown by you. They arrived in Port Arthur July 23rd and were in excellent condition. My uncle is a commission man located here. I hope that I may learn more about Puyallup through you. MISS ETHEL BROOKS,

16 College St., Port Arthur, Ontario, Canada.



#### TYPICAL SCENES

- (1) Scene at Valley Fair, 1908
- (2) Interurban Car, Tacoma-Puyallup Line
- (3 and 4) Evergreen Blackberry Fields

If the reader will refer to a map of the United States, locating Lake Superior, and tracing the border of the lake to its north-west point, he will find the city of Port Arthur. Here is submitted absolute proof of the carrying quality of the red raspberries of the Puyallup Valley. Two crates grown in the same community under the same weather conditions, reach consumers two thousand miles apart in excellent condition. The one sent to William J. Bryan, as has been stated, was put in a refrigerator car consigned to Lincoln, Nebraska. The other one, consumed at Port Arthur, was undoubtedly put in a refrigerator car consigned to Winnipeg, at which point it was necessary to take it out of refrigeration and ship it by ordinary express to Port Arthur. No other red raspberry grown will stand twenty-five per cent. of the "punishment" that the Puyallup Valley berry can stand.

The blackberries grown in this valley can be shipped fully as far and with equally as good results; in fact, it is now an assured fact that within the next two years not only the red raspberries of the Puyallup Valley, but the blackberries as well, will be marketed in the city of New York.

Mr. G. Harold Powell, Pomologist in charge of Refrigeration for the Department of Agriculture of Washington, D. C., has just completed an investigation of conditions in the Puyallup Valley, the government's object being to assist the Fruit Growers' Association in prolonging the life of its berries in transit by better refrigeration. It is Mr. Powell's opinion that the limit of the shipping quality of the berries, if they are properly picked, is defined only by the Atlantic Ocean. If this is true, the berry industry of the Puyallup Valley is but in its infancy. Ten years ago the output was 5,000 crates; today it is 200,000 crates. If the percentage of increase in the next decade shall be equal to that of the last, the berry production will then have reached into the millions of crates.

An average crop per acre of red raspberries is about three hundred crates; of blackberries, four to six hundred crates. The cost of picking, per crate, is thirty cents; the crate itself costs sixteen cents, making a total of forty-six cents. The association makes a charge of six cents per crate for distributing the fruit, making the collections and disbursing the receipts. The total cost to the grower, aside from taking care of his

ground and bushes, is, therefore, fifty-two cents. When these berries average the grower \$1.25 per crate, from which must be deducted the fifty-two cents, it leaves a very good revenue per acre. From five acres a person of average intelligence can derive an income that is at once larger and in the nature of its acquirement very much more satisfactory than is that received by ninety-nine per cent. of the men holding salaried positions in our cities. In addition to this, one has an independent life in the open air, which is beneficial not alone to health but which is largely free from cares and worries—just such a life as almost every thoughtful person would wish to live.

In conjunction with the bush fruits that can be so successfully grown in the Puyallup Valley, the poultry industry can be carried on with great success. Berry growers can afford to keep a flock of chickens for the good they do in the berry fields, even though the chickens should produce no. a single egg. But with the egg and poultry markets of Seattle and Tacoma always in a lively condition, the poultry business is of itself a most profitable one in the Puyallup Valley. On a five-acre berry farm the owner can also have a five-acre poultry farm. And instead of the chickens doing harm, they add greatly to the productiveness of both the red raspberry and blackberry bushes; for they cannot reach the fruit, and by scratching they keep a dusty mulch on top of the ground, which holds the moisture in the soil and thus appreciably promotes the health and growth of the vine and its fruit.

The great objection to the old method of farming was the "one crop and the one payday" system. In the Puyallup Valley this system does not exist. Its farmers and fruit growers have diversified their business. Revenue from some source comes in every month of the year. In December, January, February and March, when prices are highest, they have eggs for the market; in April, May and June, broilers, rhubarb and asparagus; in June and July, gooseberries, currants, red raspberries and cherries; in August, September and October, cherries, plums, blackberries and early apples; in September, October and November, blackberries, apples, pears and potatoes. Any one of the products mentioned reaches the maximum of production and the perfection of quality in the Puyallup Valley.



**T**HIS month's Cosy Corner mail brought "Our Office Boy's Philosophy of Life," and with it a letter from one of the Cosy Corner guild, Mr. George A. Fiel, of Waltham, Massachusetts.

"Won't you please give me the bright side of the enclosed selection? With the Chapple optimism it would make very pleasant reading."

\* \* \*

The family gathered together about the hearth, and in the glow of the firelight the matter was duly read aloud by the Captain, who sits in the chimney corner, tongs in hand, and picks up stray embers as they fall.

#### "OUR OFFICE BOY'S PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE"

"Did it ever occur to you that a man's life is full of crosses and temptations?"

"He comes into the world without his consent, and goes out against his will, and the trip between is exceedingly rocky.

"When he is little, the big girls kiss him; when he is big, the little girls kiss him. If he is poor, he is a bad manager; if he is rich, he is dishonest. If he needs credit, he can't get it; if he is prosperous, everyone wants to do him a favor.

"If he is in politics, it is for graft; if he is out of politics, he is no good to the country. If he doesn't give to charity, he is a stingy cuss; if he does, it is for show. If he is actively religious, he is a hypocrite; if he takes no interest in religion, he is a hardened sinner.

"If he gives affection, he is a soft specimen; if he cares for no one, he is cold blooded. If he dies young, there was a great future for him; if he lives to an old age, he misses his calling.

"If you save money, you're a grouch.

If you spend it, you're a loafer.

If you get it, you're a grafter.

If you don't get it, you're a bum.

So what t'ell's the use?"

\* \* \*

It was frankly suggested, in the first place, that "Our Office Boy's Philosophy" had all the earmarks and body brands of an old steer on the range, and not of any yearling. If such sentiments have come from a bona-fide office boy, he must be the most phenomenally, abnormally, precocious, worldly-wise, cynical and blase office boy in existence. It hardly seems possible that even an American office boy could formulate so bitter an arraignment of human life, its origin, development and termination. Possibly he was only an office boy in name—he may have been one of those individuals who has never risen higher than his "first job," and who lives but to rail at the free-for-all contest for place or profit which is one phase of human life. If such be his case, it was decided that a vote of sympathy be passed for the office boy.

But if he be a real office boy—young, healthy, with red blood coursing through his veins—the circle about the hearth desire to talk the matter over with him, face to face. Rosy-cheeked, blue-eyed, the firelight gleam-



ing on his yellow hair, he seems to stand before us.

Did it ever occur to us, dear boy, that a man's life is full of crosses and temptations?

If you were a publisher instead of an office boy, you would not waste time asking such a question. If we allowed ourselves to worry over the cussedness of inanimate things—if we forgot the teachings of sainted mothers in regard to profanity, every time we are up against stupidity or carelessness—we should become nervous wrecks upon the sands of time, instead of busy publishers. Crosses!

Did it ever occur to *you*, most dolorous of office boys, that you would not have enjoyed your latest baseball game if you had not run yourself out of breath to make your home run, or caught out a batter at a critical moment at the cost of a lame wrist or broken finger? Was there ever a bit of work or play, which you really enjoyed, that had not in it an element of uncertainty as to success, or that did not cost you something in worry, effort, self-denial and temptation—yet, in the end, even in your eyes, was it not “worth while”?

You say “he comes into the world without his consent and goes out against his will, and the trip between is exceedingly rocky”—the old, world-wide complaint, expressed by that imperial pearl of poetic pessimists:

“Into this Universe and Why not knowing,  
Nor whence like water willy-nilly flowing;  
And out of it as wind along the waste—  
I know not whither, willy-nilly blowing.

“What, without asking, hither hurried *whence*?  
And without asking whither hurried hence!  
Oh, many a cup of this forbidden wine  
Must drown the memory of that insolence.”

In precisely the same way came into life the birds, the beasts, the fish, that die for our needs or live to serve and delight us; the flowers, the foliage, the fruits and vegetables that rejoice or refresh us—it is the scheme of all things that has been pretty well tested in a much longer span of time than the life of one little office boy. Even a lad who counts himself very wise should not face life with less fortitude than is shown by a cow or a bird. Love and happiness prepared and greeted your coming. A father's care and a mother's tenderness guarded your helplessness, and your parents were proud of your increasing reason and strength. The joyous, radiant gayety of childhood gave you hundreds of days of ease

and pleasure. The state, the town, the church and school sheltered you from evil and oppression, and sought to train you in wisdom and virtue.

If the way be rocky, there is much to lighten it, and much to make the journey pleasant if one would only be brave and determine to go on manfully and cheerily to the end, remembering that every road must be ballasted with rocks, and on the road of life the rocky experiences are the best of all possible ballast and afford a firm foothold.

“When he is little, the big girls kiss him,” bless his heart! “When he is big, the little girls kiss him”—silly fellow, did he expect the *big* girls to kiss him without due and gallant invitation? Let him consider himself lucky that *any* girls kiss him unsolicited. What would be the value of kisses anyway, unless some effort were used to obtain them?

“If he is poor, he is a bad manager.” Sometimes that is true. “If he is rich, he is dishonest.” This is rarely said openly without some reason, and if untrue it is usually said by the envious or discontented, and in underhand ways.

“If he needs credit, he can't get it; if he is prosperous, everyone wants to do him a favor.” Credit means a man's own standing and responsibility, and in financial operations a poor man possesses no credit, in a business sense. Consider the wide expansion of credit houses—there is no man, however poor or unknown, who cannot get credit somewhere if he is foolish enough to want it.

The rich man receives no “favors” for which he does not give value, or is not expected to give due consideration in some way. Probably in the way of groceries, rents, doctor's bills, etc., the poor receive credit to the extent of many millions annually, a large proportion of which is never paid and utterly unappreciated. Many a poor man has blessings in his family which the rich one never knows.

“If he is in politics, it is for graft.” This isn't said of ten per cent of the hundreds of thousands of office-holders in the country.

Those who come into contact with men in public life know that there is but the smallest percentage of office-holders and politicians in this country who are open to the imputation of dishonesty. It is a popular theme in conversation, but the fact is that the general tone of politics today is far better

than people wish to believe. Politics are nothing more than what the people themselves make them—at least in the United States.

"If he is out of politics, he is no good to the country." Though clumsily expressed, this is true in the sense that every citizen of a republic owes it to himself and his country that he should take an intelligent, and when necessary, an active part in politics.

"If he doesn't give to charity, he is a stingy cuss." "Well, who denizes of it?" as Sairy Gamp would say. After the death of a so-called stingy man it is often found that he has done a great many generous things—at least, he cannot be accused of having given charity for show; if even the office did not hear of it, it is certain that his charity was not known to the general public. Too often the judgment of an office boy is determined by how much of the booty fell to his own portion.

"If he is actively religious, he is a hypocrite," is seldom said of the average church member. Even if one-half of the active church members are hypocrites, let us believe that the remainder are doing work which would win even the commendation of a cynical office boy, who probably goes to Sunday School just in time to get a ticket for the annual picnic or a gift from the Christmas tree.

"If he takes no interest in religion, he is a hardened sinner."

In these days of broadening tolerance, this is said more in sorrow than in anger, for he who neglects religious thought and duties cannot fail to deteriorate in all the higher qualities of manhood, though many a noble life has been lived that was never thrown into the limelight of publicity, and never came within the ken of office boys.

"If you save money, you're a grouch;

If you spend it, you're a loafer;

If you get it, you're a grafter;

If you don't get it, you're a bum—

So what t'ell's the use?"

This final quinquain tells the whole story—it is the querulous refrain of thousands of persons who are continually sitting in judgment upon their neighbors, and who complain that the world is hard, and are likely always to find it so. What if a few cowardly, discontented people or a few writers who ought to have nobler ambitions, and who might well place their views of life and of human wisdom on a higher plane mumble this

thought? It is true that we must have the evil with the good, pain with pleasure, danger with victory, weariness and exposure with enterprising and successful adventure. Who cares for water when he is not thirsty, or what is more precious than the crystal spring when the lips are parched and the heart fainting with thirst? How one remembers the rough fare that came after deprivation and fatigue, and the dreamless delicious sleep that followed upon utter weariness of body!

Wake up, O dolorous office boy! Tear up your bogus philosophy and "forget it." It will never bring you courage, manliness, truth, honesty, love, cheerfulness, health or success. It is of the breed of half-truths which are ten times more dangerous than whole-cloth lies—"A lie that is half a truth is ever the worst of lies."

There are great evils, misfortunes, dangers, injustices, oppressions, in this mortal life, which we are bound to do our part to lessen and abolish if we can and to endure manfully if we must. Many more and much greater calamities and sufferings have been endured for us by men and women whose very names are forgotten—those who but died that we might be free in body and mind, in word and deed. Only an office boy, who can never hope to rise to the full measure of a man, can accept your moping, disconsolate "philosophy of life," and saying, "So what t'ell's the use," stroke the "tresses of the cypress slender minister of wine," which delighted our old poet Omar Khayyam, or strike the Dutch bartender for "lager and pretzels," and become a mere cipher in the splendid sum of human achievement in our day and generation.

\* \* \*

## NEWS FROM THE NORTH POLE

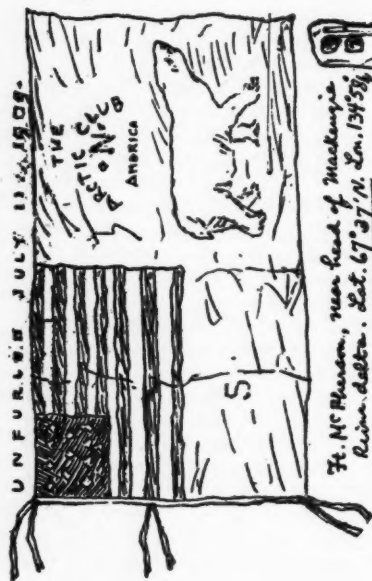
LOTTE STRONG

"Who discovered the North Pole?" seems likely to be listed with such unanswerable interrogations as "How old is Ann?" "Who struck Billy Patterson?" and "Which came first—the hen or the egg?" It is comfortable and satisfactory to believe that the Stars and Stripes now form the top-most decoration of the globe, but outside of that gratification the ownership of that frozen circle of earth is of little importance to the layman. But the scientists, like hungry Eskimo dogs fighting for the own-

DRAWING BY AN ARCTIC EXPLORER ON THE BACK OF A POSTAL CARD



\* Cross-hatching denotes habitat of Wood Bison.  
 ..... Dotted line denotes Mountain Goats habitat of Musk-Ox.



Fr. McPherson, near head of Mackenzie River delta. Lat. 67° 37' N. Lon. 134° 58' W.

Descending Mackenzie, crossed Circle July 11, reaching Delta July 12; met 12 familiar Eskimo, mostly from Herschel Is. and coast points eastward, who report Stefansson & Anderson still on Alaska coast; safe but shy on provisions, and desire of reaching Davis Land. No news here or at Herschel Is. of Capt. Bernier, Canadian Sta. "Arctic", who is understood to be endeavoring to make NW passage via Mc Cleure or Prince & Weber straits. No whaling reported Herschel Is. 1908-9, but one or two vessels are expected there next month. One returning in four days to vicinity Fort Smith, Slave R., & names study of food items and have already gathered much valuable data. Expect some time next year to enter Barren Grounds N.E. of Great Slave Lake.

Kent regards.  
 H. V. Radford.



ESKIMO FISH-HOOKS OF IVORY  
 MACKENZIE DELTA.



This illustration shows the fine pen work done by a hardy explorer on the back of a postal card. It shows in miniature the flag that is given to all the members when they start out on their journeys to the far north. It also has news of Cook's discovery of the North Pole. M. Radford, who wrote the postal, is in the Arctic circle hunting wood bison for scientific purposes.

ership of a frozen bone, will doubtless wrangle all their lives on this disputed point. There is some wonderment that both men said to have discovered the coveted point on the earth's surface hail from Brooklyn, but anyone who has witnessed or been a victim of the daily crushes on the Brooklyn Bridge can readily believe that a man inured to such hardship might reach almost anything to be secured by hard shoving. If Brooklyn training will make good explorers, it looks as though the city might become famous for other things than churches and go-carts.

A few days after the news of the two discoveries of the North Pole reached me, I made up my mind to call at the headquarters of the Arctic Club in New York City. Entering a narrow hall at 132 East 23d Street, I pushed a button and informed the Club, in some remote part of the building, that I was on an exploring expedition and hoped to arrive at their headquarters. At the top of the stairs a young lady greeted me and ushered me into a little office, flooded with a sea of papers, but having no suggestion of polar equipment—no fur garments, no canned provisions, no Eskimo. But Captain Osbon, secretary of the Club was there, and he gave me much interesting information, including the postal card here reproduced, which speaks for itself.

An interesting character is Captain Osbon, now well into his eighty-first year; his varied experience is more interesting than any romance. He has sailed in both the Arctic and Antarctic seas, and has been a true soldier of fortune, having served as admiral in at least one of the South American navies during their intermittent revolutionary outbreaks. Captain Osbon was very willing to give his time in explaining the work of polar research, and described the methods by which the club members are kept in touch with the movements of those who are in the Arctic Circle.

The Captain is usually an exceedingly mild, gentle man of engaging manners, but his drooping moustache stands up like the fur on the back of an enraged feline when the name of Peary is mentioned, for he is a decidedly anti-Peary man. His heavy-rimmed spectacles slide down to the tip of his nose, as he declares his views of the rival discoverers of the Pole, for the moment forgetting his rudimentary training as the son

of a Methodist minister. He has such a quaint, humorous way of telling his varied experiences that he seems like a man who has stepped out of the pages of a romantic buccaneer history.

\* \* \*

### MY BEST EASTER

BY M. A. PEINTNER

It was the day before Easter. I had just finished my baking—half a dozen mince, apple and pumpkin pies, a big plum pudding and four loaves of snowy bread. The goose, a noble specimen, was hanging cleaned and ready for tomorrow's roasting, and feeling its fat sides, I said to myself: "Oh, how the children will enjoy it!"

But I was very hot and tired and quite cross, and when I heard a noise by the open kitchen door was as much vexed as surprised to behold a ragged and dirty little girl gazing with longing eyes at the array of good things. Finally she said timidly:

"Please, ma'am, could you give me a loaf of bread? Jim is real sick and —" I did not give her time to finish. I was cross, God forgive me, as I always am when tired.

"A loaf of bread?" I cried. "Why don't you ask for the cakes and goose as well?"

She gave me one startled look and then turned and was gone like a flash.

My supper was like sawdust in my mouth, and all through the night my conscience kept reproaching me. In the morning it was the same, and I felt truly miserable. In that frame of mind I started down town, and as I was returning from my errand I ran across the identical little girl on a corner singing for pennies. That I didn't pass her by you can imagine. She soon took me to her home—a poor hovel in a back alley, which accommodated the mother and five children.

I invited them all to come to my house for dinner and then left them to prepare for their reception, thanking God that he had given me a chance to redeem myself. It was the happiest Easter we ever spent on the farm, and one on which we felt the blessing of the Lord rested, and we will never forget it. Besides the afore-mentioned goose and pies, there was a goodly variety of other dishes, and when dinner was all over, there wasn't much left to tell the tale. My little girl carried with her several loaves of bread, and other things to furnish their supper table.



**N**OW that the Christmas season is over, we can enjoy our New Year's records without a haunting suspicion that Jimmie, Joe or John have been overlooked in the Christmas list.

One thing is certain—the number of people interested in this department has been greatly increased by the many recipients of gift talking-machines this holiday season; these newcomers are welcome to join the circle and partake of the pleasure derived from this form of home entertainment all the year 'round.

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The remarkable clearness of the Edison Records for the January list is even more pronounced than usual, and the selections seem to possess a tunefulness that is extraordinarily marked. Perhaps the most lasting impression is made by the three duets sung by Elizabeth Wheeler and Harry Anthony. The first of these, "Ring o' Roses" from "The Dollar Princess," is most fascinating. The story of the "make-believe" marriage gives a romantic attraction to the selection. The most impressive record of the month, perhaps, is the "Gobble Duet" from the "Mascot." It may be somewhat difficult to understand how the soprano's call of "Gobble, gobble, gobble," answered by the "Ba-a, ba-a, ba-a" of the tenor, could be anything but ridiculous, but the tunefulness and harmony of the music entirely dissipates any jocularity suggested by the name of the duet, and the record is singularly appealing. Another selection by these two popular singers is in the standard roll record, "Meet Me Tonight in Dreamland." It is a charming love ballad, in which the lines of the verses

are sung by the artists alternately with the chorus in duet form.

Perhaps the best-known singer of phonograph records is Ada Jones. This month her clever imitation of Irene Franklin's version of the popular song "Redhead" is particularly humorous and done in typical "kid" fashion. Another of Miss Jones's selections is the new coon song "Emmaline," sung with Billy Murray, in which the words of the chorus, "Emma, Emma, Emma, Emmaline," are sung by the lover in Mr. Murray's most catchy "coon" impersonation. Billy Murray also amuses his old friends with his clever work in the record "Funny Nursery Rhymes," one of the best disillusionments of the old nursery-day characters that has yet been produced. Mr. Murray is at his best in the sentimental march song, "Down in Sunshine Alley, Sally," and is met at the end of each verse by a chorus well drilled on the strong points of "barber shop" harmony.

Two stirring band selections, "The Washington Post," the "High School Cadets March," and "The Summer Girl," by Sousa, head the list of band records, and Victor Herbert is represented by an "Oriental March" that needs no comment. This popular number from "The Tattooed Man," full of Oriental swing and orchestration, reflects highest credit on the composer.

The entire forty-five Edison records for the month are "good," and special mention should be made of the new Grand Opera records, which have received the particular attention of the Edison Company during the last few weeks.

It is appropriate that with the beginning



of the New Year the Columbia Phonograph Company should announce that an indestructible four-minute record has been perfected. Heretofore the indestructible record has been limited to two minutes, and the necessity for a longer record, with its wider range of music, has presented a problem to which the Columbia people have given much thought. The record has been perfected by means of a secret composition, and the company issues this month twenty new records beginning with 3001 and ending with 3020, the selections varying from the popular band numbers to the best of the duet and solo work of well-known artists. In addition to these new four-minute records, which, by some minor changes, are adaptable to the cylinder machines, there are twenty-four regular indestructible cylinder records, giving the owner of a cylinder machine a choice of forty-four records. In this list are such old favorites as "The Last Rose of Summer" and "Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms," both sung with much expression by Mrs. Elizabeth Wheeler. Frank Stanley renders "The Star Spangled Banner" in his rich baritone voice, and another pleasing old song is "Annie Laurie" by a male quartette.

Among the Columbia double disc records are several old favorites. "Darling Nelly Gray" is sung by Carroll Clark, baritone; "Sweet Genevieve," mezzo-soprano solo, by Merle Tillotson; "In the Gloaming," a vocal trio of mixed voices. Last, but not least, is Foster's "Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming," by a male quartette. These selections are of the kind that lie very near to the heart.

In the lighter vein, we have the comic song by Harry Bluff, "The Postman," in which the soliloquy refrain, "Walk, walk, twenty miles a day" is highly amusing.

Ten selections by John McCormack, the famous Irish tenor, who has recently joined the Hammerstein forces in New York, are among the Fonotipia double disc records. In addition to selections from "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "La Tosca," Mr. McCormack sings some of the old songs—"When Other Lips" and "Mary of Allendale," and very appropriately, "Come Back to Erin" and "Killarney." Two records from Ferruccio Corradetti and two in original Italian from Francisco Vignas are worthy of mention.

Those who have been "carried away" by the finale of the great fourth act from "Aida" when offered during the Grand Opera season can now carry to their very homes the great duets "The Fatal Stone" and "Farewell, O Earth," sung in Italian by the celebrities Johanna Gadske and Enrico Caruso on Victor records. These two selections head the Victor list for January, and are unquestionably the finest of the kind ever issued.

The new Manhattan tenor, Nicola Zerola, also gives two selections from Verdi—one "The Waves Will Bear Me," the other "I Shall Behold Her," from the "Masked Ball," and from Othello, "The Death of Othello."

"The Loreley" from the Gerhahn, by Liszt, also "O Love, Lend Me Thy Might," from the French by Saint-Saens, are new records by Madame Louise Homer. Two other favorite contralto records of sweetness and beauty are sung in French by Jeanne Gerville-Reache—Chaminade's "Chanson Slave" and Bizet's "Card Song" from Carmen. A third Gerville-Reache record is "More Regal Than a King" from Gounod's "Queen of Sheba."

Antonio Scotti's rendition of the favorite Faust cavatina, "The Bravest Heart Shall Swell," cannot be passed without a word of commendation. Those who have learned to know and appreciate the clear, lyric tenor of Evan Williams will enjoy the new record "Absent" by Metcalf, an English selection which completes the more ambitious solo records on the January list.

Arthur Pryor's Band figures conspicuously in march records for January. Particularly good are the "Washington Grays March" and the splendid Russian composition, "Festival Overture."

Among the operatic medleys, the Victor people have fallen back on an old-time favorite, "The Bohemian Girl." The record includes a part of the overture, "In the Gipsy's Life," and "Come With the Gipsy Bride," by an efficient chorus; and the familiar "Then You'll Remember Me," with the finale, "Oh, What Full Delight" give a comprehensive sweep of the delightful opera. "A Vision of Salome," by the famous Bohemian Orchestra, is fully as good as their December issue, "Dream of Autumn," and will undoubtedly find as much favor. It is a generally accepted fact that the players

of this famous orchestra are without a peer in rendering Bohemian waltzes. The third Faust ballet number is given by the famous Parisian Symphony Orchestra, and adds completeness to this innovation of the orchestration of well-known operas.

The "Love Light Waltzes" record by Bloom has all the swing and "go" of the modern composition played in concert time by the Victor Orchestra, and promises to surpass in public favor the well-known march, "One of the Boys." A wealth of

semi-vaudeville sketches includes the work of Murray K. Hill and Steve Porter. Nat Wills, "The Tramp King," discusses the adventures of "Hortense at Sea" with his usual inimitable humor, while the special January "hit," according to the Victor Company, is the Von Tilzer-McCree success, "Carrie," sung by Billy Murray. Doubtless it will be universally welcomed among Victor owners, since it is a pleasing variation from the maelstrom of "ordinary" selections.

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## THE AFTERGLOW

By DORA M. HEPNER

I WAS sitting alone by my fireside,  
 Watching the dying glow  
 Of the pine-knot on the irons,  
 Burning away so slow.  
 And just when the room seemed darkest,  
 When I thought each spark had gone,  
 Suddenly a tongue of flame leaped up,  
 And but for a moment shone.  
 It flickered, and then it vanished,  
 Like a ray of hope to a soul  
 Lost in the pit of darkness  
 Before it reaches its goal.  
 It shone but the space of a second,  
 Casting light o'er all the room,  
 So a little ray of sunshine  
 Will dispel the deepest gloom.

The embers were my schooldays,  
 Which had passed beyond recall;  
 Burned away, while I was dreaming,  
 Watching shadows on the wall.  
 Then, when all the light had vanished,  
 Then, when all the joy seemed gone,  
 Suddenly the spark of memory  
 Like the little pine-beam shone.  
 And when days were darkest, saddest,  
 And the world seemed going wrong,  
 Then the memory of my school days  
 Has cheered me with its song.

# \$1000.00 FOR AN EAR OF CORN

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

THE year just closed will be memorable in the history of corn production in the United States. With a crop aggregating over \$1,616,000,000 in value, and over 2,668,000,000 bushels, it is no wonder that the American farmer has come to crown this crop as "King Corn." These figures are of more than passing moment in relation to the development of national resources.

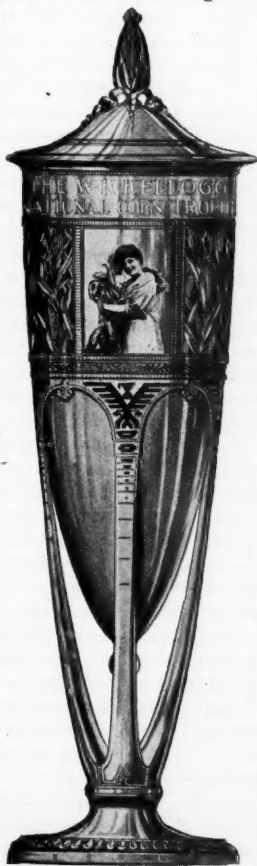
In developing the corn products to their present high state of perfection, Professor P. G. Holden and Mr. W. K. Kellogg have been prominent. In connection with his work for the Iowa State Agricultural College at Ames, Professor Holden has done much in educating farmers to the importance of the right seed corn, showing that by careful selection the yield per acre could be greatly increased. Experts estimate that the addition of one kernel to each ear of corn would represent a net gain of a million and a half dollars per annum in the value of the corn crop, while one bushel per acre would mean many additional millions of income to the nation, not only to farmers, but to the entire country by increasing the purchasing power of the farmers, who are so largely responsible for the general prosperity.

In the manufacture and distribution of the Kellogg Toasted Corn Flakes, Mr. W. K. Kellogg has given an immense impetus to the corn crop of the United States. Mr. Stanley Clague, of the Clague, Painter & Jones advertising agency, who handles Mr. Kellogg's advertising, ar-

anged for the offer of a grand prize corn trophy, to be awarded to the farmer who should make the best exhibit at the Omaha Corn Exposition in December, 1909. The object was not only to improve the quality of the product, but to increase the number of bushels per acre of the nation's greatest cereal. The rapid increase in production, shown in the statistics of recent years, shows rather the augmentation of the crop per acre, than

an increased acreage. Only once in the last seven years has this crop fallen below the billion mark, and this in a budget worthy of the utmost consideration.

The trophy was awarded at Omaha, on the date scheduled, to Fred Palen, of Newton, Indiana, who is now the possessor of the beautiful thousand-dollar trophy cup, made by Tiffany, New York; it is one of the most artistic creations ever produced commemorative of any distinctly American achievement. It is fitting that this cup should be awarded to "King Corn," the golden, tasselled maize, sung of by Edna Dean Proctor, whose ode has long been regarded as a national classic. It may be that this latest triumph of the great American crop will result in its being made the national emblem of the United States, as has been so often suggested by Miss Proctor. On the trophy cup is produced in colored metals and enamel the well-known artistic creation "Sweetheart of the Corn." The cup itself is composed of gold and silver, is in the form of a vase and stands three feet high,



THE KELLOGG TROPHY

and Tiffany may well be proud of the handsome design. Out of the tremendous yield of golden corn produced this year on American soil, this one notable prize ear of corn has made history. On this single cob are kernels worth about one dollar each, as there are over a thousand kernels on the prize ear. It was indeed a proud moment for Mr. Palen when he received the award and his modestly told story of seven years of effort is one of the romances of farming worthy of preservation. His parent stock in growing the prize ear had been Reed's Yellow Dent as the male plant, and the Alexander Gold Standard as the mother plant. The Standard was detasseled the first two years, and this cross produced the seed from which the "World's best ear of corn" has been grown.

The Iowa State Agricultural College, and the various corn expositions held throughout the country have been actively at work in bettering the type of corn grown each year, and the awarding of this trophy will further stimulate effort in this direction. An immense impetus will be given to this phase of agriculture, and this cup is a more remarkable award than any trophies ever awarded for athletic games. It is like ushering in a new era when such a prize is given for a utilitarian purpose, when the American farmer can glory in such trophies. The donor in presenting it has conferred a benefit on the nation at large, that far exceeds in importance prizes which have been given for athletic prowess, and the name of Kellogg will long be honored by corn producers. The basis of national force has to consider the food of the people, and it is believed that the remarkable progress of the American nation is largely due to the fact that corn enters largely into the diet of the people. Indigenous to the soil, corn has become a part of the history of the nation, harking back to the old-time struggle with privations and hostile Indians, on to the time of the Continentals, who lived on parched corn, and the rations provided today for the army in the form of Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes.

It ought to be a matter of pride to the old Hoosier State of Indiana to have won the corn trophy, despite the fact that Illinois, Iowa and other corn states so largely exceed her in corn acreage. The immense quantities of corn grown are, perhaps, never so

fully realized as at a corn show, where one passes between row after row of even, beautiful ears, laid in tiers with golden and silver white kernels glistening on the benches. Ear after ear shows itself covered to the very tip of the cob, rounded off with kernels, not a vacant spot appearing to mar its symmetry. Corn of every shade of pure white, silvery white, cream color and rich yellow is there, vying one with another in beauty, and reminding the onlooker of pearly teeth showing in the smile that betokens happiness and prosperity. When in Des Moines, a few weeks ago, it was a delight to look upon the wealth of corn products, and I thought it no wonder that the American farmer is today enjoying unexampled prosperity with such a reliable crop as corn serving as the backbone of farm products.

Such manufacturers as Mr. Kellogg, by so encouraging the best corn products, are constantly inspiring farmers to give more attention and study to the seed, to consider farming from a scientific standpoint, and to apply energy and intelligence to the increasing of crops just as brains are brought to bear on manufacturing propositions in order to make the most of every opportunity. The farmer is more and more coming to regard the land and the seed as his raw material, and is becoming increasingly ambitious to obtain the best possible results. Up to the last ten years comparatively little attention has been given to the improving of the corn crop, as compared with other products.

What may be done now that corn culture has been taken up seriously, remains to be seen. The Kellogg factories use twelve thousand bushels of corn every day, in making Toasted Corn Flakes for millions of breakfast tables. This use of corn affects not only the future of the farmer of the United States, but will be beneficial to all the people, for there is no civilized nation today that does not use corn and its products in some form. Over sixty thousand dollars in cash and other forms of prizes were awarded to exhibitors at the famous Omaha Corn Show; and with such encouragement given in other states and by manufacturers such as Mr. Kellogg in the future, one may expect to see almost anything in the way of improvement in corn, and Uncle Sam, with his towering cornstalks, may yet improve upon the tales of Jack and the beanstalk or the fairy of the cornstalk with a green silk dress.



By BENNETT CHAPPLE

AMONG other good things the *Chicago Record-Herald* has the following to say about the "Heart Songs" book: "'Heart Songs' is a volume of 500 pages of music and words representing the favorite songs of 25,000 people. The result is a thoroughly representative song book, well printed, with music for four-part singing or piano accompaniment, according to the nature of the piece.

"The book throws an interesting light on the musical taste of the common people of the whole country. The first thing to note is that ragtime is not in it. It was the good old standbys of our fathers' and mothers' youthful days that got the most votes every time. 'Annie Laurie,' Mr. Chapple tells us in an interesting preface, is the one great international favorite of all English-speaking people. The tremendous majority of pieces chosen were love songs, hymns, college songs, ballads and patriotic airs, with a fair minority of selections from the older operas, Verdi's being in the lead. Foster negro songs got a heavy vote, of course, and these, with a remarkably inclusive selection of college airs, are here reprinted.

"Then there are ringing old duets, such as 'Larboard Watch,' which I have not heard for many a year. The bridal chorus from 'Lohengrin' and Schubert's 'Who Is Sylvia?' represent the higher musical levels of the collection. The hymns selected by the largest number of people were 'Lead, Kindly Light,' 'Come Thou Fount,' 'Rock of Ages' and 'Nearer, My God, to Thee.' The love songs, the most numerous of all,

are equally representative of the universal taste. The volume deserves the place it undoubtedly will find in the hearts of song lovers."

\* \* \*

FROM the good old days of Mapleson, and Abbey and Grau, yes, even back to the time when Jennie Lind charmed the young swells of our fathers' days and Adelina Patti gave her first farewell—"Made in Europe" was stamped on every singer.

Now the ebb has set in, and coal is being carried to Newcastle. American singers are singing in Europe. Berlin, Vienna, Dresden, Munich, Paris, London, and a dozen others—their opera houses resound with music from American throats.

One of the most notable successes achieved by operatic aspirants in recent years is that of a young American singer, Rachel Frease-Green, who made her debut at Covent Garden, London, last winter as "Sieglindé" in "The Valkyrie" and as "Eva" in "The Meistersinger." The staid and stodgy London press looked with misgivings on the daring experiment of the operatic management and of Dr. Hans Richter, the conductor, in placing such important roles in the hands of a "beginner," but was roused to a unanimous and unwonted enthusiasm by Mrs. Frease-Green's performances, and heartily commended the good judgment of the management.

Of Mrs. Frease-Green's "Sieglindé" the *London Times* next morning said: "She looked like a figure from Burne-Jones and



## LET'S TALK IT OVER

showed the training and the instincts of a true actress."

The *Globe* said: "The chief honors of the evening were unquestionably carried off by Mrs. Frease-Green, the American soprano."

Mrs. Frease-Green has been engaged to sing in Berlin during the present season. Her voice, which in Wagnerian productions



FREASE-GREEN AS "SIEGLINDE"  
In "The Valkyrie" at Covent Garden, London

achieved such marked success in London, is said by European critics to have even greater possibilities in colorature rôles.

She has already appeared as "Violetta" in "La Traviata" and as the "Queen" in "Les Huguenots," and has been given an even more flattering reception by the audiences and press of Berlin than she received in London, the leading newspapers writing in unstinted praise.

Of her appearance as "Marguerite de Valois" the *Berliner Morgenpost* said: "The part was sung by Rachel Frease-Green. The regal ornamentation of scintillating colorature with which the composer has adorned the part of the royal coquette was displayed by the artist with pearly clearness, purity and technical brilliance."

The *Die Welt Am Montag* said: "Before all shone Frease-Green, who warbled the most difficult colorature as effortless as a wood bird, and also, which especially pleases me in her, she sang as joyfully as one."

The *Staatsburger Zeitung* expressed itself: "Frease-Green, the richly talented American, whose 'Violetta' created a sensation, sang the part of 'Queen' with striking success."

In the *German-Austrian Theatrical Review* appeared the following: "It appears that to this song artist nothing is impossible, as, while the middle register of her voice is powerful, and possesses a full roundness, it has not suffered by loss of sweetness in behalf of the voluminous upper register. She has already had opportunity to display excellence as 'Traviata,' which calls for unquestionable dramatic expression, and, on the other hand, her performance as 'Marguerite de Valois' astonished by the ease with which she used her voice. To produce performances of such differing styles in such similarly worthy perfection, is possible only to a true song artist."

*Bersen-Courier*: "The voice of this artist is perfectly built, and free from all faults."

*Germania* (Berlin): "Finely rendered in the colorature parts, the supple voice also left nothing to be desired when a greater tone volume was appropriate."

The new prima donna is from Canton, Ohio. Her father, the late Judge Frease, one of the pioneers of the Ohio bar, was succeeded, when he went on the bench, by William McKinley, then a struggling young lawyer, as law partner of Judge George W. Belden, Mrs. Green's maternal grandfather. In the informal social gatherings that made up much of the social life of President McKinley and his wife, Mrs. Green frequently was called upon to sing, and was encouraged by the President to develop her ambitions to the utmost. The last occasion was in the Canton home of W. S. Hawk, of the Manhattan Hotel, New York, a few days before the Buffalo tragedy. President McKinley then prophesied flatteringly for her future. A



*How* they shone—those old folks—  
at a function or reception—  
But oh! what they missed  
in their lack of all  
conception of a food so good as

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## LET'S TALK IT OVER

short time after she sang at his funeral service, and six years later at the funeral of Mrs. McKinley.

Mrs. Frease-Green for several years was a church and concert soloist in New York, Pittsburg and Cleveland. She has studied principally with Jean De Reszke in Paris, who had her sing for Adelina Patti. She began her studies in Paris with Marchesi, the famous teacher of Melba.

\* \* \*

**T**HIRTY-THREE years ago was sounded the first "Hello!" into the transmitter of Alexander Graham Bell's telephone. Since that time the telephone has become so interwoven with the fabric of everyday social and business life that it would now be impossible to do without it.

Its present perfection depends mainly upon the efforts of one company—The Western Electric Company, of New York, Chicago and other large cities—which took the crude and imperfect scientific toy, delved into its theory and improved its mechanical and electrical working, until today it's just as easy to talk a thousand miles as across the street.

This company has manufactured the entire telephone equipment for the great "Bell" companies, who have over four million telephones in daily use.

This company has perfected a telephone that can be relied upon to give years of satisfactory service in rural communities. It realized that such a telephone must in the first place be constructed of high quality material throughout to operate satisfactorily—that it must be so simple that anyone could install it—and that it would need but little attention after it was set up.

The unequalled manufacturing facilities of the Western Electric Company—the long experience of its engineers and workmen, and its thorough understanding of what is meant by "telephone quality"—are alone responsible for the perfection of such a rural telephone.

It is surprising to note the painstaking care that is given to the manufacture of each and every piece of material used in these

rural telephones. The raw material is tested mechanically and electrically, and is passed only after the tests meet a certain standard. As the raw product begins to assume definite form during the process of manufacture, it is inspected again for defects that may have been hidden before. Then each separate piece is inspected when it is finished.

These separate pieces, when assembled to form the finished telephone, are again inspected and subjected to tests far more severe than they would receive in actual service.

It is this system of inspection and reinspection and the use of high-grade materials that have made Western Electric telephones the world's standard. It is the system that has made telephone service dependable and indispensable, whether it be in the crowded cities or the sparsely settled country.

\* \* \*

**J.** W. DAVIS, Attorney, Tulare, California, writes us as follows regarding the book "Heart Songs": "I have received a copy of 'Heart Songs,' and, upon such examination as I have been able to give it, must say that I am greatly pleased therewith. It contains much that is beautiful and sweet and something to suit every taste.

"It brings to me many pleasing and some sad remembrances of bygone days and associations. I turn over very few successive pages in the volume, without finding something familiar and frequently songs which had almost passed from a luminous place in my memory. Only last night, I was trying to sing one of the old ballads, which I had almost forgotten, and wondering where I could get a copy of it. This morning brings your book, and almost the first thing that meets my eye upon its pages is these verses and their accompanying music.

"You have done a good work and one which I think will be more and more appreciated, in presenting this volume to the public, and will brighten and render happy many an hour of those who are fortunate enough to possess it."



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## "ASK PAPA"

By F. W., New York City

**R**RAISE your hand if you have been there. You'll agree that it constitutes the supreme test of a young man's nerve. The asking of the young lady to share your lot was a simple matter. The moonlight walks and various other "little things" that just seemed to happen had given you reason to suppose, etc.; but when the delicate subject was approached with father, who sat complacently behind a fierce iron-gray mustache, it was a horse of another color—pardon the phrase, father.

Most wise men, or shall we say youths, wait for an opportunity to catch papa and mamma together, and then ask papa over mamma's shoulder, that is, the aspirant faces the sweet little mother, when painting, as well as panting, his word picture, and gives papa a chance to overhear the impassioned appeal, while he pulls at his iron-gray mustache and looks out of the window—at nothing.

Then—the moment of tragic silence stalks in and at least two hearts have stopped beating, only to resume throbbing hard enough to shake the chandeliers. Mother gathers the darling into her arms and faces father with the same look that impelled him to play a star part in a like drama twenty years before.

The young man pushes the lock of hair back from his forehead, where beads of perspiration stand out like dew on the morning grass. He is having a "hot time in that old town." Father—gee, how funny that name is going to sound—sits still. Then there are signs of life. He wriggles in his chair. He always wriggles when he thinks, and it is no small matter to give his baby girl away.

The affair is not exactly a thunderbolt out of a clear sky, but as in the majority of cases it is the parent and not the daughter who is momentarily bewildered into a "this-is-so-sudden" feeling. The mustache is anchored sufficiently deep to hold papa until he has recovered himself. He steals another glance at mother. This time the reflected image of her own sweet self so many years ago greets him as well. Mother and daughter, clasped together, shed a great love-light across the room. The young man—well, he is vanishing into the seventh heaven of earthly bliss, awaiting the almost positive returns. Finally father turns to him a face that carries the message, as he extends his hands.

"All right, my boy."

That's all the pater has a chance to say.



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## THE HOME

### FOR DISORDERED NERVES

By B. T.

When you have been on a nervous strain and are at a loss what to do, and know that lying down will not bring rest, try putting something in order; it may be a room, a box, a drawer, a desk—anything which really needs having order brought out of chaos; no matter what it is, and no matter how tired you feel, go at it quietly and systematically and you will find that by the time you have restored order, you are restored yourself. I have tried this often since discovering, and hope it will benefit others as much as it has me; at any rate it is worth trying, even if nothing else is gained, for you have the satisfaction of feeling that something has been accomplished.

### FOR SMALL BATHROOM

By Mrs. S.

If you are unfortunate enough to have a very small bathroom with no room for a permanent stand, you can have quite a good substitute by taking a board, covering it with white enamel cloth and putting across the tub.

This is very handy to hold the bowl, soapdish and so forth and can be easily removed when bathtub is needed. A cleat on under part of the board will keep it in position.

#### Steam for Splinters

I wonder if all know that splinters can be removed with the help of steam:—Put very hot water in a large mouthed bottle and put afflicted part over the opening, pressing down hard; the suction and steam will soon remove the splinter.

### COOKIES WITHOUT SHORTENING

By Mrs. Herman Vogel

One cup of sugar, one and one-half cup of New Orleans molasses, one teaspoonful of ginger, one tablespoonful of vinegar, four eggs, and one teaspoon of soda. Mix as stiff as possible with flour. If the molasses is cold, warm it, otherwise enough flour cannot be worked in; the only possible failure with these cookies, is in not getting in enough flour.

### BREAD STICKS

By Harriet L. Sisson

Cut strips of bread which has risen the second time, into one-fourth inch width and three inches long, and fry in deep fat till a delicate brown. Fine to serve with salad or soup.

#### Crisplets

If the above bread-sticks are dipped in a thick syrup, made by boiling a teaspoonful of cinnamon in a cup of granulated sugar till it spins a thread, they make a dainty accessory to a luncheon.

### HOW TO CLEAN COMBS

By Rev. F. H. Nelson

The easiest and neatest way to clean a comb of dandruff, is to take a discarded booklet or pamphlet, and gently, but firmly, strip the comb through the leaves.

### HELPFUL FISH HINT

By W. A. W.

In dressing fish instead of cutting off the fins, pull them out and thus remove the short fin bones. To do this, hold the fish firmly by the tail, and with a very sharp, pointed knife cut along the sides of the fin, as closely to it as you can, to the depth of half an inch or more; then taking hold of the end of the fin nearest the tail, pull the fin out; the end nearest the head will stick and there will be a few bones which will have to be cut to release it. This is a quicker and more satisfactory way of removing the fins than cutting them off.

### DEODORIZER

By Mrs. H. B. Edgecomb

Equal parts of ground cloves and cinnamon. Put a hot coal on a shovel and sprinkle over it one-half teaspoonful of the mixture. This is the finest deodorizer I ever used.

### Orange Extract

Shave off thinly the yellow rind of three oranges; put these shavings into one-half pint of the best alcohol. Cover closely and let stand four days, then strain. This will fill several extract bottles and is a superior article for flavoring, and costs less than that sold in the stores.

### HINT TO FARMERS

By A. B. C.

To keep potatoes from sprouting, fill the barrels half full and give them a good shaking occasionally; I have followed this plan for years, successively.

#### A Use For Left Overs

A bowl full of each of the following:—cooked onions, sliced cold potatoes, chopped meat and bread crumbs; season with salt and pepper, onions, sliced cold potatoes, chopped meat and bread crumbs; season with salt and pepper, wet with rich milk, or cream, mix well, put in a shallow pudding pan, dot with butter and bake till well done.

### TO PARE PINEAPPLES

By D. E. Stoeckel

Slice pine-apples before paring and the task will be much easier and a great deal of the fruit saved.

#### To Remove Match Marks

Rub the spot with a cut lemon; then to prevent a repetition of the offence, apply a little vaseline and rub the spot dry with a cloth; it will be difficult to again strike a match thereon.

### PEACH STAINS

By W. W. W.

I was grieving over the ruination of my best linen from peach stains, when a friend told me to try cream of tartar on the water-soaked stains and place the article in the sun. I was skeptical as to the result, but was delighted to find the unsightly discolorations had entirely disappeared.